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THE WAR ON THE LOCOMOTIVE

The Marvelous Development of the Trolley Car System

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

TWO items appearing simultaneously in the papers of September 2, 1902, told their own story. One announced that the Pennsylvania Railroad had decided to abandon its accommodation trains from Philadelphia to Lancaster and Wilmington, and send its passengers between those points over electric roads. The other said that the Railroad Commissioners of New York had granted a franchise for a high-speed electric railway ninety-one miles long from Rochester to Syracuse, bridging one of the longest gaps in the through trolley run between the Atlantic Ocean and the Missouri River.

In these incidents may be found the explanation of the otherwise startling fact, that, while the country has been leaping forward in prosperity and conquering ever new fields of industry, the number of passengers carried on American steam railroads has fallen off by over twelve millions in seven years. The same explanation is implied in the curious circumstance that people seem to be traveling longer distances. The average passenger haul in 1892 was 23.59 miles; in 1900 it was 27.9 miles.

Of course people are not really traveling less frequently than they used to, nor are they journeying longer distances. More passengers by hundreds of millions are traveling than ever before, but the steam railroads are not carrying the increase. The growth in the length of the

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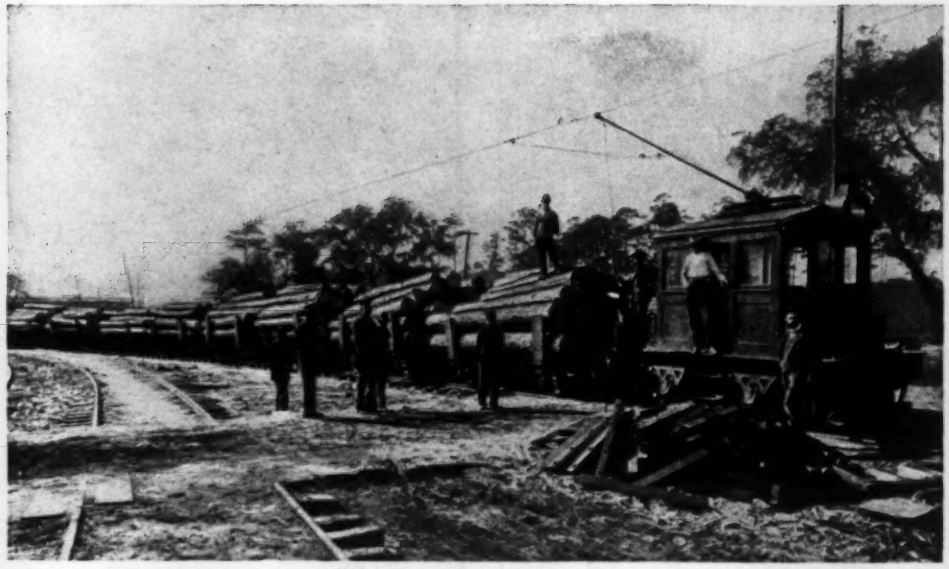


TYPE OF ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE USED IN THE SOUTHERN LUMBER DISTRICT

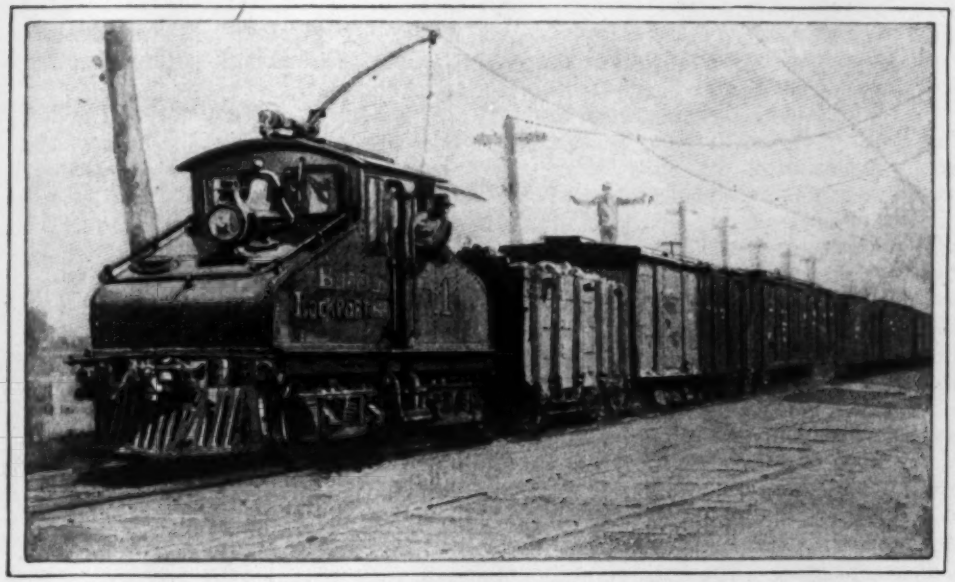
average passenger haul on those roads means that they are steadily losing the short-haul business, which a younger and more vigorous rival is claiming for its own.

Inch by inch the field is contested, and slowly, sullenly, the locomotive is giving way before the insistent trolley. A dozen years ago it was only the car horse and the cable in the towns that were threatened by electric traction. Then the trolley poked an inquiring tentacle over the city limits into the suburbs. The results were satisfactory, and swiftly the electric lines flung their spider filaments from town to town, until now great sections of the country are cobwebbed with them. The trolley map of eastern Massachusetts looks as complete as the steam railroad map. If you have a little time to spare you can go on an electric car to almost any part of southern New England that you could reach by a locomotive, and to a good many parts that you could not.

In Massachusetts last year four times as many passengers were carried by electric cars as on the steam roads. Of course that was due chiefly to the dense city traffic, but still the city street-car systems were pretty complete seven years ago, and the trolley passenger business has doubled since that time, while the steam passenger business has actually declined. The electric mileage of the State has increased by from 9 to 18 per cent. every year since 1894. In 1901 the increase was 242.7 miles. In the same year the length of steam lines was reduced by 1.39 miles.

In Connecticut, where there are no very large cities to inflate the trolley figures, and where one great steam railroad system is supposed to be the feudal proprietor of the entire State, there were 20 per cent. more passengers on the electric lines in 1900 than on the steam roads. And that is the way the tide is running everywhere.

In its early development the trolley had four advantages. It could run separate cars at frequent intervals; it could take on and let off passengers anywhere along the road; it could take people near their homes and offices; and it could pay a profit at nominal fares. Per contra, it had the disadvantage of less than railroad speed, not because there was any difficulty in making an electric car that could go as fast as a locomotive, but because the trolley track as a rule was laid on the surface of the public highway, crossed all intersecting roads at grade, and was a thoroughfare for vehicles, pedestrians, and domestic fauna. These characteristics still prevail over most of the electric mileage of the country, but as the trolley lines have grown longer and the need for sustained high speed has become more ur-



AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE OF SUFFICIENT POWER TO DRAW TWENTY-FIVE LOADED FREIGHT CARS

gent, the tendency has developed to build the roads on private rights of way and to operate them by steam railroad methods.

Go, for instance, to Indianapolis, and take a spin of fifty-three miles to Muncie over the lines of the Union Traction Company. You do not have to calculate your train time by a nautical almanac. You can go at any hour of the day. You will travel in a car as large and heavy as a standard railway coach, over a track built almost entirely upon the company's own ground. It will take you two hours to make the run on an express car, or two and a quarter on a car making all stops, but of that twenty-five minutes are lost within the city limits of Indianapolis, where the through cars have to accommodate themselves to urban traffic on the local tracks. The fastest limited express train on the parallel line of the Big Four covers the same distance in one hour and thirteen minutes. The local trains take ten minutes less than two hours. The electric cars cover part of their schedule at the rate of a mile a minute. Each car is driven by motors of 300-horse power. Imagine three hundred horses galloping in a procession a quarter of a mile long, with a street car trailing along behind, and you can begin to realize a little of the meaning of the electric revolution. To keep this power under control there are air brakes, with independent motor compressors. The track over which you skim on this Indiana road is as well graded, as solidly constructed, and as thoroughly ballasted as the Pennsylvania Railway. Instead of a "starter" to turn the cars loose and leave their subsequent fate to Providence, there is a regular train despatcher, who keeps watch of every one as carefully as if it were the Empire State Express. Only, instead of sending his orders by telegraph, he uses the telephone. At every switch the wires come down to a box, from which instantaneous connection can be made with an instrument at the motorman's elbow. There is no ringing up Central. The train despatcher is always at the other end of the wire, and a simple "Hello" will get his attention.

This is a fair example of the modern interurban roads in actual operation to-day. On the Buffalo and Lockport line the present cars go in places at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with an average outside of Buffalo of thirty-three miles, but the General Electric Company has submitted estimates for machinery to develop a schedule speed of seventy-five miles an hour. If that rate could be kept up it would carry you from New York to San Francisco in less than two days. If a track were laid around the world on the eighty-fifth parallel of latitude, a car going at that

velocity from east to west would keep up with the earth's rotation, and beat Joshua's miracle by holding the sun in one place all summer.

The Indianapolis, Lebanon, and Frankfort Railway, now under construction, has arranged a schedule that calls for a maximum speed of sixty miles an hour. The seventy miles from Lafayette to Indianapolis are to be covered in two hours. The motors on the Albany and Hudson line work up to sixty miles an hour, and on the Nantasket Beach to forty. On the Lorain and Cleveland road the highest speed is fifty miles.

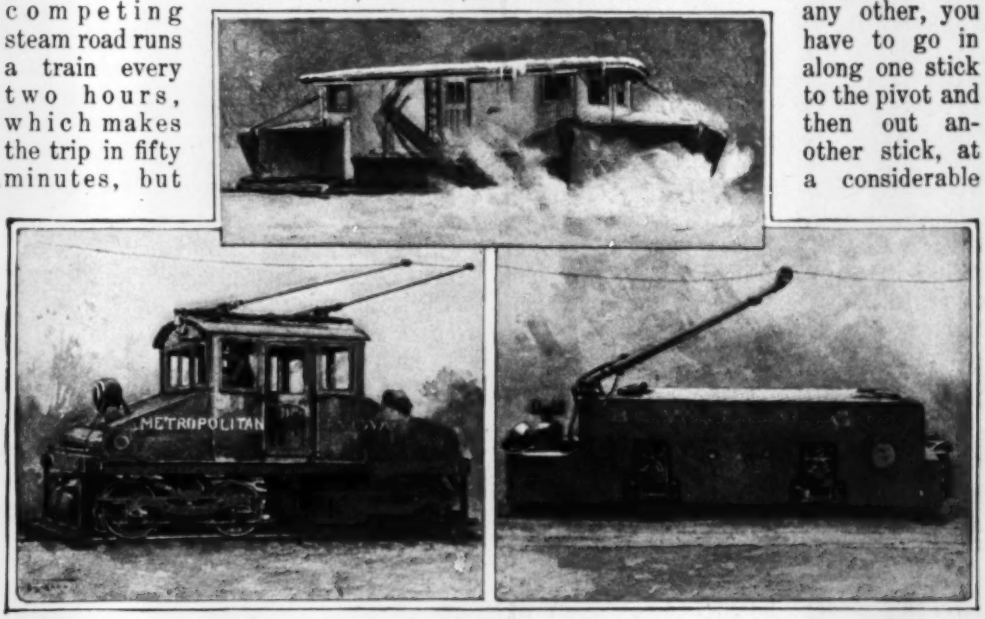
Southwestern Missouri is the home of an ambitious little electric system which shows in a small way how railroads are affected by the new competition. It has thirty-one miles of track, connecting Joplin, Webb City, Centerville, Carthage, and Galena, Kansas. The fare is one cent per mile—about one-third of the usual western railway rates—and books of a hundred five-cent tickets are sold for $4.50, which brings the rate down to nine-tenths of a cent a mile. Under pressure of the merciless competition the parallel steam road has come down to the same figures. The "Empire County Express" runs from Joplin to Carthage, nineteen miles, in an hour, with ten stops. It goes at intervals of an hour and a half, and half-hourly local cars are distributed between. The competing steam road runs a train every two hours, which makes the trip in fifty minutes, but does not reach the business centers of the towns. To overcome this disadvantage it offers free omnibus rides in Carthage and Webb City.

The trolley line that covers the forty miles between Seattle and Tacoma has to compete not only with the steam road, but with flying steamers on Puget Sound. Reversing the usual order, it was built purely for through traffic across a country providing practically no local business, instead of growing from a local into a through line. There are roads that draw their current from steam-driven dynamos, and others from waterfalls; but this has the distinction of being the first one planned to operate by glacier power. Mark Twain found traveling by glacier in Switzerland insufferably slow, but when Western enterprise harnesses the ice streams of the mountain, called at one end of the line Rainier and at the other Tacoma, it will not be satisfied with anything less than forty miles an hour.

But there are many cases in which the plain, ordinary trolley car of commerce, without any of the twentieth century lightning express improvements, can beat the locomotive.

New Rochelle, Mount Vernon, and Yonkers, for instance, are situated on three lines of railroad, radiating like three sticks of a fan, from a pivot at New York. If you wish to travel by train from any one of these points to any other, you have to go in along one stick to the pivot and then out another stick, at a considerable

SNOW-PLOW, FREIGHT, AND MINING LOCOMOTIVES



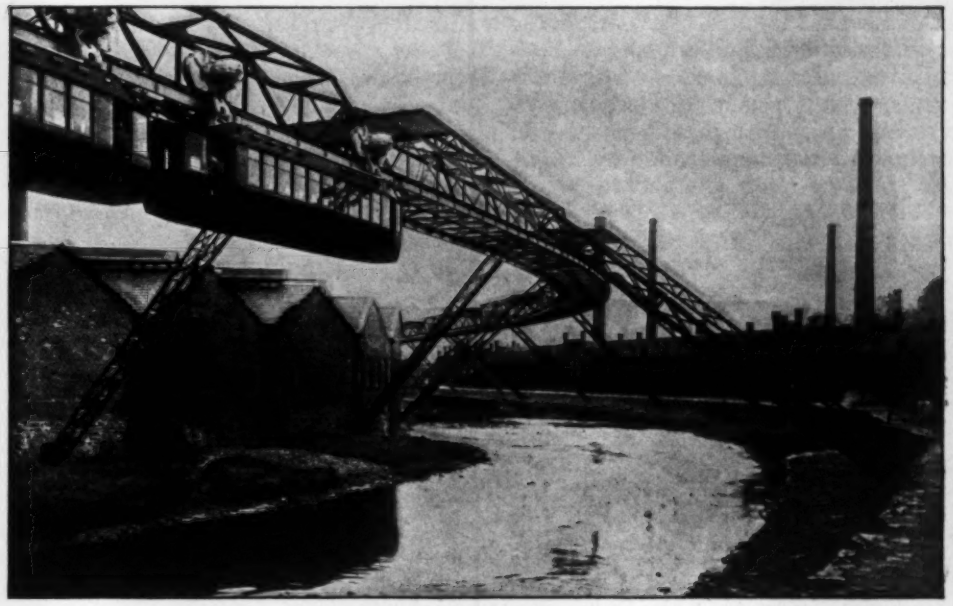
cost of time and money. To go from the Harlem station in Mount Vernon to the Hudson River station in Yonkers takes nearly an hour, even if you make close connections, and costs fifty-three cents. You can compass the same points by trolley in twenty-six minutes at an expense of five cents.

INTERIORS OF FUNERAL, PRIVATE, SMOKING, AND OBSERVATION TROLLEY CARS

Farther out on the same sticks of the fan are Larchmont, White Plains, and Tarrytown. The trolley binds them all together with a direct connection. It takes you from White Plains to Tarrytown in forty minutes for a nickel. It is not possible to make a train connection at any time during the day that would cover the distance in less than an hour and five minutes, and usually the time would be from an hour and a half to two hours. The railroad fare is ninety-five cents.

The highest development of American electric railroading is seen in the plans of the New York and Portchester Railroad, which has secured its right of way and franchises over the bitterest opposition of the steam lines, and has its preparations complete to the last detail. The road is to have four tracks, two for local and two for express trains, built on its own right of way. It will have regular passenger stations all along the line. The run sheet shows a schedule speed of over sixty miles an hour for express trains at two points between One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street and Bronx Park, and of about sixty-seven miles an hour at one point between Bronx Park and Mount Vernon. Similar speeds are to be attained between New Rochelle and Larchmont, and between Mamaroneck and Rye. For the entire run, including stops, the speed will average 39.9 miles. The express trains will run from One Hundred and Thirty-second Street in New York to Mount Vernon in twelve minutes and twenty-two seconds, which is perceptibly better than the time of the New Haven steam trains, and very decidedly better than the time of the Harlem trains. There is to be a corresponding advantage in the run to New Rochelle and Portchester.

A comparison of the schedules of the New Haven and Portchester lines will help us to realize something of the change in local transportation made possible by electric traction. The New Haven line runs eight trains from New York to Portchester between five and seven o'clock in the evening. The electric road will run twenty-four local and twelve express trains in the same time—a local train every five minutes and an express train every ten. There are eight stopping places on the New Haven schedule between New



THE LANGEN MONO-RAIL, SUSPENDED RAILWAY AT ELBERFELD-BARMEN, PRUSSIA

York and Portchester, but not a single train stops at all of them. Every one of the twelve electric express trains is to stop at each of ten points, and for all that the distance is to be covered in less time than by the steam trains. The electric local trains will make twenty stops, and they will do the trip in exactly the time required by a local steam train that makes seven.

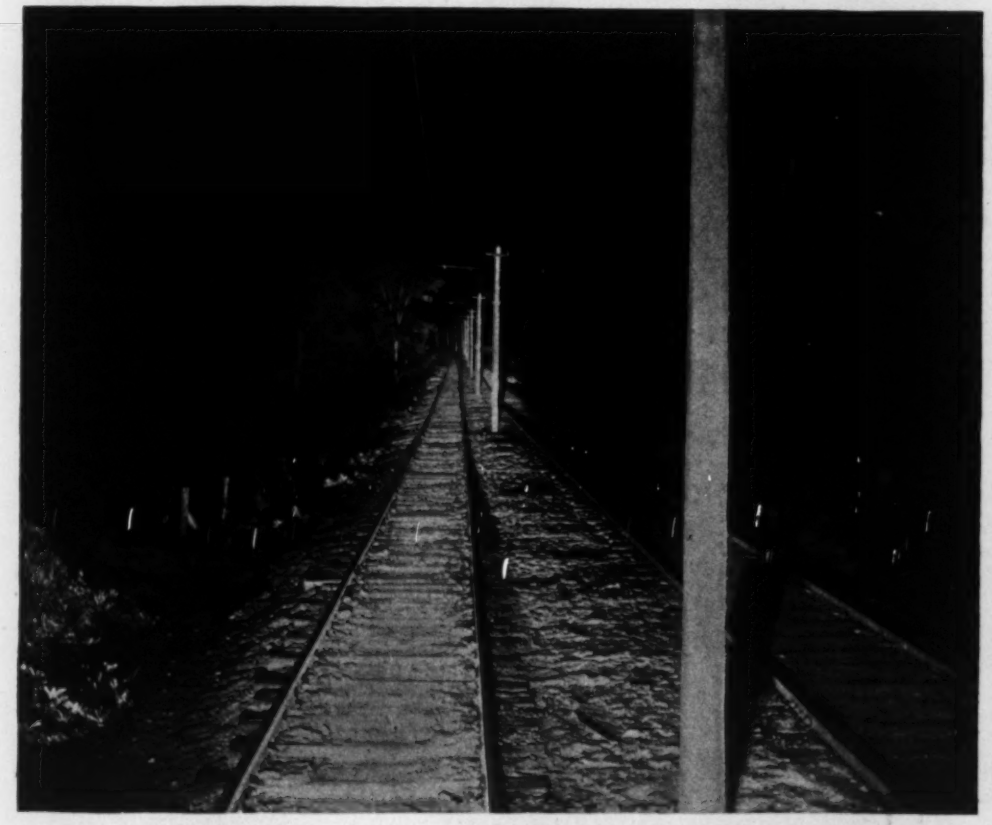
On December 23, 1901, the Everett-Moore syndicate ran the first through electric car from Cleveland to Detroit, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. The run from Cleveland to Toledo was made in five hours and a half, under the disadvantage of continual delays by construction gangs. The ordinary express train time between those points on the Lake Shore Railroad is three hours. Experiments now in progress on the electric line justify the belief that the trolley cars will soon be doing it in four.

There are several great ganglia from which the growth of the national electric nervous system is proceeding. One is Boston—a mighty solar plexus of interlacing filaments extending from Portland to Long Island Sound, and pushing steadily toward a connection with the great electric trunk lines of the West. Another is Buffalo, where Niagara power invites capital into every sort of electric enterprise. Another is Pittsburgh, whose trolley lines radiate in every direction for fifty miles or more, covering Western Pennsylvania, pushing into Ohio, bridging almost the entire distance between Pittsburgh and Cleveland, and reaching toward West Virginia and Maryland. Another is Dayton, Ohio, the center of a system that projects in one direction to Cincinnati and in the other to Urbana, covering nearly half the length of the State from south to north. Another is Cleveland, the headquarters of the Everett-Moore syndicate—the Dean Richmonds and Commodore Vanderbilts of the infant electric railway system of the United States. Another is Indianapolis, from which trolley expresses on three hundred miles of interurban roads shoot at sixty miles an hour to the principal towns of Indiana. But the greatest of all is Detroit. There electric traction is full grown—no longer a timid intermediary between house and office, it leaps boldly three hundred miles at a spring. Its flying shuttles weave their web across Ohio in one direction and across Michigan in the other. Lines actually built extend from Detroit to Port Huron, Bay City, and Kalamazoo, and their extensions now under way span the entire State of Michigan, and lead straight through to Chicago.

In January, 1901, the Detroit, Rochester, Romeo, and Lake Orion Railroad con-

cluded a traffic agreement with the Saginaw Suburban Railway Company, by which through electric cars were to be run hourly from Detroit to Bay City, 127 miles, covering the distance in about five hours, at a rate of a cent and a half a mile. In connection with the Everett-Moore lines that skirt the shores of Lake Erie, that gives an unbroken trolley run of over 350 miles, from Painesville, less than fifty miles west of the Pennsylvania border, to Bay City, with a service as quick as the steam accommodation train, several times as frequent, and half as expensive.

Electric communication is now complete from Portland, Maine, to Boston, and thence to a point a little west of Westfield, Mass. From that place to Painesville, Ohio, is a patchwork of short trolley lines, alternating with stretches still marked on the promoter's atlas "unexplored." From Painesville there is direct, unbroken communication, through Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit, with the principal cities of Michigan. From Detroit we can push westward to Kalamazoo, whence lines are under way that will make connections with Chicago. Actual construction in Illinois has not proceeded very far west of Chicago as yet, but work is in progress on a line stretching nearly across the State, to Freeport. Trolley construction is proceeding with energy in Iowa, and the lines under way will soon bridge the entire State, from the Mississippi to Omaha. As other lines are built and building west of Omaha, it will soon be possible to travel by electricity, without a break, half way across the continent, from the coast of Maine to the middle of Nebraska. Beyond that the extension of electric traction will probably have to wait for the substitution of electricity for steam on the existing railroads—a development that may not be far distant.



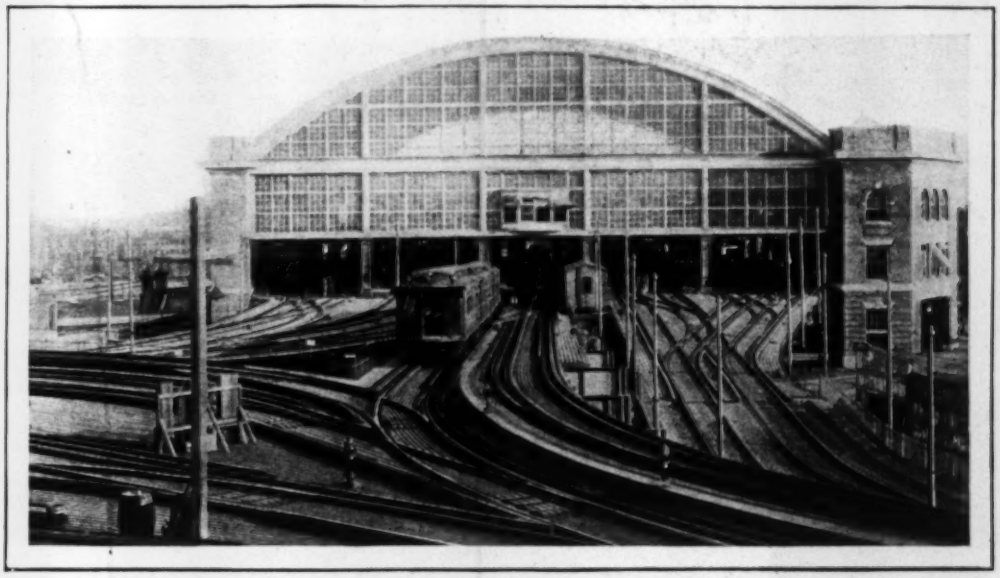
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT NIGHT ON THE ROAD OF THE SOUTHERN OHIO TRACTION CO., SHOWING THE BRILLIANCY OF THE HEADLIGHTS USED

Then will follow the straightening of routes, by which the rail-fence effect, inseparable from a combination of short local lines, will give way to air-line tracks shooting from one great city to another.

The pressure of electrical competition was first felt in carrying local passengers, but it was not long before it was seen that here were new possibilities in the way of handling freight. Many of the trolley franchises forbade that form of enterprise, but a business that promises to be at once a public benefit and a source of profit is not easily suppressed. A farmer who has once learned to appreciate the convenience of a service that enables him to set half a dozen cans of milk in the road in front of his gate and have them whirled to town on a trolley freight car in less time than it would take him to haul them to the nearest railroad station needs no long space to make up his mind on the question whether electric roads should be allowed to act as common carriers.

The electric freight service is as flexible as an elephant's trunk, and as adept in picking up little things. It grows rich off the crumbs of business that a steam road would despise. It is always ready to go out of its way to accommodate the special needs of its patrons. The lemon-growers along the Los Angeles-Pacific Railroad, which runs its trolley freight, passenger, and mail cars between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, found that their fruit was suffering from the roughness of the trip. They stated their grievance, and the result is the "Lemon Growers' Express," which carries the delicate spheroids to market as gently as in a baby's cradle.

The freight business has been developed in a very thorough and interesting way by the Chicago, Harvard, and Geneva Lake Railway, both in conjunction with steam roads and in competition with them. The line is supported by a rural population of four thousand, who give it business averaging five dollars a year for every man, woman, and child. It connects with the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and steam freight cars are sent from one road to the other without breaking bulk. Small lots of freight are hauled from any point on the electric line to any other for five cents a hundred pounds. At one place the trolley road comes into direct competition with the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway for live-stock shipments. The steam road carries consignments straight through for the same rate charged by the electric line and its Northwestern steam connection, yet the electric line gets eighty-five per cent. of the business. It gets it because it looks after



SULLIVAN SQUARE TERMINAL, CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

The largest street railway station in the world. Tracks to the right and left of center tracks are for surface cars and descend gradually to the street level

the convenience of its patrons. Its stockyards are equipped with hot and cold water and electric light from its power-houses, so that the shipper can always make up a warm mash for his cattle before loading them on the cars. Stock cars are always ready to catch a sudden turn in the market, and the convenience of patrons is studied in every way.

The International Railway, operating the electric lines in the vicinity of Buffalo and Niagara Falls, has developed its commercial business to such an extent that it runs full-grown freight trains, drawn by electric engines with a hauling capacity of twenty-five cars each.

LOOKING NORTH OVER THE WHITE RIVER VALLEY FROM THE CUT-OFF OF THE PUGET SOUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY, WHERE TRANSMISSION LINE GOES OVER THE HILL

There is no troublesome red tape about the trolley freight system. The Cleveland and Eastern Railway, for instance, handles milk on its forty-mile line at a uniform rate of two cents per gallon for any distance. The farmer buys packages of tickets at that rate. When his milk is shipped it pays its fare like a passenger. A twenty-cent ticket is handed to the conductor for each ten-gallon can. The conductor punches the tickets, and passes them on to the office. The company returns the empty cans free.

In the spring of 1901 the Indiana Legislature for the first time passed laws permitting street railways to extend their lines to connect different towns, and giving interurban roads a definite legal status, with the power of eminent domain, the authority to receive donations, and most of the general privileges of steam railroads. Already Indiana is seamed with interurban trolley lines.

A recent decision of the Court of Appeals of New York is of still more importance. In the case of the Stillwater and Mechanicsville Street Railway Company against the Boston and Maine Railroad the court's opinion, handed down by Judge Haight, holds that steam railroads are obliged by law to make connections and interchange freight business with electric roads, and that the electric lines have the right to carry freight over street surface tracks. Already this business in the West is growing to such dimensions as to require a six-story union trolley depot in Cincinnati largely devoted to freight, and similar buildings in Cleveland, Toledo, and numerous other cities.

The third, fourth, fifth and sixth floors of the Cincinnati depot are occupied almost entirely by the express and freight departments of the Interurban Railway and Terminal Company. In the operation of the lines, express cars are used for handling light freight and mail during the day, and heavy goods are transported at night after the general passenger movement is out of the way. This station provides every convenience for passengers that is given to the patrons of the steam railroads, and it has the advantage of being from four to ten blocks nearer to the business center of the city than the depots of the old roads with which the electric lines compete.

While runs from New York to Philadelphia, from Boston to New York, and even from Portland to Omaha, are theoretical possibilities of the next few years, many people with experiences on Huckleberry and Coney Island cars in mind scout the

idea that anybody will care to make such journeys except for curiosity. They think of the hard benches and the standers perched on the sitters' toes, and they are confident that an hour is the limit of endurance under such conditions. They might gather some new ideas if they could see a modern interurban electric parlor car, with its finish of African figured mahogany, its marquetry decorations, its luxurious individual spring seats, its lavatories, book-case, and china closet, and its smoking compartment, with chairs upholstered in blue plush to match the carpets and draperies. Travel on a line so equipped is pleasanter than on a steam road, for the breezes can be allowed to blow through without fear of smoke or cinders, and the surrrounding scenery is infinitely more attractive. A trolley road can penetrate the most exquisite retreats without spoiling their charm—a steam road has the faculty of making everything it touches hopelessly vulgar and hideous.

AN ELECTRIC STREET SPRINKLING CAR

And that suggests a line of business that has been absolutely created by the electric car, and that could not be secured by a steam railroad if it were left without competition for a thousand years. If you take a trolley ride in the suburbs on a summer evening you will see the open seats filled with cool, comfortable people, sociably chattering, with their hats in their laps, while the breeze blows through their hair or whiskers, as the case may be. The car whirls on, and nobody gets off. It reaches the end of the line, and still nobody leaves it. The passengers merely turn over the seats and ride back. They were not going anywhere—they were simply enjoying a spin in the people's automobile. That is a new luxury of modern life. Neither horse-car nor locomotive ever provided it. The need in human nature to which it responds went unsupplied until the trolley car came into existence to fill it.

Trolley sleeping and dining-cars have been promised, but as yet the nearest approach to them is to be found in the private cars built for the chief officials of some of the Western electric roads. One of these has a motorman's room in front and an observation room, equipped with rattan seats, with green plush cushions and green trimmings, ceiling and carpet. Next is a private stateroom, with a mahogany bed and complete toilet facilities, including washstand and shower-bath, with a compact porcelain tub and a water-tight rubber shower cylinder. In the rear are rattan seats covered with leather, and a combination sideboard containing an ice-chest and glass-cabinet. The car is finished throughout in selected Mexican mahogany. A rear observation window and platform complete the outfit. The car is lighted at night by electroliers encased in frosted globes of artistic design.

The idea of trolley funeral cars is not new; it was applied about ten years ago by more than one road, running funeral cars to suburban cemeteries. These places were too far away to be conveniently reached by carriages; the hustle of the steam railroad marred the solemnity of the interments, and the trolley cars exactly met an urgent need. The use of funeral cars is gradually spreading. There is one in Cleveland which is in such constant demand that the company expects to build a larger one, to be chartered at a higher price. On the line of the Chicago Electric Traction Company there are four cemeteries, and the funeral car of this company has been used as often as four times in one day.

AN EARLY MORNING SCENE NEAR CLEVELAND: THE MILK CAR

Thus far the locomotive has not been seriously affected by electric competition except in short distance traffic, but the managers of the steam roads must face the fact that before many years this competition will extend to every branch of their business. By "competition," of course, must be understood merely the rivalry between two methods of traction, not necessarily between hostile financial interests. Hitherto the steam railroad companies have generally fought the trolley, and so have left it to be developed by business rivals. The "Street Railway Journal" remarks that the sums spent by steam roads to block electric progress would have been more than ample to provide sinking funds against their depredations. But there is no reason why the development of electrical traction should not fall into the same hands that have already developed steam. Some of the old railroad corporations are beginning to realize this. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad has taken the daring step of paralleling its own lines, for a considerable distance, with new trolley roads. Thus it is its own competitor, and catches the passenger whichever way he goes.

The Boston and Maine has gone even further. It has incorporated a trolley line as an integral part of its regular system. Its Concord and Manchester electric branch was constructed and is operated on steam railroad methods throughout. One bridge is used in common by locomotives and trolley cars, under the joint protection of interlocking signals and derailing switches. There are a regular passenger agent and a despatcher controlling the movements of cars by telephone, a fixed time schedule, inspection of watches and administration of discipline.

One effect of electric enterprise that cannot be escaped is a radical reduction in the standard of fares. The usual railroad rates east of the Mississippi are from two to three cents a mile. The usual rates on the long interurban trolley lines are from a cent to a cent and a half, and for distances under fifteen miles the trolley lines often carry passengers at the rate of two or three miles for a cent. In the face of such competition railroad fares cannot be kept at the old figures.

The trolley roads can make money at such prices, for all their expenses are small. It is estimated that a light country electric road can be built for $7,540 per mile, or $10,540 including power station and car-house. A double-track electric line substantially built for fast traffic can be constructed for $31,500 per mile. These are about half the corresponding figures for steam roads.

Although this country has more than twice as many miles of electric track and

more than three times as many electric cars as all the rest of the world combined, the new system is still in its infancy, even here. There are twenty thousand miles of electric road to two hundred thousand miles of steam road. The trolley lines might be multiplied by ten with great advantage to the steam roads, which would find them incomparable feeders, bringing freight and passengers from regions in which the locomotive's whistle was never heard. But electricity will not be content with that humble position. It is creating a system of its own, self-centered and independent, and that system contains such a vigorous principle of growth that it will not be surprising to see it swallow up its older rivals. Certainly the locomotive is doomed on local lines; its finish is plainly visible on mountain railroads, where water power is cheaper than coal; and the question whether it can hold its own anywhere is the most hotly debated problem now agitating the transportation world.

THE SCALER

A Blazed Trail Story

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

ONCE Morrison and Daly, of Saginaw, but then lumbering at Beeson Lake, lent some money to a man named Crothers, taking in return a mortgage on what was known as the Crothers Tract of white pine. In due time, as Crothers did not liquidate, the firm became possessed of this tract. They hardly knew what to do with it.

The timber was situated some fifty miles from the railroad in a country that threw all sorts of difficulties across the logger's path, and had to be hauled from nine to fifteen miles to the river. Both Morrison and Daly groaned in spirit. Supplies would have to be toted in to last the entire winter, for when the snow came, communication over fifty miles of forest road would be as good as cut off. Whom could they trust among the lesser foremen of their woods force? Whom could they spare among the greater?

At this juncture they called to them Tim Shearer, their walking boss and the greatest riverman in the state.

"You'll have to 'job' her," said Tim promptly.

"Who would be hired at any price to go up in that country on a ten-mile haul?" demanded Daly sceptically.

"Jest one man," replied Tim, "an' I know where to find him."

He returned with an individual at the sight of whom the partners glanced towards each other in doubt and dismay. But there seemed no help for it. A contract was drawn up in which the firm agreed to pay six dollars a thousand, merchantable scale, for all saw-logs banked at a rollway to be situated a given number of miles from the forks of Cass Branch; while on his side James Bourke, better known as the Rough Red, agreed to put in at least three and one-half million feet. After the latter had scrawled his signature he lurched from the office, softly rubbing his hairy freckled hand where the pen had touched it.

"That means a crew of wild Irishmen," said Morrison.

"And *that* means they'll just slaughter the pine," added Daly. "They'll saw high and crooked, they'll chuck the tops—who are we going to send to scale for 'em?"

Morrison sighed. "I hate to do it; there's only Fitz can make it go."

So then they called to them another of their best men, named Fitz Patrick, and sent him away alone to protect the firm's interests in the depths of the wilderness.

The Rough Red was a big broadfaced man, with eyes far apart and a bushy red

beard. He wore a dingy mackinaw coat, a dingy black and white checked flannel shirt, dingy blue trousers, tucked into high socks and lumberman's rubbers. The only spot of color in his costume was the flaming red sash of the *voyageur* which he passed twice around his waist. When at work his little wide eyes flickered with a baleful wicked light, his huge voice bellowed through the woods in a torrent of imprecations and commands, his splendid muscles swelled visibly even under his loose blanket coat, as he wrenched suddenly and savagely at some man's stubborn cant-hook stock. A hint of reluctance or opposition brought his fist to the mark with irresistible impact. Then he would pluck his victim from the snow, and kick him to work with a savage jest that raised a laugh from everybody—excepting the object of it.

At night he stormed back through the forest at the head of his band, shrieking wild blasphemy at the silent night, irreverent, domineering, bold, with a certain tang of Irish good nature that made him the beloved of Irishmen. And at the trail's end the unkempt ribald crew swarmed their dark and dirty camp as a band of pirates a galleon.

"'*Not a log do I scale for ye . . till ye give me a place fit to tally in*'"

In the work was little system, but much efficacy. The men gambled, drank, fought, without a word of protest from their leader. With an ordinary crew such

performances would have meant slight accomplishment, but these wild Irishmen, with their bloodshot eyes, their ready jests, their equally ready fists, plunged into the business of banking logs with all the abandon of a carouse—and the work was done.

Law in that wilderness was not, saving that which the Rough Red chose to administer. Except in one instance, penalty more severe than a beating there was none, for the men could not equal their leader in breaking the greater and lesser laws of morality. The one instance was that of young Barney Mallan who, while drunk, mishandled a horse so severely as to lame it. Him the Rough Red called to formal account.

"Don't ye know that horses can't be had?" he demanded, singularly enough, without an oath. "Come here."

The man approached. With a single powerful blow of a starting bar the Rough Red broke his tibia.

"Try th' lameness yerself," said the Rough Red grimly. He glared about through the dimness at his silent men, then stalked through the door into the cook camp. Had he killed Barney Mallan outright, it would have been the same. No one in the towns would have been a word the wiser.

On Thanksgiving day the entire place went on a prolonged drunk. The Rough Red distinguished himself by rolling the round stove through the door into the snow. He was badly burned in accomplishing this delicate jest, but minded the smart no more than he did the admiring cheers of his maudlin but emulative mates. Fitz Patrick extinguished a dozen little fires that the coals had started, shifted the intoxicated Mallan's leg out of the danger of some one's falling on it, and departed from that roaring hell-hole to the fringe of the solemn forest. And this brings us to Fitz Patrick.

Fitz Patrick was a tall, slow man, with a face built square. The lines of his brows, his mouth, and his jaw ran straight across; those of his temples, cheeks, and nose straight up and down. His eye was very quiet and his speech rare. When he did talk, it was with deliberation. For days, sometimes, he would ejaculate nothing but monosyllables, looking steadily on the things about him.

He had walked in ahead of the tote-team late one evening in the autumn, after the Rough Red and his devils had been at work a fortnight. The camp consisted quite simply of three buildings, which might have been identified as a cook camp, a sleeping camp, and a stable. Fitz Patrick entered the sleeping camp, stood his slender scaling rule in the corner, and peered about him through the dusk of a single lamp.

He saw a round stove in the center, a littered and dirty floor, bunks filled with horrible straw and worse blankets jumbled here and there, old and dirty clothes drying fetidly. He saw an unkempt row of hard-faced men along the deacon seat, reckless in bearing, with the light of the dare-devil in their eyes.

"Where is the boss?" asked Fitz Patrick steadily.

The Rough Red lurched his huge form toward the intruder.

"I am your scaler," explained the latter. "Where is the office?"

"You kin have the bunk beyand," indicated the Rough Red surlily.

"You have no office, then?"

"What's good enough fer th' men is good enough fer a boss; and what's good enough fer th' boss is good fer any blank blanked scaler."

"It is not good enough for this one," replied Fitz Patrick calmly. "I have no notion of sleepin' and workin' in no such noise an' dirt. I need an office to keep me books and th' van. Not a log do I scale for ye, Jimmy Bourke, till yeze give me a fit place to tally in."

And so it came about, though the struggle lasted three days. The Rough Red stormed restlessly between the woods and the camp, delivering tremendous broadsides of oaths and threats. Fitz Patrick sat absolutely imperturbable on the deacon seat looking straight in front of him, his legs stretched comfortably aslant, one hand supporting the elbow of the other, which in turn held his short brier pipe.

"Good mornin' to ye, Jimmy Bourke," said he each morning, and after that uttered no word until the evening, when it was, "Good night to ye, Jimmy Bourke," with a final *rap, rap, rap* of his pipe.

The cook, a thin faced, sly man, with a penchant for the "Police Gazette," secretly admired him.

"Instantly the pack was on him"

"Luke out for th' Rough Red; he'll do ye!" he would whisper hoarsely when he passed the silent scaler.

But in the three days the Rough Red put his men to work on a little cabin. Fitz Patrick at once took his scaling rule from the corner and set out into the forest.

His business was, by measuring the diameter of each log, to ascertain and tabulate the number of board feet put in by the contractor. On the basis of his single report James Bourke would be paid for the season's work. Inevitably he at once became James Bourke's natural enemy, and so of every man in the crew with the possible exception of the cook.

Suppose you log a knoll which your eye tells you must grow at least half a million; suppose you work conscientiously for twelve days; suppose your average has always been between forty and fifty thousand a day. And then suppose the scaler's sheets credit you with only a little over the four hundred thousand! What would you think of it? Would you not be inclined to suspect that the scaler had cheated you in favor of his master? that you had been compelled by false figures to work a day or so for nothing?

Fitz Patrick scaled honestly, for he was a just man, but exactitude and optimism of estimate never have approximated, and they did not in this case. The Rough Red grumbled, accused, swore, threatened. Fitz Patrick smoked "Peerless" and said nothing. Still it was not pleasant for him, alone there in the dark wilderness fifty miles from the nearest settlement, without a human being with whom to exchange a friendly word.

The two men early came to a clash over the methods of cutting. The Rough Red and his crew cut anywhere, everywhere, anyhow. The easiest way was theirs. Small timber they skipped, large timber they sawed high, tops they left rather than trim them into logs. Fitz Patrick would not have the pine "slaughtered."

"Ye'll bend your backs a little, Jimmy Bourke," said he, "and cut th' stumps lower to th' ground. There's a bunch of shingles at least in every stump ye've left. And you must saw straighter. And th' contract calls for eight inches and over, mind ye that. Don't go to skippin' th' little ones because they won't scale ye high. 'Tis in the contract so. And I won't have th' tops left. There's many a good log in them, an' ye trim them fair and clean."

"Go to hell, you —" shouted the Rough Red. "Where the blazes did ye learn so much of loggin'? I log th' way me father logged, an' I'm not to be taught by a high-banker from th' Muskegon!"

Never would he acknowledge the wrong nor promise the improvement, but both were there, and both he and Fitz Patrick knew it. The Rough Red chafed frightfully, but in a way his hands were tied. He could do nothing without the report; and it was too far out to send for another scaler, even if Daly would have given him one.

Finally, in looking over a skidway, he noticed that one log had not been blue-penciled across the end. That meant that it had not been scaled, and that in turn meant that he, the Rough Red, would not be paid for his labor in cutting and banking it. At once he began to bellow through the woods.

"Hey! Fitz Patrick! Come here, you blank-blanked-blank of a blank! Come here!"

The scaler swung leisurely down the travoy trail and fronted the other with level eyes.

"Well?" said he.

"Why ain't that log marked?"

"I culled it."

"Ain't it sound and good? Is there a mark on it? A streak of punk or rot? Ain't it good timber? What th' blank's th' matter with it? You tried to do me out of that, you blank skunk."

A log is culled, or thrown out, when for any reason it will not make good timber.

"I'll tell you, Jimmy Bourke," replied Fitz Patrick calmly. "Th' stick is sound and good, or was before your murderin' crew got hold of it, but if ye'll take a squint at the butt of it, ye'll see that your gang has sawed her on a six-inch slant. They've wasted a good foot of th' log. I spoke of that afore; an' now I give ye warnin' that I cull every log, big or little, punk or sound, that ain't sawed square and true across th' butt."

"Th' log is sound an' good, an ye'll scale it, or I'll know th' reason why!"

"I will not," replied Fitz Patrick.

The following day he culled a log in another and distant skidway whose butt showed a slant of a good six inches. The

day following he culled another of the same sort on still another skidway. He examined it closely, then sought the Rough Red.

"It is useless, Jimmy Bourke," said he, "to be hauling of that same poor log from skidway to skidway. You can shift her to every travoy trail in th' Crother's tract, but it will do ye little good. I'll cull it wherever I find it, and never will ye get th' scale of that log."

The Rough Red raised his hand, then dropped it again, whirled away with a curse, whirled back with another, and spat out,

"By —, Fitz Patrick, ye go too far! Ye've hounded me and harried me through th' woods all th' year! By — 'tis a good stick, an' ye shall scale it!"

"Yo' an' yore Old Fellows is robbers alike!" cried one of the men.

Fitz Patrick turned on his heel and resumed his work. The men ceased theirs and began to talk.

That night was Christmas eve. After supper the Rough Red went directly from the cook camp to the men's camp. Fitz Patrick, sitting lonely in the little office, heard the sounds of debauch rising steadily like mysterious storm winds in distant pines. He shrugged his shoulders, and tallied his day's scaling, and turned into his bunk wearily, for of holidays there are none in the woods save Sunday. About midnight some one came in. Fitz Patrick, roused from his sleep by aimless blunderings, struck a light, and saw the cook looking uncertainly towards him through blood-clotted lashes. The man was partly drunk, partly hurt, but more frightened.

"After a long time he knew it was the cook"

"They's too big fer me, too big fer me!" he repeated thickly.

Fitz Patrick kicked aside the blankets and set foot on the floor.

"Le' me stay," pleaded the cook, "I won't bother you; I won't even make a noise. I'm skeered."

"Course you can stay," replied the scaler. "Come here."

He washed the man's forehead, and bound up the cut with surgeon's plaster from the van. The man fell silent, looking at him in wonderment for such kindness.

Fours hours later, dimly through the mist of his broken sleep, Fitz Patrick

heard the crew depart for the woods in the early dawn. On the crest of some higher waves of consciousness were borne to him drunken shouts, maudlin blasphemies. After a time he arose and demanded breakfast.

The cook, pale and nervous, served him. The man was excited, irresolute, eager to speak. Finally he dropped down on the bench opposite Fitz Patrick, and began:

"Fitz," said he, "don't go in th' woods to-day. The men is fair wild wid th' drink, and th' Rough Red is beside hi'self. Las' night I heerd them. They are goin' to skid th' butt log again, and they swear that if you cull it again, they will kill you. They mean it. That's all why they wint to th' woods this day."

Fitz Patrick swallowed his coffee in silence. In silence he arose and slipped on his mackinaw blanket coat. In silence he thrust his beechwood tablets into his pocket, and picked his pliable scaler's rule from the corner.

"Where are ye goin'?" asked the cook anxiously.

"I'm goin' to do th' work they pay me to do," answered Fitz Patrick.

He took his way down the trail, his face set straight before him, the smoke of his breath streaming behind. The first skidway he scaled with care, laying his rule flat across the face of each log, entering the figures on his many leaved tablets of beech, marking the timbers swiftly with his blue crayon.

The woods were empty. No ring of the ax, no shout of the driver, no fall of the tree broke the silence. Fitz Patrick comprehended. He knew that at the next skidway the men were gathered, waiting to see what he would do; gathered openly at last in that final hostility which had been maturing all winter. He knew, besides, that most of them were partly drunk and wholly reckless, and that he was alone. Nevertheless, after finishing conscientiously skidway number one, he moved on to skidway number two.

There, as he had expected, the men were waiting in ominous silence, their eyes red with debauch and hate. Fitz Patrick paid them no heed, but set about his business.

Methodically, deliberately, he did the work. Then, when the last pencil mark had been made, and the tablets had been closed with a snap of finality, the Rough Red stepped forward.

"Ye have finished with this skidway?" asked the foreman in soft cat-tones.

"I have," answered Fitz Patrick briefly.

"Yo' have forgot to scale one stick."

"No."

"There is a stick still not marked."

"I culled it"

"Why?"

"It was not sawed straight."

Fitz Patrick threw his head back proudly, answering his man at ease, as an accomplished swordsman. The Rough Red shifted his feet, almost awed in spite of himself. One after another the men dropped their eyes and stood ill at ease. The scaler turned away; his heel caught a root; he stumbled; instantly the pack was on him, for the power of his eye was broken.

Mad with rage they kicked and beat and tore at Fitz Patrick's huddled form long after consciousness had left it. Then an owl hooted from the shadow of the wood, or a puff of wind swept by, or a fox barked, or some other little thing happened, so that in blind unreasoning panic they fled. The place was deserted, save for the dark figure against the red and white snow.

Fitz Patrick regained his wits in pain, and so knew he was still on earth. Every movement cost him a moan, and some agency outside himself inflicted added torture. After a long time he knew it was the cook, who was firmly but kindly kneading his limbs and knuckling his hair. The man proved to be in a maze of wonderment over his patient's tenacity of life.

"I watched ye," he murmured soothingly, "I did not dare interfere. But I kem to yo' 's soon as I could. See here's a fire that I built for ye, and some tea. Take a little. And no bones broke! True for ye, ye're a hearty man, and strong with th' big muscles on ye fit to fight th' Rough Red man to man. Get th' use of yere legs, darlint, an' I'll tak ye to camp, for it's fair drunk they are by now. Sure an' I tole ye they'd kill ye."

"But they didn't," muttered Fitz Patrick with a gleam of humor.

"Sure 'twas not their fault—nor yere own!"

Hours later, as it seemed, they moved slowly in the direction of camp. The cold had stiffened Fitz Patrick's cuts and bruises. Every step shot a red wave of torture through his arteries to his brain. They came in sight of camp. It was silent. Both knew that the men had drunk themselves into a stupor.

"I'd like t' kill th' whole lay-out as she sleeps," snarled the cook, shaking his fist.

"So would I," replied Fitz Patrick.

Then as they looked, a thin wreath of smoke curled from under the open doorway and spread lazily in the frosty air. Another followed, another, still another. The cabin was afire.

"They've kicked over th' stove again," said Fitz Patrick, seating himself on a stump. His eyes blazed with wrath and bitterness.

"What yo' goin' to do?" asked the cook.

"Sit here," replied Fitz Patrick grimly.

The cook started forward.

"'But they'd be burnt alive'"

"Stop!" shouted the scaler fiercely. "If you move a step, I'll break your back!"

The cook stared at him through saucer eyes.

"But they'd be burnt alive!" he objected wildly.

"They ought to be," snarled the scaler. "It ain't their fault I'm here to help them. 'Tis their own deed that I'm now lying' beyant there in th' forest, unable to help myself. Do you understand? I'm yet out there in th' woods!"

"Ah, wirra, wirra!" wailed the cook, wringing his hands, "Th' poor lads!" He began to weep.

Fitz Patrick stared straight in front of him for a moment. Then he struck his forehead, and with wonderful agility, considering the injuries he had but just received, tore down the hill in the direction of the smoldering cabin. The cook followed him joyfully. Together they put out the fire. The men snored like beasts, undisturbed by all the tumult.

"'Tis th' soft heart ye have, after all, Fitz," said the cook delightedly, as the two washed their hands in preparation for a lunch. "Ye could not bear t' see th' lads burn."

Fitz Patrick glowered at him for an instant from beneath his square brows.

"They can go to hell for all of me," he answered finally, "but my people want these logs put in this winter, an' there's nobody else to put them in."

The White Glory

by **Keene Abbott**

Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

THE hoofs of the doctor's team beat the firm and winding prairie road with a resounding clatter. His high-seated buggy, always gray with hardened mud, was worn with many years of service, and the box drooped down on the right side with the great weight of the old practitioner. As the horses turned into a willow lane the polished tires caught the flame of the early sun, and went twinkling onward up the gentle slope where a flock of scratching chickens fled away, their wings beating the air. At the end of the wheel-track stood the brown little home with its vine-mantled porch. That bower of leaves glistened with dew, and the window above it was all agleam like a sheet of tin.

For some time after the doctor had entered the house he sat motionless in the small front room, which had a shut-in smell, and was ever kept painfully in order. The only evidence that it had not lately had the care of the exacting housewife was when he removed his new shoes. As they fell thumping to the floor, each of them raised from the rag carpet a faint puff of dust.

These shoes, by the way, had been a source of copious profanity during the drive. "They pinch; they hurt. Well, then, why did he want to sell 'em to me!" He had worked himself up to such a degree of violent invective that he even removed his quid of fine-cut and put in his teeth.

But now, when the bell-like tinkle of ice in a pitcher was heard in the kitchen, the teeth were taken out again and squeezed back into a trouser pocket. Before Mrs. Dale had time to enter the room he was calmly reading a newspaper.

"Well, girl," he asked, as the "State Journal" sank with a crinkling sound to his knees, "what you got there?"

For answer she gave him a mist-coated glass, and a few drops went spattering down upon the carpet.

"Because I was a little bit uneasy," she afterward explained, "for I knew real well he couldn't see a thing with that squint of his, and there he was, paper at arm's-length, and readin' away without his spectacles on."

Nevertheless he sipped the lemonade

"Gave him a mist-coated glass"

unconcernedly enough, and at last, in the most matter-of-fact way, but with that gentleness of voice which was always his in the home of the sick, he said:

"This is just right; no sugar—not one iota—just exactly right. And you're one of those women, Fern Dale, who never have too much care and trouble to think of this sort of thing."

He was silent a few moments, and at the end of the pause he remarked:

"Of course there are plenty of families that are glad to see me; families, too, that pay their bills. But—well, it's not the money that really pays a pill-peddler, an old pill-peddler anyhow. And you know that; now don't you, Fern?"

The young woman nodded.

"Well, then," he added, still more deliberately, "you mus'n't ever put off sending for me, my girl, when you think I'm needed here."

"But he wouldn't let me send when I wanted to," the wife answered, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. "So I didn't dare send till he was took down in bed. Said he wasn't sick at all—just wasn't feelin' right good. But I knew he was thinkin' all the while how much was owin' you a'ready, and I was, too, but I would 'a' sent anyhow if I could."

"By thunder! that husband of yours is a brick! That's what he is; he's a brick!" And the doctor winked at her his little sly wink and chuckled his little low chuckle, as if he had been telling a funny story. Then he went on to inform her how long ago his trifling account with that husband had been settled in full, and how that husband of hers had played her a trick, and how she was never to trust that husband of hers any more. To hear him talk you would never guess that one whole page of his ledger was devoted exclusively to J. T. Dale, and that many visits had been forgotten and were never put down at all.

After the doctor's reassurance there was an interval of pensive thought, which concluded with the remark:

"I suppose you know, my girl, that Joe's a pretty sick man?"

Oh, yes, she did know that. Nevertheless, when she went off to make the children's little beds, and her faded blue skirt was heard swishing softly up the stairs, her step seemed much lighter and much sprightlier than it had been, and much more so than it would have been could she have seen the doctor now. He sat there by the window, still holding the glass, but not again to dampen his steel-colored mustache with the lemonade. He was looking, looking, and looking away off yonder through the shimmer of heat where the dark hills with their narrowing green

"went off to make the children's little beds"

rows of young corn joined the cool restfulness of the sky.

By and by the little woman came softly to the door to announce in a low tone so quiet and subdued:

"Doctor, he's awake now."

She gave him a pair of worn-out house

shoes, which the gray-haired man leisurely put on. Then, slowly rising, he set down the glass upon the table and took up his medicine box by its shiny strap handle. Serene with the tranquillity of one who knows his very presence is a benediction, he followed Mrs. Dale into a room which had almost as much the smell of a drug shop as the clothes of this veteran practitioner.

You could easily see what the visit meant to the sick man, for his lusterless eye was turned eagerly to the door, and he made an effort to reach out his great white hand to his old friend.

"Well, doctor?" he asked, like one not having the courage to use a more direct question to inquire about the state of his health.

But the doctor paid no heed. With his slipper heels flip-flopping at every step, he hummed in a preoccupied way a dozy tea-kettle hum, and went scuffing across the room to where three pin-holes in the curtain were pierced by three long splinters of yellow light. He pushed up the chocolate-colored shade, which, lined with a spider-web of cracks and checkered by the shadow of the sash, was of a deep wine tint against the sun.

"'He's awake now'"

At that moment a breath of fragrance stole hovering in. It was a sleepy little breeze, with sounds of the honey-makers in it, and it came all dewy and cool, and went breathing round a faint and indolent odor of the garden. It was such a very idle whiff of air that the doctor's thin gray locks scarce stirred, but the white morning-glory that nestled close to the warped brown casing nodded drowsily upon its green thread of a vine and disturbed a little white butterfly. The wings quivered like the petals of a cherry blossom; then, very deliberately, this fragile shape of life went balancing away into the pulseless air, where it rose, and sank again, and rose, and went up, up, up, and was gone.

There had passed but a little while after that before the invalid was announcing, with dreary triumph in his voice, as his wife leaned over him to make the bed more tidy:

"I told you so, Fern; all your worryin' for nothin'. If they was any danger would he be a-hummin' that-a-way, so peaceful and quiet like? Say, now, would he?"

But it seemed to be hard for her to smile and to assure him that his point was well taken; for perhaps the butterfly had been peculiarly suggestive to her.

At any rate, while the flower there in the window was yet drowsily a-swing, her eyes met the doctor's, and directly she grew pale. It was now plain that she must have felt the need of occupying herself. She moved quietly away, to go softly about, dusting one object and another—anything, in fact, which could be dusted, and that anything several times, and every little thing she dusted a long time.

Meantime the doctor had drawn a chair to the bedside.

"So you're not up and around yet, Joe. You're looking better to-day, though. Your hand here—see that? Better color, that is. Yes, and your eye looks better, too. Don't you say so, Mrs. Dale?"

And with almost a hearty tone, Fern answered:

"Yes, sir; Joseph Dale, you *are* lookin' better."

But when she said this her face was turned to the window.

After chatting quietly for some time with the sick one, the doctor suddenly broke off.

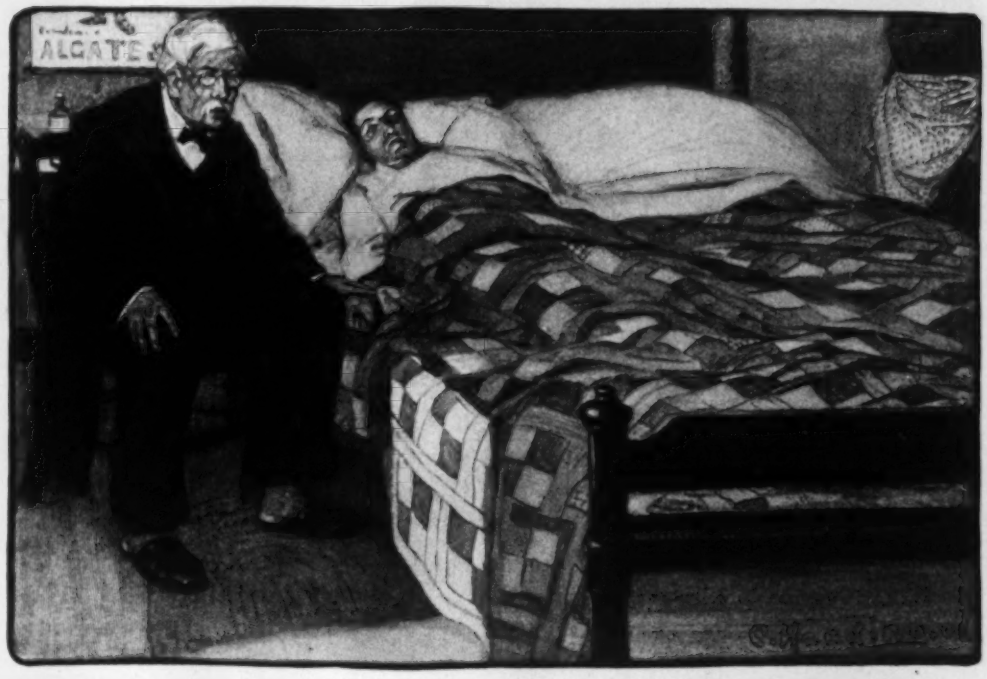
"Fern, my dear girl"—his voice was husky, and it quavered a little—"your flowers there are all faded."

But the little woman vouchsafed no look in the direction of the muslin-draped shelf, upon which stood a cracked goblet containing pink and white roses. She had been stealing slowly here and there, now picking up a raveling from the floor, and now the snowflake of a feather near the bed, now straightening the advertisement picture upon the wall, and now re-arranging the glasses and bot-

tles upon the stand by her husband's pillow. And at last she had taken up the medicine case.

Such an ugly box it was! And yet she fondled it; she pretended to clean off the splashes and little chunks of mud that

After this the thread of conversation was again taken up, and as before the talk journeyed wide of all things concerning illness and trouble. Nor was it allowed to run upon matters connected with active life and health, that there might



"The doctor had drawn a chair to the bedside"

long ago had hardened upon it, and she hugged it close to her breast, just as you and I might have done if we could have known how many, many times it had brought hope to her when her home had been full of darkness.

The doctor understood, and he wanted her to set it down; for he knew that its usefulness was not for such a time as this.

"I think, Fern," he said to her, "that if you were to pick your flowers before the sun gets too hot they would last longer. Now, while everything is cool and fresh, would be just the time for that sort o' thing." And before her blue skirt had quite vanished, he added: "Get a great big bunch. Can't have too many flowers for the sick room, you know."

be no comparing sick-room imprisonment with the great sunny out-of-doors, where at this very moment could be heard the squeaking springs of a corn cultivator, and occasionally, too, from perhaps three fields away, a farmer's voice calling out to his horses. It was not long before the sick man's face put on a smile, and once Joe even laughed.

But the doctor knew the end could not be far away. Before long the low monotone of his voice suddenly stopped. There was a quick dry cough—one that shook the bed-springs—just one, and at the same time a convulsive clasping of the thin white hands upon the shrunken chest.

Then there was stillness.

But the click of the snipping scissors among the flowers did not pause. It was loud; every sound seemed loud, even to the drowsy tinkle of a sheep-bell which came faint from down in the meadow.

◆◆◆

"'What kind of roses did you say these were?'"

It was some time before the doctor left the house. But finally he went out bareheaded into the garden, and he was humming again, only this time the sound was not so calm as it had been when he entered the sick room. And when a pair of eager blue eyes sought his face the tune fluttered a little. He cleared his voice twice before he spoke.

"Fern," he asked, "what do you call these flowers?"

"I don't know. I mean they're roses. What is it, Doctor? Did you want me?"

"Of course they're roses; I knew that. But what kind of roses are they?"

"Didn't you want me for something, Doctor?"

"No, Fern—no; I didn't want you for anything. Joe's gone to sleep. What kind of roses did you say these were?"

"Why, they're old-fashioned moss roses."

Then the cutting of the flowers was continued. And by and by the doctor said to her:

"You've had a good deal of trouble these eight years of married life, haven't you, my girl?"

The little woman looked at him, and there was the same trust in her eyes, the same hope and gentleness as had been there when she had taken up the medicine box.

"I would have had trouble," she answered, "if it hadn't been for you." And he knew she was referring to the time when death had threatened the little ones. "And now," she added, "if it wasn't for you——"

"No; no, Fern, not this time, I'm afraid. As I have told you before, it may be in a month, and it may be——"

The tears began to come now, and her big friend laid his hand gently upon her shoulder.

They were standing at the great rose-bush near the cottage, and the doctor slowly reached up to the window and plucked the white morning-glory. As

he offered it to her she looked up once more into his face. Then all her apronfull of flowers went showering to the ground.

But she did not cry. She took that rough dark hand of his in both her own.

"Yes, I know what you mean. He's asleep in there. He's gone from me, and I can't ever see him any more. But you were with him, and you made him forget, and he wasn't troubled about me or about the children or about anything at all. You've been a good friend to us—a good friend to him and to me."

Then she laid her head upon his shoulder, and sobbed there like a child.

"*Sobbed there like a child*"

FORTY YEARS BETWEEN

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

Illustrated by William Hatherell

AH, if it had been any one but him!" exclaimed Captain Hadow.

"It's horrible to call him a deserter," said Francis.

"Don't let's do it!" said the captain.

"We have to say something, sir," returned the first lieutenant helplessly.

"One can always lie, I suppose," said Hadow.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do myself for Jack Garrard," said Mr. Francis.

"Why not say he was kidnapped here by the hill tribes?" said Hadow. "We aren't certain sure he wasn't, and no one can deny but what he might have been."

"But the admiral would be bound to inquire into it," said Mr. Francis. "Sooner or later he'd send a ship."

"Trust Jack to do his own lying when she gets here," said Hadow. "Besides, he'll be sick of the whole thing by that time and only too glad to step aboard."

"But won't we be asked why *we* didn't rescue him?" asked Francis.

"No, no, I have it!" cried the captain.

"It's certainly a case for stretching a point, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Enter in the log," said the captain, speaking very slowly and thoughtfully, "that passed Midshipman John de Vigne Garrard, failing to report himself at the expiration of his leave, was afterwards discovered to have been kidnapped by the hill tribes of Borabora Island. On my threatening to land a party to recover him I was dissuaded by King George, who

"Jack leaped to his feet, white and speechless"

cleared himself of any personal responsibility in the matter, and who promised, if only I would give him time, to recover the man without bloodshed or any cost to Her Majesty's Government. The king urged that the use of force would imperil the officer's life, which otherwise he had every confidence would be spared."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"You'll give old George a flaming character," added Hadow.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Pile it on about his reverence for the Queen and the way he gave beef to the ship," said Hadow.

"And what then, sir?" inquired Mr. Francis.

"Well, you know," said Hadow, "my orders here leave me a pretty wide latitude. You can't tie down a surveying ship in wild waters the way you can a simple patrol. By George, sir, I'll lay the ship back here in nine months and retake Master Johnny Garrard."

"If he has any realization of his position he will then go down on his knees and thank you, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"He's more likely to come aboard whistling!" exclaimed the captain.

"Of course it will involve a little—insincerity," said Mr. Francis.

"You mean we'll have to lie like blazes," said the captain.

"Well, yes," observed Mr. Francis.

"I hope that's understood," said the captain. "But I can't bear to see a fine lad ruined for a bit of squeamishness. Were he thirty he might go hang; but nineteen— Good Lord, one must have a little mercy."

"Where would any of us be now, sir," said Mr. Francis, "if we had each of us received full measure for a boyish error?"

"I know I was a rotten bad egg myself," said Captain Hadow.

"If I may say it without offense, sir," said Mr. Francis, "I think you are taking a very noble course in respect to this unfortunate lad."

"Of course I don't want you to think I justify desertion," said Hadow quickly, not ill-pleased at the compliment. "Gad, sir, it's a shocking thing; bar actual cowardice, I positively know nothing worse. Were Jack my son, I'd rather see him stretched dead at my feet. I tell you, Mr. Francis, that when I first heard the news I was stunned; I felt myself trembling; the dishonor, the infamy of it struck me here!" Captain Hadow laid his hand on his heart.

Mr. Francis nodded a silent assent.

"But we'll save him!" cried the captain. "We won't permit this ugly business to blast his life."

"You may count, Captain Hadow, on our most loyal and hearty support," said Mr. Francis.

"Thank you," said the captain, "and you will pass the word along that the subject is not one to be discussed."

"Quite so, sir," said the first lieutenant.

"Not a word!" exclaimed the captain. "Though you might coach the king a bit about the hill tribes. But, of course, not a whisper that we're ever coming back!"

"No, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"This must go no farther than you and me," said Hadow.

"It shall not, sir," returned the first lieutenant.

"We shall sail to-night at the turn of the tide," said the captain.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

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It was not nine months—it was fifteen and some days to spare—before the "Dauntless" again raised the peak of Borabora and backed her main-yard off the settlement. In the course of that eventful year and a quarter she had zigzagged the whole chart of the Eastern Pacific, and from French Frigate Shoals to Pitcairn, from Diamond Head to Little Rapa, she had sounded and plotted reefs innumerable, and had covered, with a searching persistency, vast areas of blue water dotted on the chart with e. d's and p. d's.*

She had twice taken the ground, once so hard and fast that she had shifted her guns and lightered a hundred tons of stores among the gulls and mews of a half-sunken reef; she had had an affair with the unruly natives of the Walker Group, and had blown a village to fragments and not a few of the Walkers themselves into a land as uncharted as their own; she had tried a beach-comber for murder and had dangled him at the main-yard-arm, giving him later on a

*Existence doubtful; position doubtful. Familiar contractions still on any Pacific chart.

Church of England service, a hammock, and the use of a cannon-ball at his feet. She had poked her nose into cannibal bays, where women of wild beauty and wilder license swam off to the ship in hundreds until the marines drove them back with muskets, and fired at their own comrades, who, in their madness, leaped after them into the water; she had lain for weeks in enormous atolls, where the only life was that of birds and the silence was unbroken save for the long roll of the surf and at night the ghostly scurrying of turtles over the sand; she had been everywhere in those labyrinthian seas, those haunts of romance and mystery, with love, danger, and death always close aboard.

It was morning when Hadow raised the island, a fleecy speck of cloud against the sky-line, and he shortened sail at once and lingered out the day, so as to bring him up to it by dark. After supper every light on board was doused, and the great hull, gliding through the glass-smooth water, merged her steep sides and towering yards and canvas into the universal shadow. With whispering keel and a wind so fair and soft that one wondered to see the sails stiffen in the bolt-ropes, the man-of-war stole steadily to leeward, with no sound but the occasional creak of cordage, or the hoarse murmur of voices from the lower deck. Hadow himself, pacing the quarter-deck in his boat-cloak, was lost in reverie, while the ward-room and the steerage, in unredeemed darkness, held nothing but dozing men.

By ten the ship was hove to close ashore, and the lights of the little settlement glimmered through the palms. The warm night, laden with exotic fragrance and strangely exciting in the intensity of its stillness and beauty, hid, beneath its far-reaching pall, the various actors of an extraordinary drama. With pistols buckled to their hips, Brady, Winterslea, Hotham, and Stanbury-Jones, four officers of the ship, together with Hatch, a flinty-faced old seaman who could be trusted, all slipped down the ladder into the captain's gig and pulled with muffled oars for the break in the reef. Picking their way through the pass, with the surf on either hand roaring in their ears, they slowly penetrated the lagoon and headed for the king's house. The shelving beach brought them to a stop, and all jumping out to lighten the boat, they drew her over the shingle and made her painter fast to a pandanus tree. Then, acting in accordance with a preconcerted plan, Winterslea was sent forward to track down their prey, while the rest huddled together to await his return.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes, passed in palpitating suspense. A girl drew by wreathed in flowers; she looked out to sea; then up at the stars, and shrank again into the shadow. From the neighboring houses there came the sound of mellow voices and of laughter. A pig rooted and rustled among a heap of cocoanut shells. Half an hour passed, and from far across the water, as faint and silvery as some elfin signal, the ship sent her message of the time—six bells.

Panting and crouching, Winterslea groped his way among them.

"Come!" he said.

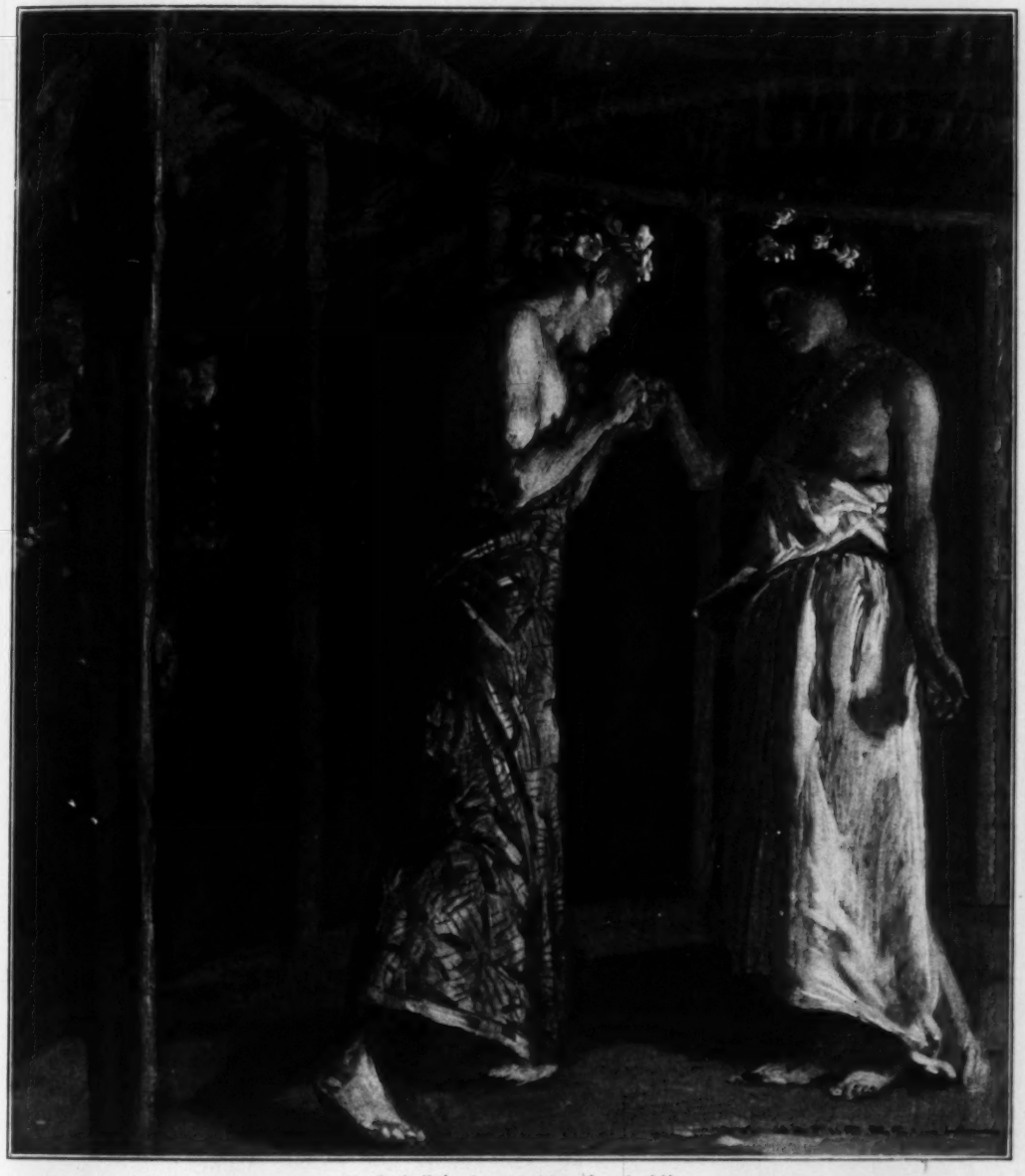
They followed him in silence, unloosing their holsters and grimly ready. A pair of handcuffs clinked in Hatch's jumper. They inhaled the deep breath of tried and resolute men, inured to danger, and accustomed to give and to receive an unflinching loyalty.

Winterslea, with keen perception, led the way like a hound, skirting lighted houses and following devious inland paths. The comparative openness of the village began to give way to the ranker undergrowth of the plantations behind it. The path sank into a choking vegetation that stood on either side and brushed their faces as they followed in single file. A fallen tree gave them the passage of a stream.

"There!" said Winterslea.

The path opened out on a little clearing among the trees, and showed them, set on high, the outlines of a native house. Like all Tahitian houses, it was on the model of a bird cage, and the oval wall of bamboo, set side by side, let through vertical streaks of light from the lamp or fire within. As the whole party drew nearer, they heard, deep below them on the other side, the pleasant sound of falling water, and realized that the cliff they were mounting overlooked a little river at its foot. Here, in exquisite seclusion, Jack Garrard had chosen the spot for his moral suicide.

Creeping up to the house and looking



"'I shall be here waiting for thee'"

through the cracks of the bamboos, his comrades saw him sitting within, dressed like a native in tapa cloth, with bare chest, and flowers in his tawny hair. He was sitting in a hammock, and with her head against his knee a beautiful girl was looking up into his face, one hand locked in his. In that land of pretty women she was the one that outshone them all, Tehea, the sister of the king, for whose sweet favor every man on board had sought in vain. And here she was, with her long hair loosened and her eyes swimming with love, looking up at the lad who had given name and honor to win her heart. The pair were hardly more than children; and Brady, a sentimentalist of forty, with red hair, sighed as he peeped through the eaves and thought of his own dear girl at home.

Garrard laid down the pipe he had been smoking, and in happy unconsciousness of any audience but the woman at his feet, began to sing. His voice had always been his greatest charm, and the means of gain-

ing him the friendship of men much older than himself. It had won Hadow. It had won Francis. There was not a blue-jacket on board the "Dauntless" but whose eyes had moistened under the spell of Jack's clear tenor. No one could render with such delicacy, purity, and sentiment those ballads, now so old-fashioned, that used to solace our seafaring fathers in the fifties. Jack lay back in the hammock, and with wonderful tenderness and feeling sang "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," repeating the last verse several times over. It was plain that something in it—some phrase or line—had deeply moved him, for he suddenly bent over and laid his face in his hands, shaking with a strange emotion. Tehea arose, and throwing her arms round his neck, and forcing away his hands, pressed her lips to his wet eyes. Even as she did so, Brady gave the signal for the whole party to move round to the door.

"He held back the undergrowth again and peered into the depths"

He entered first, the others close behind him. Jack leaped to his feet, white and speechless, his wide-open eyes those of an animal at bay. Brady, Winterslea, Stanbury-Jones, Hotham, Hatch, the familiar faces daunted him like the sight of ghosts. Friends no longer, they were now avengers with the right to track him down and kill him.

"Jack!" cried Brady in a stifled voice.

The lad took a step back. The girl moaned and tried to run between Hatch and Stanbury-Jones. The old seaman caught and shook her like a dog, tearing away the whistle she put to her lips and dashing it on the floor. Jack put up his hand and snatched a pistol hidden in the thatch of the roof. Brady on the instant leveled his own and thundered out:

"Drop it, or I'll shoot!"

"Shoot and be hanged," returned Jack, and with that he turned his pistol on himself, and, placing the muzzle against his forehead, pulled the trigger.

It missed fire.

Before he could try again, Brady had caught him round the neck, while Hatch, resigning the girl to Stanbury-Jones, ran in and snapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

"Jack!" cried Brady, "we aren't going to hurt you. We're rescuing you from the hill tribes. Man, you're saved!"

"You never was no deserter," said Hatch.

"Mind you back us up, old fellow," said Winterslea.

"Give us your fin, boy," said Hotham.

It was some time before Jack could pull himself together. When at last he did so, and began to appreciate the generosity of his captain and shipmates, and their astounding concern to save him from the

penalty of his crime, he underwent one of those reactions when despair gives way to the maddest gaiety. He swore at Hatch, and made him take off the irons; he got out a bottle of white rum and forced them all to drink his health; he kept them in a roar with the story of his adventures, and laughed and cried in turn as he described his life ashore.

"What does she want?" demanded Brady, as Tehea insistently repeated some words in native.

"She says," said Jack, calmly picking up the whistle from the floor and touching it to his lips, "she says I've only to blow this and you will all be dead in five minutes!"

A hush fell upon the company.

Jack, with an oath, flung the whistle from him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am grateful. I am d—d grateful. If I live I shall try and repay each one of you. I shall try and be a better man. I shall try to be worthy of your kindness." He went round and shook hands solemnly with every one of them.

"D—d grateful!" he repeated.

"Let's be off," said Brady.

"Now, lad, your word of honor," said Winterslea.

Jack looked about him helplessly.

"I suppose I've no right to ask such a thing," he said. "I know how good you've been to me already, and all that. But—but, gentlemen—she's my wife. I love her. I shall never see her again. May I not entreat a single minute for myself?"

"No," said Brady.

Jack went over to Tehea and took her hand. He put his arms about her, and unashamed, before them all, pressed her comely head against his breast. He tried to explain the inexorable fate he was so powerless to resist; in incoherent whispers he told her he would break his chains and return to her, free in the years to come to devote his life to the woman he loved. He called her the dearest names and begged her not to forget him. But she, with a perception greater than his own, swept away these despairing protestations with disdain. The daughter of one king, the sister of another, could she not meet force by force? These fierce intruders with their rough voices and drawn pistols, who were they to threaten a princess of the royal blood and carry away her lover before her eyes? If they were strong she was stronger, and what ship cannon, she asked, however murderous or far-ranging, could penetrate those mountain recesses whither she would carry him before the morning. Ah, she said, it was for him to choose between her and them; between Britain and the island; between love or the service of the white queen beyond the seas.

"I have chosen," he said.

Her eyes flashed as she freed herself from his arms.

"I am hateful in my own sight for having loved you," she said.

"Will you not even wish me well, Tehea?" he asked.

"No!" she cried, "I hope you will die."

He turned away.

"*Siati*," she cried after him.

He came back to her, downcast and silent.

"Remember," she said in an agony of sweet relenting, "that wherever thou goest, however many the years that may divide us, however wide the waters or the land, I shall be here waiting for thee, here in this house of our happiness, and if I die before thou comest, here thou wilt find my grave."

"Tehea," he said, "as God sees me, some day I shall return!"

She took his hands and looked up into his face with such poignant longing and tenderness that Jack's comrades, already uncomfortable enough, were quite overborne by the scene. Tough old Hatch snuffled audibly, and Brady could hardly speak.

"Come, come, lad," he cried huskily, "you mustn't keep us longer!"

Jack unclasped the girl's hands and suffered himself to be led away by his comrades. Stumbling and falling against one another in the dark, they made shift to find the uncertain path, Winterslea in the lead coo-eeing like a bushfellow for them to follow. Little by little they gained the sleeping village, and pressed on to the beach beyond, where their boat was already afloat on the incoming tide. They took their places without a word, and pulled out in the direction of the ship. In the pass, rising and falling in the swell,

they burned a blue light, which the "Dauntless" answered with another and ran up a masthead lantern to guide them. A few minutes later they clambered up the ladder, the boat was hoisted in, and the boatswain's whistle was rousing the watch on deck.

"Mainsail haul!"

By morning the island had sunk behind them, and standing on the dizzy main-royal yard, with one arm round the mast, Jack could make out nothing but a little cloud on the horizon.

▾▾▾

At sixty John Garrard was a post-captain, a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and within a year of receiving flag rank and the command of a fleet. His career had been more than distinguished, and he had won his way to the front as much by his fine personal qualities as by his invariable good judgment and high professional attainments. He had earned the character of a man who could be trusted in situations involving tact, temper, and diplomatic skill; and no captain in the navy was more confidently ordered to those scenes of international tension, which, in spite of statesmen, so often arise in some distant place to menace the peace of the world.

He had never married, and when rallied on the subject was wont to say, with a laugh, that the sea was his only mistress. No one had ever ventured to question him much further, though his friends were often piqued—especially the women—as to an implied romance in the captain's earlier life. It was known he supported two old maid sisters, the Misses Hadow, the impoverished daughters of his first commander; but in view of his considerable private fortune this drain on his resources seemed scarcely the reason of his renunciation. Nor did it seem to his admirers that any woman could have had the heart to refuse him, for even at sixty he was a noticeably handsome man, and was endowed besides with more than the advantage of good looks—a charm of manner, a distinction, a captivating gallantry that made him everywhere a favorite.

"But, you see, Jack isn't a marrying man," his friends explained, as though that well-worn phrase explained everything.

He was in command of the "Inflexible" battleship, one of the Australian squadron, when she developed some defects in her hydraulic turning gear and was ordered home to England by Admiral Lord George Howard for overhaul. The captain's heart beat a little faster as he realized his course would take him south of the Societies. He spread out the chart on his cabin table and sighed as he laid his finger on Borabora. He shut his eyes and saw the basaltic cliffs, the white and foaming reefs, the green, still forests of that unforgotten island. He was a boy once more, with flowers in his hair, wandering beneath the palms with Tehea. How often had he thought of her during all these years, the years that had left him gray and old, the years that had carried him unscathed through so many dangers in every quarter of the world. For him she was still in her adorable girlhood, untouched by time, a radiant princess in her radiant isle, waiting by the shore for his return. It shocked him to remember she was not far short of sixty—a fat old woman, perhaps, married to some strapping chief, and more than likely with grown children of her own. How incredible it seemed!

But a word and he might land and see her. But a word and the questions of forty years might yet be answered. Answered, yes, to shatter as like as not, with pitiless realities, the tender figment of a dream. No, he said, he dared not expose himself to a possible disillusion, to play into the hands of sardonic nature, ever mocking at man. No, but he would carry his ship close inshore and watch from the bridge the unfolding bays and tiny settlements of that lost paradise; and then, dipping his flag to his vanished youth, he would sink over the horizon, his memory thrilled and his sentiment unimpaired, to set his face for England.

Dawn was breaking as he slowed down to leeward of the island and watched the shadows melt away. It was Sunday, a day of heavenly calm, fresh yet windless, with a sea so smooth that the barrier reefs for once were silent, and one could hear, from across the hushed and shining water, the coo of pigeons in the forest. Under bare steerage way, with the leadsman droning in the forechains, the ship hugged the shore and steamed at a snail's pace round the island. On the lofty

bridge, high above the wondering faces of his command, the white-haired captain, impassive, supreme, and solitary, gave no sign of those inner emotions that were devouring him. Along the shore the sight of the battleship brought out here and there a startled figure or a group. A couple of laughing girls, astride on ponies, raced the "Inflexible" for a mile, and then, their road ending in a precipice, threw kisses with their saucy hands. Little children ran out into the lagoon, shouting with joy; old men, in Sunday *parius* and with black Bibles under their arms, turned their solemn eyes to seaward and forgot for a moment the road to church. A white man, in striped pajamas, was surprised at morning coffee on the veranda of his little house. He darted inside, and reappeared with a magazine rifle, which he emptied in the air, and followed up his courtesies by raising and lowering a Union Jack the size of a handkerchief. The battleship dipped her stately white ensign in acknowledgment, as a swan might salute a gnat, and swept on with majesty.

With every mile the bays and wooded promontories grew increasingly familiar as Sir John was borne towards Lihua, the scene of his boyish folly. He looked ashore in wonder, surprised at the vividness and exactness of his recollection. He might have landed anywhere and found his way through those tangled, scented paths, with no other guide but memory. There was Papaloloa, with its roaring falls; there, the *ti'a a Peau*, where he had shot his first goat; yonder the misty heights of Tiarapu, where Tehea and he had camped a night in the clouds in an air of English cold. It was like a home-coming to see all these familiar scenes spreading out before him. He looked at his hands, his thin, veined, wrinkled hands, and it came over him, with a sort of surprise, that he was an old man.

"That was forty years ago," he said to himself. "Forty years ago!"

As Lihua opened out and he perceived, with an inexpressible pang, the thatched houses set deep in the shade of palms and breadfruit-trees, he felt himself in the throes of a strange and painful indecision. He paced up and down the bridge; he lit a cigar and threw it away again; he twice approached Commander Stillwell as though to give an order, and then, still in doubt, turned shamefacedly on his heel.

"By the deep nine!" came the hoarse murmur of the leadsman.

It lay with him to stop the ship or not—a word and she would come shivering to a standstill; a word and the boatswain would pipe away his gig and the crew would be running to their places. His heart ached with the desire to land; but something—he knew not what—withheld the order on his lips. Let him remain silent and the opportunity would pass away for ever. It was passing now with every turn of the propeller. Had he not told her he would return? Had he not whispered it that night when they were torn apart? Did he not owe it to her to keep the promise of forty years, a promise given in the flush of youth and hope, and sealed with scalding tears?

His resolution was taken. He ordered Commander Stillwell to stop the ship and lower a boat.

"I am going to treat myself to a run ashore," he said by way of explanation.

The vessel slowly stopped. The covers were whipped off the gig. She was hoisted out and lowered, the crew dropping down the ladder into their places at the peep-peep-peep of the whistle.

"I leave the ship," said Sir John, not to convey a fact patently obvious, but in obedience to a naval formula.

He was landed at a little cove where in bygone days he had often whiled away an hour waiting in charge of Hadow's boat. It gave him a singular sensation to feel the keel grate against the shingle, and to say to himself that this was Lihua! He drew a deep breath as he looked about and noticed how unchanged it all was. There were some new houses in new places, and grass on the sites of others that were endeared to him in recollection; but it was Lihua after all, the Lihua of his boyhood, the Lihua of his dreams. For a while he strolled about at random, walking with the phantoms of the past, hearing their laughter, seeing their faces, recalling a thousand things he had forgotten.

It came over him with a start that the village was empty. Then he remembered it was Sunday, and they were all in church. Thank God, there were none to watch him, no prying, curious eyes to disturb

his thoughts. But they would soon be out again, and it behooved him to make the best use of his solitude while he might. He struck inland, his heart beating with a curious expectancy; at every sound he held his breath, and he would turn quickly and look back with a haunting sense that Tehea was near him; that perhaps she was gazing at him through the trees. He approached his old home through overgrown plantations. It awed him to part the branches and to feel himself drawing near at every step to the only house he had ever called his own. As he heard the splashing waterfall he stopped, not daring for the moment to go on. When at last he did so, and mounted the little hill, he found no house at all. Nothing but ferns and weeds, man high. He moved about here and there, up to the arm-pits in verdure, in consternation at discovering it gone.

His foot struck against a boulder. He had forgotten there were any rocks on the hill. He moved along and his foot struck again. He pressed the weeds back and looked down.

He saw a tomb of crumbling cement, green with age and buried out of sight under the tangle.

It had never occurred to him before that Tehea might be dead.

He held back the undergrowth again and peered into the depths. Yes, it was the grave of a chief or a woman of rank, one of those artless mounds of cement and rock that the natives, with poetic fancy, used to call *falelauasi*, houses of sandalwood; *oliolisanga*, or the place where birds sing; or in vulgarer speech simply *tuungamau*, or tombs. These words, unspoken, unthought of for forty years —lost, overlaid, and forgotten in some recess of his brain—now returned to him with tormenting recollection. He laid both hands on the thick stem of a shrub and tore it out of the ground. He seized another and dragged it out with the same ferocity. It was intolerable that she should suffocate under all this warm, wet jungle that intruded itself, like a horrible canaille, where there were none to drive it back. He would give her air and sunshine, she that had loved them both; he would uncover the poor stones that marked her last resting-place; he would lay bare the earth that wrapped her dead beauty.

He worked with desperation until his hands were bleeding, until his eyes were stung and blinded with the streaming sweat. Dizzy with the heat, parched with thirst, and sick with the steam that rose from the damp ground, he was forced again and again to desist and rest. He cut his waistcoat into slips and bound them round his bloody hands; he broke the blades of his penknife on recalcitrant roots that defied the strength of his arms; he labored with fury to complete the task he had set before him. Here he stood, within four walls of vegetation, the sky above him, the cracked and rotted tomb below, satisfied at last by the accomplishment of his duty. The gold on his sleeves was dirty and disordered; one of his shoulder-straps dangled loose from his sodden coat; his trousers were splashed with earth. But for the moment the post-captain was forgotten in the man, as he mused on the tragedy of human life, on the mysteries of love and death and destiny, on his own irrevocable youth now so far behind him, when he had forfeited his honor for the dead woman at his feet. He called her aloud by name. He bent down and kissed her mossy bed. He whispered with a strange conviction that she could hear him, that he had kept his promise to return.

Then, rising to his feet, he turned towards the sea and retraced his steps. The people were still in church, and the village was deserted as before. He walked swiftly, lest they might come flocking out before he could reach his boat, to torture him with recognition, with the question they would ask, with their story of Tehea's death. Then he laughed at his own fears, remembering his white hair and the intervening generation. Time had passed over Borabora too. The world, he remembered, was older by forty years. Older and sadder and emptier.

* * *

He swung himself up the ladder, mounted the bridge, and put the vessel on her course. The telegraph rang, the engineers repeated back the signal, and the great battleship, vibrating with her mighty engines, resumed once more her ponderous way.

"'Say, . . . I seen Teacher mit a man'"

LOVE AMONG THE BLACKBOARDS

BY MYRA KELLY

Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn

OF all the laws in the archives of the Board of Education there is none more heartless than that which decrees "That the marriage of a female teacher shall constitute resignation."

In an East Side school, a year or two ago, there was a First Reader class watched over and ruled by a female teacher, who was, in turn, watched over and ruled by a cabinet of three. These powers behind the throne were Morris Mogilewsky, Monitor of the Goldfish Bowl; Nathan Spiderwitz, Monitor of Window Boxes; and Patrick Brennan, Leader of the Line. In years they were very young, but in worldcraft they were very old, for the green fields of their childhood were the swarming streets, and their fairy tales the corner gossip of the district. Chief in their queer assortment of memories was that of a kindergarten teacher of transcendent charm, who had married and faded from their loving ken. They had learned the law by that bereavement, and now, when they found themselves raised to such high places by the pleasure of their sovereign, they kept watchful eyes upon her. Losing her they would lose love and power—and love and power were sweet. No heiress to broad acres could be more carefully chaperoned by a bevy of maiden aunts than was Teacher by Morris, Nathan, and Patrick.

Morris was the first to discover definite grounds for uneasiness. He met his cherished Miss Bailey walking across Grand Street on a rainy morning, and the umbrella which was protecting her beloved head was being held by a tall stranger in a long and baggy coat. After circling incredulously about this astounding tableau, Morris dashed off to report to his colleagues. He found Patrick and Nathan in the midst of an exciting game of craps, but his pattering feet warned them of

danger, so they pocketed their dice and turned to hear his news.

"Say," he panted; "I seen Teacher mit a man."

"No!" said Patrick, aghast.

"It's a lie!" cried Nathan; "it's a lie!"

"No; it's no lie," said Morris, with a sob half of breathlessness and half of sorrow; "I seen her for sure. Und the man carries umbrellas over her mit loving looks."

"Ah, g'wan," drawled Patrick; "you're crazy. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Sure do I," cried Morris. "I had once a auntie what was loving mit a awful stylish salesman—he's now floor-walkers—und I seen how they makes."

"Well," said Patrick, "I had a sister Mary, and she married the milkman, so I know, too. But umbrellas doesn't mean much."

"But the loving looks," Morris insisted. "My auntie makes such looks on the salesman—he's now floor-walkers—und sooner she marries mit him."

"Say, Patrick," suggested Nathan; "I'll tell you what to do. You ask her if she's goin' to get married."

"Naw," said Patrick. "Let Morris ask her. She'd tell him before she'd tell any of us. She's been soft on him ever since Christmas. Say, Morris, do you hear? You've got to ask Teacher if she's going to get married."

"O-o-oh! I dassent. It ain't polite how you says," cried Morris in his shocked little voice. "It *ain't* polite you asks like that. It's fierce."

"Well, you've got to do it, anyway," said Patrick darkly, "and you've got to do it soon, and you've got to let us hear you."

"It's fierce," protested Morris, but he was overruled by the dominant spirit of Patrick Brennan, that grandson of the kings of Munster and son of the policeman on the beat.

Morris's opportunity found him on the very next morning. Isadore Wishnewsky, the gentlest of gentle children, came to school wearing his accustomed air of melancholy shot across with a tender pride. His subdued "Good morning" was accompanied with much strenuous exertion, directed apparently to the removal and exhibition of a portion of his spine. After much wriggling he paused long enough to say:

"Teacher, what you think? I'm got a present for you," and then recommenced his search in another layer of his many flannels. His efforts being at length crowned with success, he drew forth and spread before Teacher's admiring eyes a Japanese paper napkin.

"My sister," he explained. "She gets it on a weddinge."

"Oh, Isadore," cried the flattered teacher; "It's very pretty, isn't it?"

"Teacher—yiss, ma'an," gurgled Isadore. "It's stylish. You could to look on how stands birds on it and flowers. Mine sister she gives it to me, und I gives it to you. *I* don't need it. She gives me all times something the while she's got such a fond over me. She goes all times on weddinges. Most all her younge lady friends gettin' married; ain't it funny?"

At the fateful word "married," the uneasy cabinet closed in about Teacher. Their three pairs of eyes clung to her face as Isadore repeated:

"All gettin' married. Ain't it funny?"

"Well, no, dear," answered Teacher musingly. "You know nearly all young ladies do it."

Patrick took a pin from Teacher's desk and kneeled to tie his shoe-string. When he rose the point of the pin projected half an inch beyond the frayed toe of his shoe, and he was armed. Morris was most evidently losing courage—he was indeed trying to steal away when Patrick pressed close beside him and held him to his post.

"Teacher," said Isadore suddenly, as a dreadful thought struck him, "be you a lady or be you a girl?"

And Teacher, being of Hibernian ancestry, answered one question with another:

"Which do you think, Isadore?"

"Well," Isadore answered, "I don't know be you a forsure lady or be you a forsure girl. You wears your hair so tucked up und your dress so long down like you was a lady, but you laffs und tells us stories like you was a girl. I don't know."

Clearly this was Morris's opening. Patrick pierced his soul with a glance of scorn and simultaneously buried the pin

in his quaking leg. Thus encouraged Morris rushed blindly into the conversation with :

"Say, Teacher, Miss Bailey, be *you* goin' to get married?" and then dropped limply against her shoulder.

The question was not quite new to Teacher and, as she bestowed Morris more comfortably on her knee, she pondered once again. She knew that, for the present, her lines had fallen in very pleasant places, and she felt no desire to change to pastures new. And yet—and yet——. The average female life is long, and a Board, however thoughtful as to salary and pension, is an impersonal lord and master, and remote withal. So she answered quite simply, with her cheek against the boy's :

"Well, perhaps so, Morris. Perhaps I shall, some day."

"Teacher, no, ma'an, Miss Bailey!" wailed the Monitor of the Goldfish: "Don't you go and get married mit nobody. So you do you couldn't be Teacher by us no more, und you're a awful nice teacher by little boys. You ain't *too* big. Und say, we'd feel terrible bad the while you goes and gets married mit somebody—terrible bad."

"Should you really now?" asked Teacher, greatly pleased. "Well, dear, I too should be lonely without you."

Here Isadore Wishnewsky, who considered this conversation as his cherished own, and saw it being torn from him, determined to outdo the favored Morris as a squire of dames.

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an," he broke in. "We'd all feel terrible the while we ain't got you by teacher. All the boys und all the girls they says like this—it's the word in the yard—we ain't never had a teacher smells so nice like you."

While Teacher was in the lenient mood, resulting from this astounding tribute, Nathan forged yet another chain for her securing.

"Teacher," said he, "you wouldn't never go and get married mit nobody 'out saying nothing to somebody, would you?"

"Indeed, no, my dear," Miss Bailey assured him. "When I marry, you and Patrick and Morris shall be ushers—monitors, you know. Now are you happy, you funny little chaps?"

"She knew that, for the present, her lines had fallen in very pleasant places"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an," Morris sighed as the bell rang sharply, and the aloof and formal exercise of the assembly room began.

Some days later Teacher arranged to go to a reception, and as she did not care to return to her home between work and play she appeared at school in rather festive array. Room 18 was delighted with its transformed ruler, but to the board of monitors this glory of raiment brought nothing but misery. Every twist in the neat coiffure, every fold of the pretty dress, every rustle of the invisible

"Tea in Room 18 with two other teachers and with Teacher"

silk, every click of the high heels, meant the coming abdication of Teacher and the disbanding of her cabinet. Just so had Patrick's sister Mary looked on the day she wed the milkman. Just such had been the outward aspect of Morris's auntie on the day of her union to the promising young salesman who was now a floor-walker and Morris's Uncle Ikey.

Momentarily they expected some word of farewell—perhaps even an ice-cream party—but Teacher made no sign. They decided that she was reserving her last words for their private ear and were greatly disconcerted to find themselves turned out with the common herd at three o'clock. With heavy hearts they followed the example of Mary's little lamb and waited patiently about till Teacher did appear. When she came she was more wonderful than ever, in a long and billowy boa and a wide and billowy hat. She had seemed in a breathless hurry while up in Room 18, but now she stood quite placidly in a group of her small adherents on the highest of the schoolhouse steps. And the cabinet, waiting gloomily apart, only muttered, "I told ye so," and "It must be a awful kind feeling," when the tall stranger came swinging upon the scene. One of his hands was held stiffly in the pocket of the baggy coat, the other carried gloves and a cane. When Teacher's eyes fell upon him she began to force her way through her clinging court, and when he was half way up the steps she was half way down. As they met he drew from his pocket the hand and the violets it held and Teacher was still adjusting the flowers in her jacket when she passed, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, within touch but without knowledge of her lurking staff.

"I didn't expect you at all," she was saying. "You know it was not a really definite arrangement, and men hate receptions."

A big voice replied in a phrase which Morris identified as having been prominent in the repertoire of the enamored salesman,—now a floor-walker—and Teacher and her companion turned to cross the street. Her heels clicked for yet a moment, and the deserted cabinet knew that all was over.

The gloom obscuring Patrick's spirit on that evening was of so deep a dye that Mrs. Brennan diagnosed it as the first stage of "a consumption." She administered simple remedies and warm baths with perseverance, but without effect. But more potent to cure than bath or bottle

was the sight of Teacher on the next morning in her accustomed clothes and place.

The Board of Monitors had hardly recovered from this panic when another alarming symptom appeared. Miss Bailey began to watch for letters, and large envelopes began to reward her watchfulness. Daily was Patrick sent to the powers that were to demand a letter, and daily he carried one, and a sorely heavy heart, back to his sovereign. In exactly the same sweetly insistent way had he been sent many a time and oft to seek tidings of the laggard milkman. His colleagues, when he laid these facts before them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher. Said Nathan :

"You know how she says we should be monitors on her weddinge? Well, it could to be lies. She marries maybe already."

Patrick promptly knocked the Monitor of Window Boxes down upon the rough asphalt of the yard and kicked him.

"Miss Bailey's no sneak," he cried hotly. "If she was married she'd just as lief go and tell."

"Well," Morris began, I had once a auntie——"

"Your auntie makes me sick," snapped Patrick. But Morris went on quite undisturbedly :

"I had once a auntie un' she had awful kind feelings over a stylish floor-walker, und he was loving mit her. So-o-oh! They marries! Un' they don't says nothings to nobody. On'y the stylish floor-walker he writes on my auntie whole bunches of loving letters."

"*She* ain't married," Patrick reiterated. "She ain't."

"Well, she will be," muttered Nathan vindictively. "Und the new teacher will lick you the while you fights. It's fierce how you makes me biles on my bones. Think shame."

When the ruffled Monitor of the Window Boxes had been soothed by the peaceful Guardian of the Goldfish the cabinet held council. Nathan suggested that it might be possible to bribe the interloper. They would give him their combined wealth and urge him to turn his eyes upon Miss Blake, whose room was across the hall. She was very big and would do excellently well for him, whereas she was entirely too long and too broad for them.

Morris maintained that Teacher might be held by gratitude. A list should be made out, and, each in turn, a child a day, should give her a present.

Patrick listened to these ideas in deep and restive disgust. He urged instant and copious bloodshed. His big brother's gang could "let daylight into the dude" with enjoyment and dispatch. They would watch him ceaselessly and they would track him down.

The watching was an easy matter, for Teacher, in common with the majority of rulers, lived much in the public eye. The stranger was often detected prowling in her vicinity. He even began to bring her to school in the mornings, and on these occasions there were always violets in her coat. He used to appear at luncheon time and vanish with her. He used to come in the afternoon and have tea in Room 18 with two other teachers and with Teacher. The antagonism of the Monitor of Goldfish became so marked that Miss Bailey was forced to remonstrate.

"Morris, dear," she began one afternoon, when they were alone together, "you were very rude to Doctor Ingraham yesterday. I can't allow you to stay here with me if you're going to behave so badly. You sulked horribly and you slammed the door against his foot. Of course it was an accident, but how would you feel, Morris, if you had hurt Doctor Ingraham?"

"Glad," said the Monitor of the Goldfish savagely. "Glad."

"Morris! What do you mean by saying such a thing? I'm ashamed of you. Why should you want to hurt a friend of mine?"

"Don't you be friends mit him!" cried Morris, deserting his fish and throwing himself upon his teacher. "Don't you do it, Teacher Missis Bailey. He ain't no friends for a lady." And then, in answer to Teacher's stare of blank surprise, he went on :

"My mamma she seen him by your side und she says—I got to tell you in whispering how she says."

Teacher meekly bent her head, and Morris whispered in an awe-struck voice :

"My mamma says she like that: 'He could to be a Kristi,'" and then drew back to study Teacher's consternation. But she seemed quite calm. Perhaps she

had already faced the devastating fact, for she said :

"Yes, I know he's a Christian. I'm not afraid of them. Are you?"

"Teacher, no, ma'an, Missis Bailey, I ain't got no scare over Krishts, on'y they ain't no friends for ladies. My papa says like that on my auntie, und my auntie she's married now mit a stylish floor-walker. We'm got a Krisht by our house for boarder, so I know. But *you* couldn't to know 'bout Krishts."

"Yes, I do. They're very nice people."

"No, ma'an," said Morris gently. And then still more courteously :

"It's a lie. You couldn't to know about Krishts."

"But I do know all about them, Morris dear. I'm a Christian."

Again Morris remembered his manners. Again he replied in his courtly phrase :

"It's a lie." As he said it, with a bewitching rising inflection, it was almost a caress. "It's a lie. Teacher fools. You couldn't to be no Krisht. You ain't got no looks off of Krishts."

Teacher was mildly surprised. She was as Irish as Patrick Brennan, and in her own way she looked it. Truly her eyes were brown, but the face and the faith of her fathers were still strongly hers. Morris, meanwhile, examined his sovereign with admiring eyes. He could well understand the heart of that Krisht, for Teacher was very beautiful and of splendid array. Her jumper was red with golden buttons, and her collar was white, and her hair was soft, with combs. And she had a light face and a little bit of nose and teeth. Her apron was from silk with red ribbons and red flowers, and she had like-man's shoes and a watch. This vision of feminine perfection was bestowing time and smiles on him. She was actually appealing to his judgment.

"Not look like a Christian?" she was saying. "Well then, Morris, what do I look like?"

And Morris, ever going straight to the point, replied :

"You looks like a stylish Sheeny," and waited for this intoxicating praise to bring blushes to the light face he loved. It brought the blushes, but they were even redder and hotter than he had expected. There was also a gasp on which he had not counted and a queer flash in the brown eyes.

"Morris," said Teacher, "Morris, did you ever see a Sheeny with a nose like mine?"

Morris raised his head from the red jumper, climbed off the from-silk apron and solemnly contemplated the little bit of nose. The truth broke over him in sickening waves. The star of his life had set; his doll was stuffed with sawdust; his idol had feet of clay; his light-faced lady was a Christian. And yet she was his Teacher and greatly to be loved, so he bore the knowledge, for her dear sake, as bravely as he could. He returned to the from-silk apron, wound a short arm round the white collar and sobbed :

"Feigned a nose-bleed"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an, you'm got a Krisht nose. But don't you care, no one couldn't never to know like you ain't a forsure Sheeny the while you got such terrible Sheeny eyes. Oh, but they couldn't never to think you're a Krisht. Und say, don't you have a frightened. I wouldn't never to tell nobody. Never. I makes a swear over it. I kiss up to God. I hopes I drops down if I tells."

At the end of a month the high heels and the festive raiment appeared again, and the staff knew that the time for action had really come. They must bring the Krisht to terms before he should see Teacher in her present and irresistible array. He was always first at the trysting place, and there they would have speech

with him. They arranged to escape from Room 18 before three o'clock. Patrick feigned a nose-bleed, Morris developed an inward agony, and Nathan, after some moments of indecision, boldly plucked out a tottering tooth and followed—bloody but triumphant—in their wake. They found the enemy just as they had expected, and Morris, being again elected spokesman, stepped forward and took him by his dastard hand. The adversary yielded, thinking that Teacher had been forced to greater caution. The Monitors of Goldfish and of Window Boxes followed close behind; they having consented, in view of the enormous issues involved, to act as scouts. Around the corner they went into a dark and narrow alley, and, when they had reached a secluded spot between the high wall of the school and the blank windows of a recently burned tenement house, Morris began:

"Teacher don't wants to go on the party mit you the while she ain't got no more that kind feeling over you."

"What?" cried the astonished Doctor Ingraham.

"She don't wants to be married mit you."

"Did Miss Bailey send you with any message to me?"

The question was so fierce that the truth was forced from the unwilling lips of the spokesman.

"No, ma'an—no, sir," they faltered. "On'y that's the feeling what she had. Und so you go away now 'out seeing Teacher, me und the other fellows we gives you f-i-v-e cents."

The cabinet drew near to hear the answer to this suggestion. It puzzled them, for——

"Now, look here, boy," said Doctor Ingraham, "you'd better go home and get to bed. You aren't well."

Morris conferred with his colleagues and returned with:

"We gives you s-e-v-e-n cents so you go home now 'out seeing Teacher. A nickel und two pennies so you go *now*. Und say, Miss Blake could go by your side. She has kind feelings over you."

"Nonsense," said the man. "When will your teacher be down?"

"She ain't coming at all. She has no more feelings. So you goes now we gives you a dime and a penny. Eleven cents. We ain't got it; on'y we *could* to get. Teacher gives me all times pennies."

Just as the stranger was wondering how much of truth these extraordinary children knew, Teacher, calm-eyed and unruffled, appeared upon the scene. She said, as she generally did:

"Doctor Ingraham! Who would have thought to find you here!" And then, "Are you talking to my little people? They are the cleverest little things, and such friends of mine. Morris here and I are the greatest of cronies."

Teacher's manner as she began her greeting was serene and bright, but a gloomy, even a morose glance, from Doctor Ingraham's cold blue eye quite changed her. His voice too, considered as the voice of love, sounded sulky as he said:

"So it seems. He has given me an answer which you refused me."

"How generous of Morris, and how thoughtful! He's always trying to save me trouble. And the question, now, to which the answer belonged. May one know that?"

"You know it well enough," with a glance up and down the deserted alley, for even Patrick had realized that discretion is the better part of statesmanship. "You know it too well. I asked it yesterday, and every day for weeks."

"And Morris's answer?"

"No."

"They really are the cleverest children."

"Little brutes! I can't think why you come down here every day. The brats aren't in the least grateful."

"But they are. They think me perfection."

"That is the contagion of mental states."

"And they're not fond of you."

"They reflect your every thought."

"Yes, the insight of a little child is a marvelous thing. But come. We are a long way from Forty-seventh Street and our hostess."

"Tea, do you know," said Doctor Ingraham, "is a dreadful bore."

"Of course. But cold tea is worse. And the cakes are so shattered towards the end. Come."

"I've changed my mind. I'm not going. I'm tired of this sort of thing. Answer me now."

"But the children," faltered Teacher. "I should miss them so."

At this sign of weakening Doctor Ingraham favored the queer old street with a tableau to which it long had been a stranger. And the cabinet, creeping back to reconnoiter, immediately guessed the worst. Said Morris :

"She's loving mit him und he's loving mit her. They've got loving looks. I had once a auntie——"

This was too much for the torn spirit of the Leader of the Line. He laid violent hands—and feet—upon the Monitor of Goldfish. The Monitor of Window Boxes promptly followed suit. Morris's prolonged yell of agonized surprise brought Teacher flying to the rescue, and Teacher brought Doctor Ingraham. While the latter held and restrained Patrick and Nathan, Miss Bailey lavished endearments and caresses on her favorite. The captor grew as restless as his captives under this aggravation, and at last allowed his charges to escape him.

"Miss Bailey!" he remonstrated; "I can't stand this sort of thing, you know. It's cruel."

But Teacher's ears were all for Morris's tale of sorrow.

"I don't know what is mit Patrick," he was saying. "He hits me a hack somethin' fierce sooner I says about mine auntie. Und Nathan, too, is bad boys. He says you lies."

"I?" said Teacher, "I?"

"Yiss, ma'an, that's how he says. On'y *I* know you don't lies. I *know* we should be monitors like you says."

"When, dearie?"

"On your weddinge. You know you says me, und Patrick, und Nathan, should be monitors on your weddinge when you marries mit him." And Morris stretched a pointing finger at the foe. After one radiant glance at Teacher's crimson face, Doctor Ingraham possessed himself of a scrubby hand and shook it warmly.

"And so you shall, old chap," he cried, "so you shall. You may be best man if you so desire. Anything you like."

"New clothes?" asked Morris.

"From stem to stern."

"Ice cream?"

"Gallons."

"Paper napkins mit birds?"

"Bushels."

"Can I mine little sister bring?"

"A dozen little sisters if you have them."

"Can I go in a carriage, down and up? It's stylish."

"You shall have a parade of carriages—one for each sister."

"But I'm not going to leave you for a long time," Miss Bailey assured him. "I shall get you another and a nicer teacher before I go."

"All right," said Morris blithely. And he then set out to spend the untold wealth which the enemy had put into his hand.

When Miss Bailey turned to Doctor Ingraham her "light face" was still brightly pink, and the "terrible Sheeny eyes" held a combination of embarrassment, dismay, and anger.

"He is making a dreadful mistake," she began timidly. "Believe me, he is confusing things horribly. I can't explain. But you were quite right when you said they were ungrateful little brutes. They are."

"No, no," Doctor Ingraham gently interposed. "You were right. They are the cleverest youngsters. The insight of a little child is a marvelous thing, and your crony, Morris, has answered me, after all." And then, as Teacher made no sign of dissent, he added, still more gently: "Constance, dear."

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER V—THE PRICE OF TRUST BUILDING

"The American Beauty rose can be produced in its splendor and fragrance only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it."—J. D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., in an address on Trusts to the students of Brown University.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has shown repeatedly in his conquering business career remarkable ability to learn from experience. The breaking up of the Refiners' Association in June, 1873, *may* have seemed a disaster to him. He did not allow it to be a profitless disaster. He extracted useful lessons from the experience, and, armed with this new wisdom, bent his whole mind to working out a third plan of campaign. He now knew that he could not hope to make again so rich a haul as he had made through the defunct South Improvement scheme. The experience of the past year with the refiners convinced him that it would take time to educate them to his idea of combination; but he had learned who of them were capable of this education. As for the producers, the alliance attempted with them was enough to demonstrate that they would never endure long the restraints of any association. Besides, the bulk of them still held the, to him, unpractical belief that rebates were *wrong*.

Mr. Rockefeller had re-learned in these eighteen months what he knew pretty well before, that the promise to give or take away a heavy freight traffic was enough to persuade any railroad king of the day to break the most solemn compact. He knew that, at his solicitation, Mr. Vanderbilt had broken the contract of March 25, 1872, with the oil men. He knew that at the solicitation of his rivals Mr. Scott had done the same thing. As for the president of the Erie, he had followed the lead of the others in the spring of 1873, the beneficiaries being from the very company of men who had held out so valiantly against all special privileges at the time of the breaking up of the South Improvement Company.

Objective Points of the New Campaign

With all these reflections fresh in mind, Mr. Rockefeller again bent over a map of the refining interests of the United States. Here was the world he sighed to conquer. If we may suppose him to have begun his campaign as a great general with whom he has many traits in common—the First Napoleon—used to begin his, by studding a map with red-headed pegs marking the points he must capture, Mr. Rockefeller's chart would have shown in and around Boston perhaps three pegs, representing a crude capacity of 3,500 barrels; in and around New York fifteen pegs, a capacity of 9,790 barrels; in and around Philadelphia twelve pegs, a capacity of 2,061 barrels; in Pittsburg twenty-two pegs, a capacity of 6,090 barrels; on the Creek twenty-seven pegs, a capacity of 9,231 barrels.* His work was to get control of this multitude of red pegs, and to fly above them the flag of what the irreverent call the "holy blue barrel."† That he never lost sight of this purpose night or day there is abundant evidence, but for nearly two years the mass of the oil men had no reason to suspect that Mr. Rockefeller was interesting himself in any project except the very evident one of making his splendid Cleveland plants more splendid and more profitable. It was while in the prosecution of this work, indeed, that he became convinced that the moment was at hand for attempting the third time a concentration of refining interests.

* These figures are from Henry's "History of Petroleum," published in 1873.

† The barrels of the Standard Oil Company are painted blue.

Making Allies of the Railroad Men

As the history of the Standard Oil Company to this point shows, Mr. Rockefeller had always realized the importance of an intimate relation with the railroads. By 1874 he had secured as stockholders in the Standard at least five eminent railroad men of the day, three of them of great importance to him. These three were W. H. Vanderbilt of the Central, Amasa Stone of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and Peter H. Watson, late president of the South Improvement Company, but now president of the Erie railway.* These three gentlemen were all distinguished for making things work together for the benefit of their own pockets, and it was to be expected that if they saw a way by which their respective railroads could help a company in which they held stock they would not be slow to follow it. Mr. Rockefeller could be relied upon to point out this way.

It was Mr. Rockefeller's intimate relations with these railway kings, as well as the fact that he was a large shipper, which brought him into certain conferences, held in the summer of 1874 by representatives of the great trunk lines looking to a readjustment of the rates on oil. The contracts under which the traffic was still ostensibly carried on were those of March, 1872, but, as we have seen, while the railroads signed them with the right hand, they gave rebates with the left. The men who had never been able to get special rates were suffering and loudly cursing the roads and the Standard. Those who had rebates were continually demanding more on the ground that the Standard had more. The division of freights was very unequal. Thus in the last five months of 1872 the Erie road carried only one-sixth as much oil as the Pennsylvania.

The Famous "Rutter Circular"

Something had to be done if a traffic war was to be averted, and in 1874 Colonel Joseph D. Potts, the president of the Empire Transportation Company, an organization handling the entire oil freight of the Pennsylvania railroad, sought interviews with J. H. Rutter and George R. Blanchard, the general freight agents of the Central and Erie, and proposed that they work out a readjustment which would equalize the freights on crude and refined from all points. Such an equalization seems at first glance an unsolvable puzzle. The agents found it intricate enough. Throughout the summer of 1874 they worked on it, holding meetings at Long Branch and Saratoga and calling into their counsels a few of the leading refiners, pipe-line men, and producers whom they could trust to keep quiet about the project. Whatever their precautions about keeping their counsels secret, a rumor got out that freights were to be raised, and the Oil Region was correspondingly uneasy. Early in September the rumor was proved true by the publication in the newspapers of a document intended as confidential to freight agents, and henceforth famous in the history of the oil business as the "Rutter Circular."

The circular gave the new rates, and closed by declaring that they were "even and fair to all parties, preventing one locality taking advantage of its neighbors by reason of some alleged or new facility it may possess."

An Ingenious Piece of Handicapping

The scheme was certainly most ingenious. It actually succeeded in making the cost of transporting a barrel of refined oil to the seaboard the same whether that oil was manufactured in the Oil Regions, in Cleveland, in Pittsburg, in New York, or in Philadelphia. But to do this the railroads had to raise the rate of shipping from the Oil Regions by one-third, without any corresponding raise for Cleveland. That is, where the open tariff from Titusville to New York had been $1.50, it was now $2.00, but whereas Mr. Rockefeller in Cleveland had paid $2.00 under the old tariff to get his oil from the Oil Regions to his works, 150 miles west, and from there to New York, he paid the same price now! This was called equalization! To aid them in arranging the tariff, the railroads had to ally themselves with certain pipe lines (oil was all brought to the railroads by pipe lines in 1874); that is, they had to create a "pipe pool" by allowing a rebate of 22 cents to all pipes which would make their charges uniform.

The Rutter Circular seems to have been an honest attempt to do an impossible thing. It tried to overcome natural inequal-

* Mr. Watson was made president of the Erie in July, 1872, and held the position until July 14, 1874.

ities and created artificial ones—which are always the more irritating to men.

At first the Oil Region was puzzled by the Rutter Circular. It certainly was plausible. Was it not true that every man shared equally under it? As the days passed, the dazed mental condition into which it had thrown the oil men cleared up. The pipe lines left out of the pool began to ask how it could be legal that the railroads should enter into an arrangement which obviously would drive them out of business. The Creek refiners began to ask by what right the advantage of geographical position at the wells should be taken from them, and Cleveland be allowed to retain the advantages of her proximity to the Western market; Pittsburg her position on the Ohio River and the market it commanded; all of the cities the advantage of their proximity to great local markets and to such necessary supplies as barrels and acids. Besides, was it constitutional for the railroads thus to regulate interstate commerce? Was not the arrangement, as far as the Pennsylvania was concerned, plainly prohibited by the new constitution of the State of Pennsylvania?

An Inequitable Equalization

It was an "insolent equalization," the oil men concluded, and the sum total of their dissatisfaction finally found expression at a mass meeting at Parker's Landing, on October 2d. Directly after this meeting a committee appointed sent to Messrs. Scott, Vanderbilt, and Jewett, the new president of the Erie, letters calling their attention to the Rutter Circular, and stating the objections of the producers to it.

This letter, sent on October 6th, received no attention from any of the railroad presidents addressed for over three weeks, when the following letter was received from the Pennsylvania:

Gentlemen:—Your communication of the 6th inst., to Thomas A. Scott, Esq., President, was received, and has been referred to me.

In establishing the recent rates and arrangements for the transportation of oil, the object which was at all times kept in view was to place all interests on an equality, giving to no one an undue advantage over any other.

We believe that this object has been accomplished, and that by adhering to our present rates the interests both of the producers, refiners, and transporters will be promoted.

Very truly yours,

A. J. CASSATT.

It was evident that the railroads meant to stand by their creation.

In this discussion of the Rutter Circular Mr. Rockefeller's name scarcely appears. It was known that he had been admitted to the conferences at which the tariff was arranged. This was taken as a matter of course. There was nothing which concerned the oil business which John Rockefeller was not on the inside of, but there is no evidence, as far as the writer knows, that Mr. Rockefeller had any hand in settling the main points of the Rutter Circular.

The Great Scheme Broached

But if Mr. Rockefeller had not framed the Rutter Circular he had used his knowledge of its provision to aid him in accomplishing one of the shrewdest and most far-reaching moves of his life—the move which was to lead at last to the realization of his great purpose—the concentration of the oil business in his own hands.

Some time in the summer of 1874, after it had become certain that Colonel Potts's plan for an equalization of oil freights would be carried out, Mr. Rockefeller wrote to his former colleague in the South Improvement Company, Mr. W. G. Warden, of Philadelphia, telling him he wanted to talk over the condition of the oil business with him, and inviting him to bring Mr. Charles Lockhart, of Pittsburg, to that Mecca of American schemers, Saratoga, for a conference with him and Mr. Flagler. Mr. Warden hesitated. He had been much abused for his relation with the South Improvement Company. He had seen the National Refiners' Association fail. He had begun to feel a distaste for combination. Besides, he was doing very well in Philadelphia. However, after some hesitation, he and Mr. Lockhart went to Saratoga. The four gentlemen breakfasted together and later strolled out to a pavilion. Here they discussed again, as they had nearly three years before, when they prepared the South Improvement assault, the condition of the oil business.

Mr. Rockefeller now had something besides a theory to present to the gentlemen he wished to go into his third scheme. He had the most persuasive of all arguments—an actual achievement. "Three years ago," he could tell them, "I took over the Cleveland refineries. I have managed

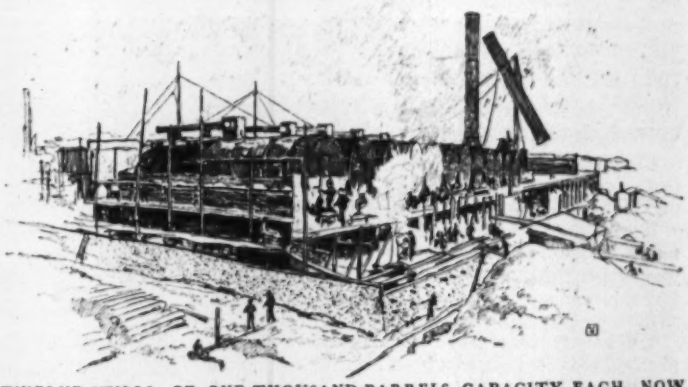
them so that to-day I pay a profit to nobody. I do my own buying, I make my own acid and barrels, I control the New York terminals of both the Erie and Central roads, and ship such quantities that the railroads give me larger rebates than they do any other shipper. In 1873 I shipped over 700,000 barrels by the Central, and my profit on my capitalization, $2,500,000, was over $1,000,000. This is the result of combination in one city. The railroads now have arranged a new tariff, by which they mean to put us all on an equal footing. They say they will give no rebates to any one, but if we can join with Cleveland the other great shipping points, and apply to them the same tactics I have employed, we shall become the only shipper, and can demand a rebate in return for an equal division of our freight. We proved in 1872–'73 that we could not do anything by an open association. Let us, who see what a combination strictly carried out will effect, unite secretly to accomplish it. Let us become the nucleus of a *private* company which gradually shall acquire control of all refineries everywhere, become the only oil shippers, and consequently the master of the railroads in the matter of freight rates."

The Great Scheme Goes Through

It was six hours before the gentlemen in conference left the pavilion, and when they came out Mr. Warden and Mr. Lockhart had agreed to transfer their refineries in Philadelphia and Pittsburg to the Standard Oil Company, of Cleveland, taking stock in exchange. They had also agreed to absorb, as rapidly as persuasion or other means could bring it about, the refineries in their neighborhood. Their union with the Standard was to remain an absolute secret—the concerns operating under their respective names. On October 15, 1874, Mr. Rockefeller consummated another purchase of as great importance. He bought the works of Charles Pratt and Company, of New York City. As before, the purchase was secret. The strategic importance of these purchases for one holding Mr. Rockefeller's vast ambition was enormous. It gave him as allies men who were among the most successful refiners, without doubt, in each of the three greatest refining centers of the country outside of Cleveland, where he ruled, and of the Creek, where he had learned that neither he nor any member of the South Improvement Company could do business with facility. To meet these purchases the stock of the Standard Oil Company was increased, on March 10, 1875, to $3,500,000.* The value of the concern as a money-earner at this early date, 1874, is shown by the fact that Pratt and Company paid not less than 265 for the Standard stock they received in exchange for their works.

*The application for an increase of capital stock to $3,500,000 was signed by the following list of stockholders:

John D. Rockefeller.
S. V. Harkness.
H. M. Flagler (trustee).
S. Andrews.
J. D. Rockefeller (agent).
J. D. Rockefeller (trustee).
O. H. Payne.
B. Brewster, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
T. P. Handy, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
O. B. Jennings, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
William Rockefeller, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
James Stanley, by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
A. M. McGregor, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
W. C. Andrews.
A. J. Pouch, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
F. A. Arter, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
P. H. Watson, by H. M. Flagler, his attorney.
J. A. Bostwick, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
J. Huntington, by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
D. M. Harkness, by H. M. Flagler, his attorney.
Josiah Macy, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
W. H. Macy, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
W. G. Wardwell, by H. M. Flagler, his attorney.
D. P. Eells, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
S. F. Barger, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
W. H. Vanderbilt, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
H. W. Payne, by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
J. J. Vandegrift, by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
John Pitcairn, Jr., by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
L. G. Harkness, by H. M. Flagler, his attorney.



TWELVE STILLS, OF ONE THOUSAND-BARRELS CAPACITY EACH, NOW BUILDING AT STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S REFINERY AT BAYONNE, N. J.

The stills when complete will be entirely enclosed in brickwork. Forty of these one thousand-barrel stills stand in one still-house at these same works

The Scheme Comes to the Oil Regions in Disguise

The first intimation that the Oil Region had that Mr. Rockefeller was pushing another combination was in March of 1875, when it was announced that an organization of refiners, called the Central Association, of which he was president, had been formed. Its main points were that if a refiner would lease to the association his plant for a term of months he would be allowed to subscribe for stock of the new company. The lease allowed the owner to do his own manufacturing, but gave Mr. Rockefeller's company "irrevocable authority" to make all purchases of crude oil and sales of refined, to decide how much each refinery should manufacture, and *to negotiate for all freight and pipe-line expenses*. The Central Association was a most clever device. It furnished the secret partners of Mr. Rockefeller a plausible proposition with which to approach the firms of which they wished to obtain control.

STILL USED IN THE FIFTIES FOR DISTILLING CRUDE OIL AS A LUMINANT

This still holds five barrels, is 4 feet 8 inches in height and 3 feet 7½ inches in diameter. It was used by S. M. Kier of Pittsburg, Pa., who probably was the first man who distilled petroleum and sold it for lighting purposes. His market was local. This still is preserved by Mr. Kier's sons and can be seen to-day at their fire-brick works in Salina, Pa.

Little as the Oil Regions knew of the real meaning of the Central Association, the news of its organization raised a cry of monopoly, and the advocates of the new scheme felt called upon to defend it. The defense took the line that the conditions of the trade made such a combination of refineries necessary.

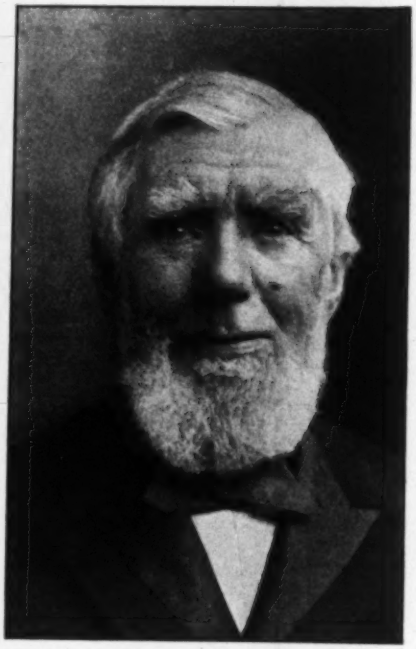
Henry H. Rogers Defends the "Central Association"

Altogether the ablest explanation was that of Mr. H. H. Rogers of Charles Pratt and Company to a reporter of the New York "Tribune":

"There are five refining points in the country," said Mr. Rogers, "Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Cleveland, the Oil Regions and New York City. Each of these has certain local advantages which may be briefly stated as follows: Pittsburg, cheap oil; Philadelphia, the seaboard; Cleveland, cheap barrels, and canal as well as railroad transportation; the oil regions, crude oil at the lowest figure; and all the products of petroleum have the best market in New York City. The supply of oil is three or four times greater than the demand.* If the oil refineries were run to their full capacity the market would be overstocked. The business is not regular, but spasmodic. When the market is brisk and oil is in demand, all the oil interests are busy and enjoy a fair share of prosperity. At other times the whole trade is affected by the dullness. It has been estimated that not less than twenty millions of dollars are invested in the oil business. It is, therefore, to the interest of every man who has put a dollar in it to have the trade protected and established on a permanent footing. Speculators have ruined the market. The brokers heretofore have been speculating upon the market with disastrous effects upon the trade, and this new order of things will force them to pursue their legitimate calling, and realize their profits from their industry and perseverance. Two years ago an attempt was made to organize an oil refiners' association, but it was subsequently abandoned. There was no cohesion of interests, and agreements were not kept. The movement at the present time is a revival of the former idea, and, it is believed, has already secured fully nine-tenths of the oil refiners in the country in its favor. I do not believe there is any intention among the oil men to 'bull' the market. The endeavor is to equalize all around and protect the capital invested. If by common consent, in good faith, the refiners agree to reduce the quantities to an allotment for each, made in view of the supply and demand and the capacity for production, the market can be regulated with a reasonable profit for all. The price of oil to-day is fifteen cents per

* Mr. Rogers is mistaken here. The production in 1874 was 10,926,945 barrels, the shipments 8,821,500, the stocks at the end of the year 3,705,639. In 1875, the year in which he is speaking, more oil was consumed than produced.

gallon. The proposed allotment of business would probably advance the price to twenty cents. To make an artificial increase, with immense profits, would be recognized as speculative instead of legitimate, and the oil interests would suffer accordingly. Temporary capital would compete with permanent investment and ruin everything. The oil producers to-day are bankrupt. There have been more failures during the last five months than in five years previously. An organization to protect the oil capital is imperatively needed. Oil to yield a fair profit should be sold for twenty-five cents per gallon. That price would protect every interest and cover every outlay for getting out the crude petroleum, transporting by railroad, refining and the incidental charges of handling, etc. The foreign markets will regulate the price to a great extent, because they are the greatest consumers. The people of China, Germany and other foreign countries cannot afford to pay high prices. Kerosene oil is a luxury to them, and they do not receive sufficient compensation for their labor to enable them to use this oil at an extravagant price. The price, therefore, must be kept within reasonable limits."



CHARLES LOCKHART, THE OLDEST LIVING OIL PRODUCER

Charles Lockhart, a Scotchman, now 85 years old, came to America in 1836 and settled in Pittsburg. In 1852 he became interested in petroleum pumped from Salt Wells at Tarentum, Pa., and in April, 1853, believing that petroleum had a future, bought an interest in a well. He has remained an oil producer ever since. He became interested in a refinery in Pittsburg the year after the Drake well was struck, and soon became one of the largest refiners in the State. In 1872 Mr. Lockhart went into the South Improvement Company and in 1874 joined the Standard Oil Company, with which organization he has since been identified. Mr. Lockhart is connected with many other large business interests.

The Oil Regions refused flatly to accept this view of the situation. The world would not buy refined at 25 cents, they argued. "You injured the foreign market in 1872 by putting up the price. Our only hope is in increasing consumption. The world is buying more oil to-day than ever before, because it is cheap. We must learn to accept small profits as other industries do." "The formation of the Refiners' Association has thrust upon the trade an element of uncertainty that has unsettled all sound views as to the general outlook," said the "Derrick." "The scope of the Association," wrote a Pittsburg critic, "is an attempt to control the refining of oil, with the ultimate purpose of advancing its price and reaping a rich harvest in profits. This can only be done by reducing the production of refined oil, and this will in turn act on crude oil; making the stock so far in excess of the demand as to send it down to a lower figure than it has yet touched."

The Independents Smell a Rat

"The most important feature of this contract," said a "veteran refiner," "is perhaps that part which provides that the Executive Committee of the Central Association are to have the exclusive power to arrange with the railroads for the carrying of the crude and refined oil. It is intended by this provision to enable the Executive Committee to speak for the whole trade in securing special rates of freight, whereby independent shippers of crude oil, and such refiners as refuse to join the combination, and any new refining interest that may be started, may be driven out of the trade. The whole general purpose of the combination is to reap a large margin by depressing crude and raising the price of refined oil, and the chief means employed is the system of discrimination in railroad freights to the seaboard."

The "veteran refiner" was right in his supposition that Mr. Rockefeller intended to use the enormous power his combination gave him to get a special rate. As a matter of fact he had seen to that before the "veteran refiner" expressed his mind, contracts for a rebate of ten per cent. on all shipments of oil made by him or his agents having been signed with both the Erie and the Central roads in the spring of 1875. A little later Mr. Rockefeller made a similar contract with the

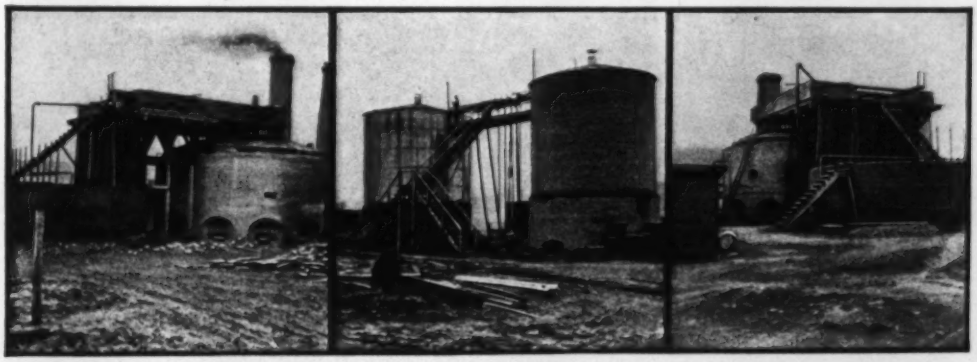
TYPES OF THE EARLIEST REFINERIES ON OIL CREEK

Pennsylvania. These violations of their charters by the railroads, coming so closely after their reiterated assurances that all rates were to be equal and open under the Rutter Circular, were, of course, secret arrangements. Indeed, it was four years before those who suffered from the discriminations were able to get the railroad officials into court and secure proofs of them. They all then gave practically the same reasons for granting special privileges to Mr. Rockefeller. "We made our first contract with the Standard Oil Company" [the one referred to above], said Mr. Cassatt, "for the reason that we found they were getting very strong, and they had the backing of the other roads, and if we wanted to retain our full share of the business and get fair rates on it, it would be necessary to make arrangements to protect ourselves." That is, Mr. Rockefeller was now in control of such an amount of oil freight that he could force the railroads to pay a rebate.

Result of Keeping a Secret for Three Years

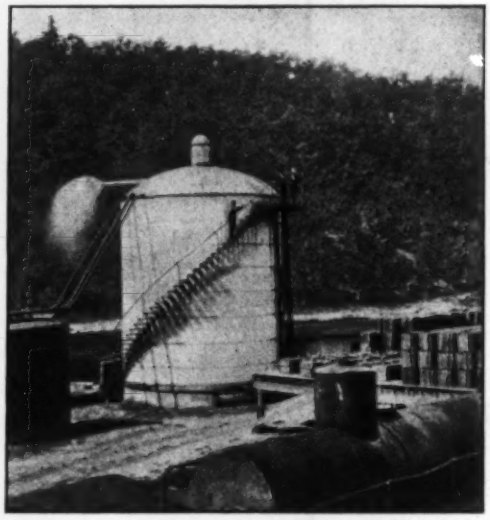
However grave the fears of the Oil Region that the Standard Oil Company was working out a scheme for corraling the oil business and depending largely for success on securing illegal privileges from the railroads, the oil men had nothing to go on but suspicion. There was nothing to do then but wait for developments, and developments came with a rapidity which baffles belief. In a little over three years from the time Mr. Rockefeller completed his rush line in the spring of 1875, he had actually obtained control, by purchase or lease, of not less than ninety-five per cent. of the refining interests of the United States, and with it such a proportion of collateral interests that his power in the oil business was almost as autocratic as that at which the South Improvement Company aimed. How had it been done?

As soon as the secret transfer of the New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg refineries to the Standard Oil Company was complete, each of these companies set out to acquire his neighbors. Unquestionably the acquisitions were made through persuasion when this was possible. If the party approached refused to lease or sell, he was told firmly what Mr. Rockefeller had told the Cleveland refiners when he went to them in 1872 with the South



BRUNDRED'S REFINERY NEAR OIL CITY—TYPE OF REFINERY IN 1872

Improvement contracts, that there was no hope for him; that a combination was in progress which was bound to work; and that those who stayed out would inevitably go to the wall. Naturally the first fruits to fall into the hands of the new alliance were those refineries which were embarrassed or discouraged by the conditions which Mr. Rogers explains above. Take as an example the case of the Citizens' Oil Refining Company of Pittsburg, as it was explained in 1888 to the House Committee on Manufactures in its trust investigation. Mr. A. H. Tack, a partner in the company, told the story:*



BLEACHING TANKS OF THE IMPERIAL REFINING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PA.

Story of a Man who Surrendered

"We began in 1869 with a capacity of 1,000 barrels a day. At the start everything was *coleur de rose*, so much so that we put our works in splendid shape. We manufactured all the products. We even got it down to making wax, and using the very last residuum in the boilers. We got the works in magnificent order and used up everything. We began to feel the squeeze in 1872. We did not know what was the matter. Of course, we were all affected the same way in Pennsylvania, and, of course, we commenced shifting about, and meeting together, and forming delegations, and going down to Philadelphia to see the Pennsylvania Railroad, meeting after meeting, and delegation after delegation. We suspected there was something wrong, and told those men there was something wrong somewhere; that we felt, so far as position was concerned, we had the cheapest barrels, the cheapest labor, and the cheapest coal, and the route from the crude district was altogether in our favor. We had a railroad and a river to bring us our raw material. We had made our investment based on the seaboard routes, and we wanted the Pennsylvania Railroad to protect us. But none of our meetings or delegations ever amounted to anything. They were always repulsed in some way, put off, and we never got any satisfaction. The consequence was that in two or three years there was no margin nor profit. In order to overcome that we commenced speculating, in the hope that there would be a change some time or other for the better. We did not like the idea of giving up the ship. Now, during these times the Standard Oil Company increased so perceptibly and so strong that we at once recognized it as the element. Instead of looking to the railroad, I always looked to the Standard Oil Company. In 1874 I went to see Rockefeller to find if we could make arrangements with him by which we could run a portion of our works. It was a very brief

* Condensed from Mr. Tack's testimony.

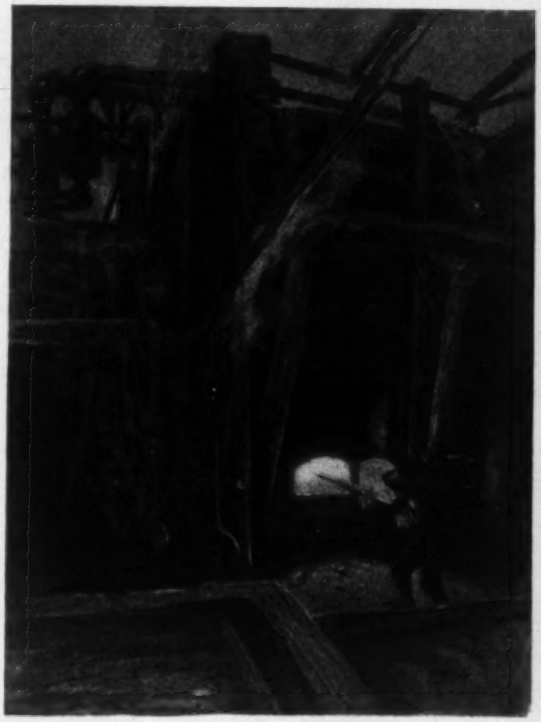
RUINS OF TWENTY-FIVE-THOUSAND-BARREL TANKS AND OF STILLS FOR REFINING OIL, DESTROYED IN JUNE, 1880, AT THE ACME REFINERY, THE STANDARD WORKS AT TITUSVILLE, PA.

A tank on a hill above the works was struck by lightning. Overflowing, the burning oil spread over the hillside, igniting other tanks of oil and several refineries and threatening the town, which, however, was finally saved. The fire burned two days and caused a loss of about $1,000,000

interview. He said there was no hope for us at all. He remarked this—I cannot give the exact quotation—'There is no hope for us,' and probably he said, 'There is no hope for any of us'; but he says 'The weakest must go first.' And we went."

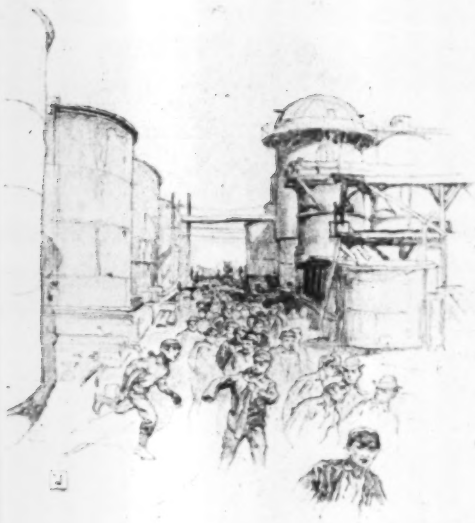
A Sentiment and Mr. Rockefeller's Opinion of It

All over the country the refineries in the same condition as Mr. Tack's firm sold or leased. Those who felt the hard times and had any hope of weathering them resisted at first. With many of them the resistance was due simply to their love for their business and their unwillingness to share its control with outsiders. The thing which a man has begun, cared for, led to a healthy life, from which he has begun to gather fruit, which he knows he can make greater and richer, he loves as he does his life. It is one of the fruits of his life. He is jealous of it—wishes the honor of it, will not divide it with another. He can suffer heavily his own mistakes, learn from them, correct them. He can fight opposition, bear all—so long as the work is his. There were refiners in 1875 who loved their business in this way. Why one should love an oil refinery the outsider may not see; but to the man who had begun with one still and had seen it grow by his own energy and intelligence to ten, who now sold 500 barrels a day where he once sold five, the refinery was the dearest spot on earth save his home. He walked with pride among its evil-smelling places, watched the processes with eagerness, experimented with joy and recounted triumphantly every improvement. To ask such a man to give up his refinery was to ask him to give up the thing which, after his family, meant most in life to him.



FIRING FURNACE UNDER THOUSAND-BARREL STILL AT STANDARD OIL WORKS, LONG ISLAND CITY

To Mr. Rockefeller this feeling was a weak sentiment. To place love of independent work above love of profits was as incomprehensible to him as a refusal to accept a rebate because it was *wrong!* Where persuasion failed then, it was necessary, in his judgment, that pressure be applied—simply a pressure sufficient to demonstrate to these blind or recalcitrant individuals the impossibility of their long being able to do business independently. It was a pressure varied according to locality. Usually it took the form of cutting their market. The system of "predatory competition," as Attorney-General Knox calls it, was no invention of the Standard Oil Company. It had prevailed in the oil business from the start. Indeed, it was one of the evils Mr. Rockefeller claimed his combination would cure, but until now it had been used spasmodically. Mr. Rockefeller never did anything spasmodically. He applied underselling for destroying his rivals' market with the same deliberation and persistency that characterized all his efforts, and in the long run he always won. There were other forms of pressure. Sometimes the independent found it impossible to get oil; again they were obliged to wait days for cars to ship in; there seemed to be no end to the ways of making it hard for men to do business, of discouraging them until they would sell or lease, and always at the psychological moment a purchaser was at their side.



NOON HOUR AT STANDARD OIL WORKS, LONG ISLAND CITY

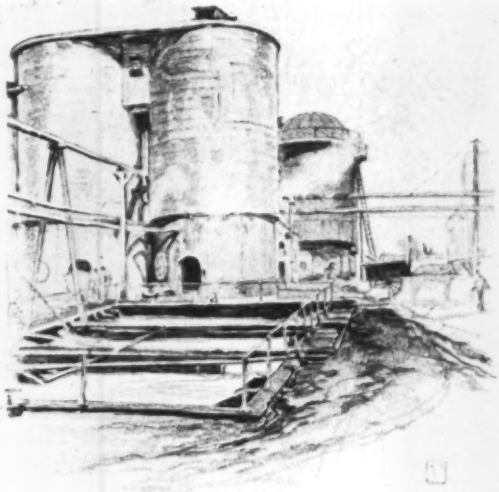
Story of Another Surrender

Take as an example the case of the Harkness refinery in Philadelphia, a story told to the same committee as that of Mr. Tack:

"I was the originator of the enterprise," said Mr. William W. Harkness, "believing that there was no better place than Philadelphia to refine oil, particularly for export. We commenced then, as near as I can now recollect, about 1870, and we made money up to probably 1874. We managed our business very close and did not speculate in oil. We bought and we sold, and we paid a great deal of attention to the statistical part of our business so as to save waste, and we did a nice business. But we found in some years that probably five months out of a year we could not sell our oil unless it would be at a positive loss, and then we stopped. Then when we could sell our oil, we found a difficulty about getting cars. My brother would complain of it, but I believed that the time would come when that would be equalized. I had no idea of the iniquity that was going on; I could not conceive it. I went on in good faith until about 1874, and then the trouble commenced. We could not get our oil and were compelled to sell at a loss. Then Warden, Frew & Company formed some kind of running arrangement where they supplied the crude, and we seemed to get along a little better. After a while the business got complicated, and I got tired and handed it over to my brother; I backed out. That was about 1875. I was dissatisfied and wanted to do an independent business, or else I wanted to give it up. In 1876—I recollect that very well, because it was the year of the Centennial Exposition—we were at the Centennial Exposition. I was sitting in front of the great Corliss engine, admiring it, and he told me there was a good opportunity to get out. Warden, Frew & Company, he said, were prepared to buy us out, and I asked him whether he considered that as the best thing to do; whether we had not better hold on and fight it through, for I believed that these difficulties would not continue; that we would get our oil. I knew he was a competent refiner, and I wanted to continue business, but he said he thought he had better make this arrangement, and I consented, and we sold out; we got our investment back." *

Here we have a refiner discouraged by the conditions which Mr. Rockefeller claims his aggregation will cure. Under the Rutter Circular and the discrimination in freight to the Standard which followed, his difficulty in getting oil increases, and he consents to a running arrangement with Mr. Rockefeller's partner in Philadelphia, but he wants to do an "independent business." Impossible. As he sits watching the smooth and terrible power of that famous Corliss engine of 1876—an engine which showed to thousands for the first time what great power properly directed means, he realized that something very like it was at work in the oil business—something resistless, silent, perfect in its might—and he sold out to that something. Everywhere men did the same. The history of oil refining on Oil Creek from 1875 to 1879 is almost

* Condensed from Mr. Harkness's testimony.



OIL AGITATORS AT STANDARD OIL WORKS, LONG ISLAND CITY

uncanny. There were at the beginning of that period twenty-seven plants in the region, most of which were in a fair condition, considering the difficulties in the business. During 1873 the demand for refined oil had greatly increased, the exports nearly doubling over those of 1872. The average profit on refined that year in a well-managed refinery was not less than three cents a gallon. In the summer of 1874 an editor of the Oil City "Derrick" made a tour of the Creek refineries and reported all of the larger ones in Titusville and Oil City as prosperous and growing, and the small ones in the little towns between these two points as "jogging along pleasantly."

The Entering Wedge on Oil Creek

Mr. Rockefeller did not buy into the Creek interests in 1874 when he took Lockhart, Warden and Pratt into the Standard Oil Company; nor was that district touched until the spring of 1875. Then a representative came to the Creek. None of the independents would listen to him. They would have nothing to do, they said, with any combination engineered by John D. Rockefeller. The representative withdrew, and the case was considered. In the meantime conditions on the Creek grew harder. The margin of profit on refined was much lower than in 1873, probably not over a cent a gallon, and the increase of rates under the Rutter Circular threatened to eat that up. Then all sorts of difficulties began to be strewn in their way—cars were hard to get, the markets they had built up were cut under them—a demoralizing conviction was abroad in the trade that this new and mysterious combination was going to succeed; that it was doing rapidly what its members were reported to be saying daily: "We mean to secure the entire refining business of the world." Such was the state of things on the Creek when in the early fall of 1875 an energetic young refiner and oil buyer well known in the Oil Regions, Mr. J. D. Archbold, appeared in Titusville as the representative of a new company, the Acme Oil Company, a concern which everybody believed to be an offshoot of the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, though nobody could prove it. As a matter of fact the Acme was capitalized and controlled entirely by Standard men, its stockholders being, in addition to Mr. Archbold, William Rockefeller, William G. Warden, Frank Q. Barstow and Charles Pratt. It was evident at once that the Acme Oil Company had come into the Oil Regions for the purpose of absorbing the independent interests as Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues were absorbing them elsewhere. The work was done with a promptness and despatch which does great credit to the energy and resourcefulness of the engineer of the enterprise.

Collapse of the Creek Independents

In three years, by 1878, all but two of the refineries of Titusville had "retired

REAR END OF OIL STILLS, SHOWING PILES OF COKE TAKEN FROM THE STILL AFTER THE PROCESS OF DISTILLATION IS COMPLETE

from the business gloriously," as Mr. Archbold, flushed with victory, told the counsel of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in 1879, when the State authorities were trying to find what was at work in the oil interests to cause such a general collapse. Most of the concerns were bought outright, the owners being convinced that it was impossible for them to do an independent business, and being unwilling to try combination.

All down the Creek the little refineries which for years had faced every difficulty

with stout hearts collapsed. "Sold out," "dismantled," "shut down," is the melancholy record of the industry during these four years. At the end practically nothing was left in the Oil Regions but the Acme of Titusville and the Imperial of Oil City, both of them now under Standard management.

A Memory that Rankles

To the oil men this sudden wiping out of the score of plants with which they had been familiar for years seemed a crime which nothing could justify. Their bitterness of heart was only intensified by the sight of the idle refiners thrown out of business by the sale of their factories. These men had, many of them, handsome sums to invest, but what were they to put them in? They were refiners, and they carried a pledge in their pockets not to go into that business for a period of ten years. Some of them tried the discouraged oil man's fatal resource, the market, and as a rule left their money there. One refiner who had, according to popular report, received $200,000 for his business, speculated the entire sum away in less than a year. Others tried new enterprises, but men of forty learn new trades with difficulty, and failure followed many of them. The scars left in the Oil Regions by the Standard combination of 1875–79 are too deep and ugly for men and women of this generation to forget them.

OIL REFINERY TYPE—THE STILL CLEANER

In Pittsburg the same thing was happening. At the beginning of the work of absorption—1874—there were between twenty-two and thirty refineries in the town.* As we have seen, Lockhart and Frew sold to the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland some time in 1874. In the fall of that year a new company was formed in Pittsburg, called the Standard Oil Company of Pittsburg. Its president was Charles Lockhart; its directory, William Frew, David Bushnell, H. M. Flagler and W. G. Warden—all members of the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland; four of them South Improvement Company men. This company at once began to lease or buy refineries. Many of the Pittsburg refiners made a valiant fight to get rates on their oil which would enable them to run independently. To save expense they tried to bring oil from the oil fields by barge; the pipe lines in the pool refused to run oil to barges. An independent pipe line attempted to bring it to Pittsburg, but to reach the works the pipe line must run under a branch of the Pennsylvania railroad. It refused to permit this, and for months the oil from the line was hauled in wagons from the point where it had been held up, over the railroad track, and there re-piped and carried to Pittsburg. At every point they met interference until finally one by one they gave in. According to Mr. Frew, who in 1879 was examined as to the condition of things in Pittsburg, the company began to "acquire refiners" in 1875. In 1877 they bought their last one; and at the time Mr. Frew was under examination he could not remember but *one* refinery in operation in Pittsburg not controlled by his company.

OIL REFINERY TYPE—THE PIPE-FITTER

Story of an Oil Shipper

Nor was it refiners only which sold out. All departments of the trade began to share the terror. There was in the oil business a class of men known as shippers. They bought crude oil, sent it East, and sold it to refineries there. Among the largest of these was Adnah Neyhart,

* Henry, in his "History of Petroleum," gives twenty-two; Mr. E. G. Patterson, in a list presented in court in 1880, gives the number at the beginning of this combination as thirty.

whose active representative was W. T. Scheide. Now to Mr. Rockefeller the independent shipper was an incubus; he did a business which, in his judgment, a firm ought to do for itself, and reaped a profit which might go direct into the business. Besides, so long as there were shippers to supply crude to the Eastern refineries at living prices, so long these concerns might resist offers to sell or lease.

Some time in the fall of 1874 Mr. Scheide began to lose his customers in New York. He found that they were making some kind of a working arrangement with the Standard Oil Company; just what, he did not know. But at all events they no longer bought their oil from him, but took it from the Standard buyer, J. A. Bostwick & Company. At the same time he became convinced that Mr. Rockefeller was after his business. "I knew that they were making strenuous efforts to get our business," he told the Hepburn Commission, in 1879, "because I used to meet Mr. Rockefeller in the Erie office."

In the spring of 1875 Mr. Scheide sold. It is interesting to note that when he sold it was as he supposed, to Charles Pratt & Co. Well informed as he was in all the intricacies of the business—and there were few abler young men in the trade at the time—he did not know that Charles Pratt & Co. had been part and parcel of the Standard Oil Company since October, 1874.

Fear of the Standard Becomes Superstitious

As this work of absorption went on steadily, persistently, there grew throughout the oil world an almost superstitious fear of resistance to proposals to lease or sell which came from parties known or suspected to be working in harmony with the Standard Oil Company. In Cleveland this was particularly true. A proposal from Mr. Rockefeller was certainly regarded popularly as little better than a command to "stand and deliver." "The coal oil business belongs to us," Mr. Rockefeller told those who got in his way. "We have facilities; we must have it. Any concern that starts in business we have sufficient money laid aside to wipe out."*

* Testimony of W. H. Morehouse before the Hepburn Commission, New York, 1879.

Mr. Rockefeller Does Business With a Widow

The feeling is admirably shown in a remarkable case still quoted in Cleveland—a case which took the deeper hold on the public sympathy because the contestant was a woman, the widow of one of the first refiners of the town, a Mr. A——, who had begun refining in Cleveland in 1860. Mr. A——'s principal business was the manufacture of lubricating oil. Now at the start the Standard Oil Company handled only illuminating oil, and accordingly a contract was made between the two parties that Mr. A—— should sell to Mr. Rockefeller his refined oil, and that the Standard Oil Company should let the lubricating business in Cleveland alone. This was the status when in 1874 Mr. A—— died. What happened afterwards has been told in full in affidavits made in 1880,* and the writer will let them tell the story; the only change made in the documents being to transfer them for the sake of clarity from the legal third person to the first, and to condense them on account of space.

The Woman's Affidavit

Mrs. A——'s story as told in her affidavit is as follows:

"My husband having contracted a debt not long prior to his death, for the first time in his life, I, for the interest of my fatherless children, as well as myself, thought it my duty to endeavor to continue the business, and accordingly took $92,000 of the stock of the —— Oil Company and afterwards reduced it to $72,000 or $75,000, the whole stock of the company being $100,000, and continued business from that time until November, 1878, making handsome profits out of the business during perhaps the hardest years of the time since Mr. A—— had commenced. Some time in November, 1878, the Standard Oil Company sent a man to me by the name of Peter S. Jennings, who had been engaged in the refining business and had sold out to the Standard Oil Company. I told Mr. Jennings that I would carry on no negotiations with him whatever, but that if the Standard Oil Company desired to buy my stock I must transact

* Court of Common Pleas, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. Standard Oil Co. *vs.* William & C. Scofield *et al.*

the business with its principal officer, Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Jennings, as representing the Standard Oil Company, told me that the president of the company, Mr. Rockefeller, said that said company would control the refining business, and that he hoped it could be done in one or two years; but if not, it would be done, anyway, if it took ten years to do it.

"After two or three days' delay Mr. Rockefeller called upon me at my residence to talk over the negotiation with regard to the purchase of my stock. I told Mr. Rockefeller that I realized the fact that the —— Oil Company was entirely in the power of the Standard Oil Company, and that all I could do would be to appeal to his honor as a gentleman and to his sympathy to do with me the best that he could; and I begged of him to consider his wife in my position—that I had been left with this business and with my fatherless children, and with a large indebtedness that Mr. A—— had just contracted for the first time in his life; that I felt that I could not do without the income arising from this business, and that I had taken it up and gone on and been successful, and I was left with it in the hardest years since my husband commenced the business. He said he was aware of what I had done, and that his wife could never have accomplished so much. I called his attention to the contract that my husband had made with him in relation to carbon oil, whereby the Standard Oil Company agreed not to touch the lubricating branch of the trade carried on by my husband, and reminded him that I had held to that contract rigidly, at a great loss to the —— Oil Company, but did so because I regarded it a matter of honor to live up to it. I told him that I had become alarmed because the Standard Oil Company was getting control of all the refineries in the country, and that I feared that the said Standard Oil Company would go into the lubricating trade, and reminded him that he had sent me word that the Standard Oil Company would not interfere with that branch of the trade. He promised, with tears in his eyes, that he would stand by me in this transaction, and that I should not be wronged; and he told me that, in case the sale was made, I might retain whatever amount of the stock of the —— Oil Company I desired, his object appearing to be only to get the controlling stock of the company. He said that while the negotiations were pending he would come and see me, and I thought that his feelings were such on the subject that I could trust him and that he would deal honorably by me.

"Seeing that I was compelled to sell out, I wanted the Standard Oil Company to make me a proposition, and endeavored to get them to do so, but they would not make a proposition. I then made a proposition that the whole stock of the —— Oil Company with accrued dividends should be sold to said Standard Oil Company for $200,000, which was, in fact, much below what the stock ought to have been sold for; but they ridiculed the amount, and at last offered me only $79,000, not including accounts, and required that each stockholder in the —— Oil Company should enter into a bond that within the period of ten years he or she would not directly or indirectly engage in or in any way be concerned in the refining, manufacturing, producing, piping or dealing in petroleum or any of its products within the county of Cuyahoga and State of Ohio, nor at any other place whatever.

"Seeing that the property had to go, I asked that I might, according to the understanding with the president of the company, retain $15,000 of my stock, but the reply to this request was, 'No outsiders can have any interest in this concern; the Standard Oil Company has "dallied" as long as it will over this matter; it must be settled up to-day or go,' and they insisted upon my signing the bond above referred to.

"The promises made by Mr. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, were none of them fulfilled; he neither allowed me to retain any portion of my stock, nor did he in any way assist me in my negotiations for the sale of my stock; but, on the contrary, was largely instrumental in my being obliged to sell the property much below its true value, and requiring me to enter into the oppressive bond above referred to.

"After the arrangements for the sale of the refinery and of my stock was fully completed and the property had been sold by myself and the other stockholders, and after I had made arrangements for the disposition of my money, I re-

ceived a note from Mr. Rockefeller, in reply to one that I had written to him threatening to make the transaction public, saying that he would give me back the business as it stood, or that I might retain stock if I wished to, but this was after the entire transaction was closed, and such arrangements had been made for my money that I could not then conveniently enter into it; and I was so indignant over the offer being made at that late day, after my request for the stock having been made at the proper time, that I threw the letter into the fire and paid no further attention to it."*

Mr. Rockefeller's Affidavit

The letter which Mrs. A—— destroyed was included in the affidavit in which Mr. Rockefeller answered Mrs. A——'s statement. It reads:

"November 13th, 1878. Dear Madam: I have held your note of 11th inst., received yesterday, until to-day, as I wished to thoroughly review every point connected with the negotiations for the purchase of the stock of the —— Oil Company, to satisfy myself as to whether I had unwittingly done anything whereby you could have any right to feel injured. It is true that in the interview I had with you I suggested that if you desired to do so, you could retain an interest in the business of the —— Oil Company by keeping some number of its shares, and then I understood you to say that if you sold out you wished to go entirely out of the business. That being my understanding, our arrangements were made in case you concluded to make the sale that precluded any other interests being represented, and therefore, when you did make the inquiry as to your taking some of the stock, our answer was given in accordance with the facts noted above, but not at all in the spirit in which you refer to the refusal in your note. In regard to the reference that you make as to my permitting the business of the —— Oil Company to *be taken* from you, I say that in this, as all else that you have written in your letter of 11th inst., you do me most grievous wrong. It was of but little moment to the interests represented by me whether the business of the —— Oil Company was purchased or not. I believe that it was for your interest to make the sale, and am entirely candid in this statement, and beg to call your attention to the time, some two years ago, when you consulted Mr. Flagler and myself as to selling out your interests to Mr. Rose, at which time you were desirous of selling at *considerably less price*, and upon time, than you have now received in cash, and which sale you would have been glad to have closed if you could have obtained satisfactory security for the deferred payments. As to the price paid for the property, it is certainly three times greater than the cost at which we could construct equal or better facilities; but wishing to take a liberal view of it, I urged the proposal of paying the sixty thousand dollars, which was thought much too high by some of our parties. I believe that if you would reconsider what you have written in your letter, to which this is a reply, you must admit having done me great injustice, and I am satisfied to await upon innate sense of right for such admission. However, in view of what seems your present feelings, I now offer to restore to you the purchase made by us, you simply returning the amount of money which we have invested and leaving us as though no purchase had been made. Should you not desire to accept this proposal, I offer to you one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred shares of the stock at the same price that we paid for the same, with this addition, that we keep the property we are under engagement to pay into the treasury of the —— Oil Company an amount which, added to the amount already paid, would make a total of $100,000, and thereby make the shares one hundred dollars each.

"That you may not be compelled to hastily come to conclusion, I will leave open for three days these propositions for your acceptance or declination, and in the meantime believe me, Yours very truly, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER."

Mr. Rockefeller says further in the affidavit from which this letter is drawn:

"It is not true that I made any promises that I did not keep in the letter and spirit, and it is not true that I was instru-

* Coupled with Mrs. A——'s affidavit was one of the company's bookkeeper's testifying that the business had been paying an annual net income of $30,000 to $40,000 when the sale to the Standard was made for $79,000, and another from the cashier, who had been present at most of the interviews between Mrs. A—— and the Standard agents, and who corroborates her statements in every particular.

mental to any degree in her being obliged to sell the property much below its true value, and I aver that she was not obliged to sell out, and that such was a voluntary one upon her part and for a sum far in excess of its value; and that the construction which was purchased of her could be replaced for a sum not exceeding twenty thousand dollars." *

It is probably true, as Mr. Rockefeller states, that he could have reproduced Mrs. A——'s plant for $20,000; but the plant was but a small part of her assets. She owned one of the oldest lubricating oil refineries in the country, one with an enviable reputation for good work and fair dealing, and with a trade that had been paying an annual net income of from $30,000 to $40,000. It was this income for which Mr. Rockefeller paid $79,000; this income with the old and honorable name of the —— Oil Company, not a few stills and tanks and agitators.

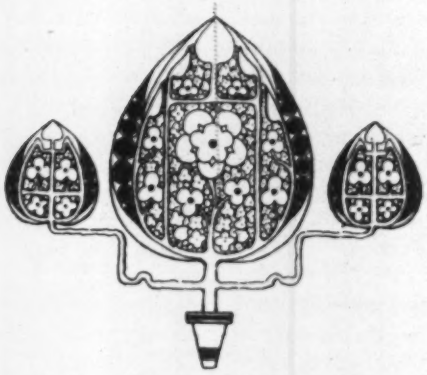
It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Rockefeller avers, that Mrs. A—— was not obliged to sell out, but the fate of those who in this period of absorption refused to sell was before her eyes. She had seen the twenty Cleveland refineries fall into Mr. Rockefeller's hand in 1872. She had watched the steady collapse of the independents in all the refining centers. She had seen every effort to preserve an individual business thwarted. Rightly or wrongly she had come to believe that a refusal to sell meant a fight with Mr. Rockefeller, that a fight meant ultimately defeat, and she gave up her business to avoid ruin.

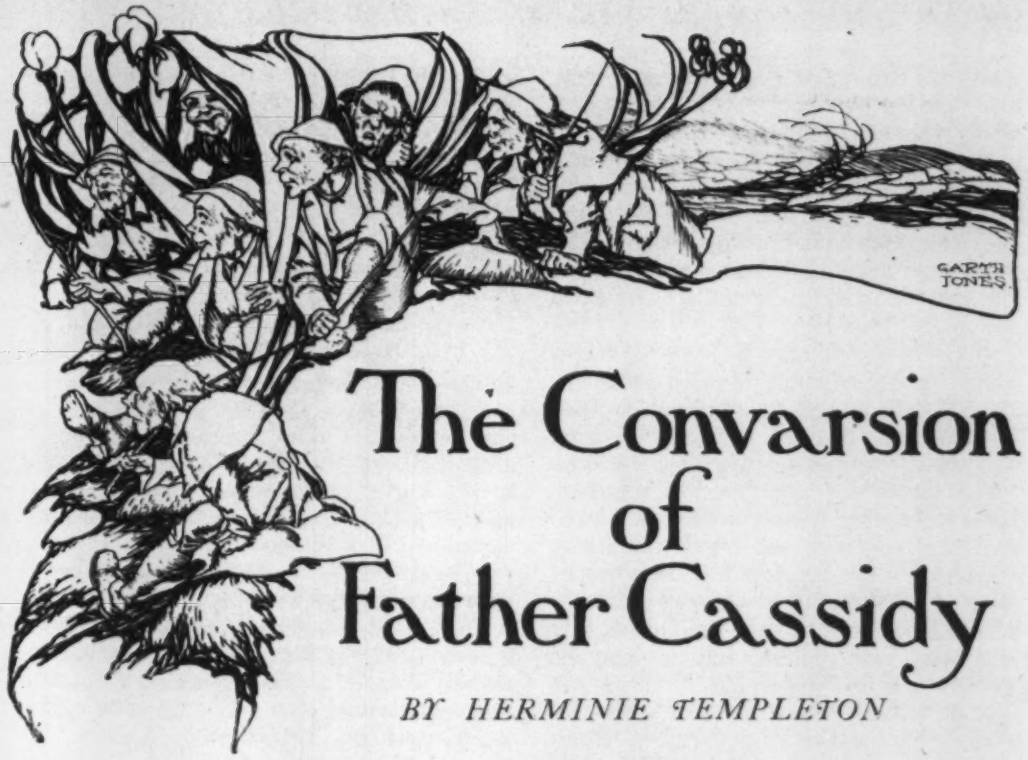
* Mr. Rockefeller's statements are supported by affidavits from several members of the firm.

The Pennsylvania Declares War

It must not be supposed that this process of absorption went on from 1874 to 1878 without opposition. On all sides there was alarm, and repeated efforts were made to meet the consolidation. None of the efforts assumed serious proportion until suddenly the Pennsylvania railroad and its great transportation line, the Empire, aroused by the indignation of the State at the aid it was believed to be giving to a foreign corporation aiming at an absolute monopoly, and seeing, too, that the thing it was helping create was fast becoming so big that it would be unmanageable even by a trunk railroad, hastened to ally itself with the independent interests. To give a sure outlet for their oil to the producers it began to build refineries.

Immediately the Standard, backed by the Erie and the Central, cried halt. The Pennsylvania refused to obey, and there followed then one of the finest fights in all the Standard's thirty years of war and conquest.





The Convarsion of Father Cassidy

BY HERMINIE TEMPLETON

Illustrated by Garth Jones

I TOULD you how on cowld winther nights, whin Bridget and the childher were in bed, ould Brian Connors, King of the Fairies, used to sit visitin' at Darby O'Gill's own fireside. But I never tould you of the wild night whin the King faced Father Cassidy there."

That was the way Jerry Murtaugh, my car driver, begun this story:

***

Darby O'Gill sat at his own kitchen fire the night afther Mrs. Morrisey's burying, studyin' over a gr-r-reat daybate that was at her wake.

Half-witted Red Durgan begun it be asking loud an' sudden of the whole company, "Who was the greatest man that ever lived in the whole worruld?"

"I want to know purtic'lar, an' I'd like to know at once," he says.

At that the dayliberations started.

Big Shaun O'Hea, the smith, hildt for Julius Sayser, bekase Sayser had throunced the widdy woman Clayopathra.

Maurteen Cavanaugh, the crass-faced schoolmaster, stood up for Bonyparte, an' wanted to fight Dinnis Moriarty for disputin' agin the Frenchman.

Howsumever, the starter of the rale excitement was ould Mrs. Clancy. She was not what you'd call a great historian, but the parish thought her a fine, sensible woman. She said that the greatest man was Nebbycodnazer, the King of the Jews, who ate grass like a cow and grew fat on it.

"Could Julius Sayser or Napoleon Bonyparte do as much?" she axed.

Well, purty soon every one was talking at once, hurling at aich other, as they would pavin' stones, the names of poets and warriors an' scholars.

But, afther all was said an' done, the mourners wint away in the morning with nothing settled.

So this night, while Darby was warming his shins before the turf fire in deep meditaytion and wise cogitaytion and ca'm contemplaytion over these high conversaytions, the Master of the Good People flew ragin' into the kitchen.

"Darby O'Gill, what do you think of your wife, Bridget?" he cried. "Wait till you hear what she's done this day," says he fiercely.

"Faix, I don't know what particular thing she's done," says Darby, rubbing his shins and lookin' troubled, "but I can

guess it's something mighty disagrayable. She wore her blue petticoat and her brown shawl whin she went away this morning, and I always expect ructions whin she puts on that shuit of clothes. Thin, agin, she looked so sour and so satisfied whin she came back that I'm worried bad in my mind ; you don't know how uncomfortable she can make things sometimes, quiet as she looks," says he.

"And well you may be worried, dacint man!" says the ruler of Sleive-na-mon; "you'll rage and you'll roar whin ye hear me. She wint this day to Father Cassidy and slandhered me outraygeous," he says. "She tould him that you and Maurteen were colloguing with a little ould wicked thieving fairy man, and that if something wasn't done at once agin him the sowls of both of ye would be disthroyed entirely."

Whin Darby found 'twas not himself that was being bothered, but only the King, he grew aisier in his feelings. "Sure you wouldn't mind women's talks," says he, waving his hand in a lofty way. "Many a good man has been given a bad name by them before this, and will be agin—you're not the first by any mains," says he. "If Bridget makes for you a bad rapitation, think how many years you have to live it down in. Be sinsible, King!" he says.

"But I do mind, and I must mind," bawled the little fairy man, every hair and whusker bristling, "for this minute Father Cassidy is putting the bridle and saddle on his black hunter, Terror ; he has a prayer book in his pocket, and he's coming to read prayers over me, and to banish me into the say. Hark! listen to that," he says.

As he spoke a shrill little voice broke into singing outside the window :

"Oh, what'll you do if the kittle biles over,
Sure, what'll you do but fill it agin ;
Ah, what'll you do if you marry a sojer,
But pack up your clothes and go marchin' with him."

"That's the signal," says the King, all excited, "he's coming; and I'll face him here at this hearth, but sorrow fut he'll put over that threshol till I give him lave. Then we'll have it out face to face like men ferninst this fire."

When Darby heard those words a great fright struck him.

"If a hair of his Reverence's head be harmed," he says, "'tis not you but me and my generation'll be blamed for it. Plaze go back to Sleive-na-mon this night for pace and quietness sake," he begged.

While Darby spoke the fairy man was fixing one stool on top of another undher the window. "I'll sit at this window," says the Master of the Good People, wagging his head threateningly, "and from there I'll give my ordhers. The throuble he's thrying to bring on others is the throuble I'll throuble him with. If he comes dacint, he'll go dacint ; if he comes bothering, he'll go bothered," says he.

Faith, thin, your honor, the King spoke no less than the truth, for at that very minute Terror, as fine a horse as ever followed hounds, was galloping down the starlit road to Darby's house, and over Terror's mane bent as fine a horseman as ever took a six-bar gate—Father Cassidy.

On and on through the moonlight they clattered, till they came in sight of Darby's gate, where, unseen and invisible, a score of the Good People, with thorns in their fists, lay sniggering and laughing, waiting for the horse. Of course, the fairies couldn't harm the good man himself, but Terror was complately at their mercy.

"'*And well you may be worried, dacint man!*'"

"'*Is that you, Darby O'Gill, you vagabone?*'"

"We'll not stop to open the gate, Terror," says his Reverence, patting the baste's neck; "I'll give you a bit of a lift with the bridle rein and a touch like that on the flank and do you clear it, my swallow bird."

Well, sir, the priest riz in his stirrups, lifted the rein, and Terror crouched for the spring, whin, with a sudden snort of pain, the baste whirled round and started, like the wind, back up the road.

His Reverence pulled the horse to its haunches and swung him round once more, facing the cottage. Up on his hind feet went Terror, and stood crazy for a second pawing the air; then, with a cry of rage and pain in its throat, the baste turned, made a rush for the hedge at the roadside, and cleared it like an arrow. Now, just beyant the hedge was a bog so thin, that the geese wouldn't walk on it, and so thick that the ducks couldn't swim in it. Into the middle of that cowld pond Terror fell with a splash and a crash.

That minute the King climbed down from the window splitting with laughter. "Darby," he says, slapping his knees, "Father Cassidy is floundhering about in the bog outside. He's not hurt, but he's mighty cowld and uncomfortable. Do you go and make him promise not to read any prayers this night, then bring him in. Tell him that if he don't promise, by the piper that played before Moses, he may stay reading his prayers in the bog till morning, for he can't get out unless some of my people go in and help him," says the King.

Darby's heart began hammerin' agin his ribs as though it were making heavy horseshoes.

"If that's so I'm a ruined man," he says. "I'd give tunty pounds rayther than face him now," says he. The distracted lad put on his hat to go out, an' thin he took it off to stay in. He let a groan out of him that shook all his bones.

"You may save him or lave him," says the King, turning to the window. "I'm going to lave the priest see in a minute what's bothering him. If he's not out of the bog be that time, I'd adwise you to lave the counthry. Maybe you'll only have a pair of cow's horns put on ye, but I think you'll be kilt," he says; "my own mind's aisy. I wash my hands of him.

"That's the great comfort and adwantage of having our sowl's salwation fixed and sartin one way or the other," says the King, peering out. "Whin you do a thing, bad as it is or good as it may be, your mind is still aisy bekase——" He turned from the window to look at Darby, but the lad was gone out into the moonlight and was shrinking an' cringin' up toward the bog as though he were going to meet and talk with the ghost of a man he'd murthered. 'Twas a harsher an' angrier woice than that of any ghost that came out of a great flopping and splashin' in the bog.

Father Cassidy sat with his feet dhrawn up on Terror and the horse was half sunk in the mire. At times he'd urge Terror over to the bank, an' just as the baste was raising to step out, with a snort it'd whirl back agin.

He'd thry another side, but spur as he might and whip as he would, the horse'd turn shivering back to the middle of the bog.

"Is that you, Darby O'Gill, you vagabone?" cried his Riverence. "Help me out of this to the dhry land so as I can take the life of you," he cries.

"What right has any one to go threspassin' in my bog, mussing it all up an' spiling it?" says Darby, purtendin' not to raycognize the priest; "I keep it private for my ducks and geese, and I'll have the law of you, so I will—oh, be the powers

"'I'm burned to the bone,' says he"

of pewther, 'tis me own dear Father Cassidy," he cries.

Father Cassidy, as an answer, raiched for a handful of mud, which he aimed and flung so fair an' thrue that tree days afther Darby was still pulling bits of it from his whiskers.

"I have a whip I'll keep private for your own two fine legs whin I get out of here," cried his Riverence. "I'll taich you to tell lies to the counthry side about your being with the fairies and for deluddherin' your own poor wife. I came down this night to eggspose you. But, now, that's the laste I'll do to you."

"Faith," says Darby, "if I was with the fairies, 'tis no less than you are this minute, an' if you eggspose me, I'll eggspose you." With that Darby up and tould what was the cause of the whole botheration.

His Riverence, afther the telling, waited not a minute, but kicked the spurs into Terror, and the brave horse headed once more for the shore. 'Twas no use. The poor baste turned at last with a cry and floundhered back agin into the mire.

"You'll not be able to get out, Father, acushla," says Darby, "till you promise fair an' firm not to read any prayers over the Good People this night, and never to hurt or molest meself on any account. About this last promise the King is very particular entirely."

"You dunderheaded Booligedhaun," says Father Cassidy, turning all the blame on Darby; "you mayandhering Mayrauder of the Sivin Says," he says; "you big-headed scorpion of the worruld with the bow legs," cries he—an' things like that.

"Oh my! Oh my! Oh my!" says Darby, purtendin' to be shocked, "to think that me own pasture should use sich terrible langwidge; that me own dear Father Cassidy could speak blaggard's words like thim. Every dhrop of blood in me is biling with scandalation. Let me beg of you and implore your Riverence never agin to make use of talk like that. It breaks my heart to hear you," says Darby.

For a few minutes afther that Darby was doin' nothing but dodging handfuls

"'Three cheers for Dann'le O'Connell!'"

of mud. While this was going on, a soft red glow, like that which hangs above the lonely raths an' forts at night when the fairies are dancin' in them, came over the fields. So whin Father Cassidy riz in his stirrup the soft glow was resting on the bog, and there he saw two score little men in green jackets and brown caps waiting in the reeds about the pond's edge, and every one houlding a switch in his hands.

The little lads knew well 'twas too dark for the clargyman to read from his book any banishing prayers, and barring having too much fun, the divil a thing they had to fear.

'Twas fresh anger that came to Father Cassidy afther the first rush of surprise and wondher. He thried now to get at the Good People to lay his hand on them. A dozen charges at the bank his Riverence made, and as many times a score of the little people flew up to meet him, and sthruck the poor baste over the soft nose with their wands, till he was welted back.

Long afther the struggle was proved hopeless, it wint on till at last the poor baste, thrembling and disheartened, rayfused to mind the spur.

At that, Father Cassidy gave up.

"I surrender," he said, "an' I promise for the sake of my horse," said he.

The baste himself undherstood the words, for with that he waded ca'm an' quiet to the dry land, and stood shaking himself there among the pack of fairies.

Mighty few words were passed betwix' Darby and the Terror's rider, as the whole party went up to Darby's stable—the little people follying behind quiet and ordherly.

It wasn't long till Terror was nibbling comfortably in a stall, Father Cassidy was dhrying himself before the kitchen fire, the King and Darby were sitting by the side of the hearth, and two score of the green-cloaked little people were scatthered about the kitchen waiting for the great debate, which was sure to come betwixt his Riverence and the head man of the Good People, now that the two had met.

So full was the room that some of the Good People sat on the shelves of the dhresser; others lay on the table, their chins in their fists; little Phelim Beg perched on a picture above the hearth. He'd no sooner touched the picture frame than he let a howl out of him and jumped to the floor. "I'm burned to the bone," says he.

"No wondher," says the King, looking up; "'twas a picture of St. Pathrick you were sitting on."

Phadrig Oge, swinging his heels, balanced himself on the edge of a churn filled with butthermilk; but every one of them kept wondhering eyes fastened on the priest.

And to tell the truth Father Cassidy at first was more scornful and unpolite than need be.

"I suppose," says his Riverence, "you do be worrying a good deal about the place you're going to afther the day of Judgment," he says, kind of mocking.

"Arrah, now," says the King, taking the pipe from his mouth and staring hard at the clargyman, "there's more than me ought to be studying that question. There's a parish priest I know, and he's not far from here, who ate mate on a fast day three years ago come next Michaelmas, who should be a good lot intherested in that same place," says the King.

The laughing and titthering that follyed this hit lasted a minute.

Father Cassidy turned scarlet. "When I ate it I forgot the day," he cried.

"That's what you tould," says the King, smiling sweet, "but that saying don't help your chanst much. Maybe you failed to say your prayers a year ago last Ayster Monday night for the same rayson," asked the King, very cool.

At this the laughing broke out again, uproarious, some of the little men houlding their sides and tears rowling down their cheeks; two lads begun dancing together before the chiny dishes upon the dhresser. But at the height of the merriment there was a cry and a splash, for Phadrig Oge had fallen into the churn.

Before any one could help him, Phadrig had climbed bravely up the churn dash, hand over hand, like a sailor man, and clambered out all white and dripping. "Don't mind me," he says, "go on wid the discoorse," he cried, shaking himself. The Ruler of the Good people looked vexed.

"I marvel at yez, and I'm ashamed of yez," he says; "if I'm not able alone for this dayludhered man, yer shoutin' and your gallivantin'll do me no good. Besides, fair play's a jewel, even two an' one ain't fair," says the King. "If I hear another word from one of yez, back to Sleive-na-mon he'll go, an' lay there on the broad of his back with his heels in the air for a year and tin days.

"You were about to obsarve, Father Cassidy," says his Majesty, bowing, "your most obaydient, sir."

"I was about to say," cried his Riverence, "that you're a friend of Sattin."

"I'll not deny that," says the King; "what have you to say agin him?"

"He's a rogue and a rapscallion and the inemy of mankind," thundered Father Cassidy.

"Prove he's a rogue," cries the King, slapping one hand on the other; "and why shouldn't he be the inemy of mankind? What has mankind ever done for him except to lay the blame for every mane, cowardly thrick, of its own on his

"'*If we could only send you to Parliament you'd free Ireland*'"

chowldhers. Wasn't it bekase of them he spint sivin days and sivin nights in the belly of a whale, wasn't it——"

"Stop there now," says Father Cassidy, pinting his finger, "hould where you are—that was Jonah."

"You're working meracles to make me forget," shouted the King.

"I'm not," cried the priest, "and what's more, if you'll agree not to use charms of the black art to help yerself I'll promise not to work meracles agin you."

"Done! I'll agree," says the King, "and with that bargain I'll go on first and I'll prove that mankind is the inemy of Sattin."

"Who begun the enmity?" intherrupted his Riverence; "who started in be tempting our first parents?"

"Not wishing to make little of a man's relations in his own house or to his own face, but your first parents were a poor lot," said the King. "Didn't your first parent turn queen's evidence agin his own wife? Answer me that."

"Undher the sarcumstances, would you have him tell a lie whin he was asked?" says the priest, right back.

Well, the argyment got hotter and hotter until Darby's mind was in splinthers. Sometime he sided with ould Nick, sometimes he was agin him. Half what they said he didn't undherstand. They talked tayology, conchology, and distrology; they hammered aich other with jayography, orthography, and misnography; they welted aich other with hylosophy, philosophy, and thrigmosophy. They bounced up and down in their sates, they shouted and got purple in the face. But every argyment brought out another nearly as good and twist as loud.

Through all this time the follyers of the King sat upon their perches or lay upon the table motionless, like little wooden images with painted green cloaks and brown caps.

Darby, looking from one to the other of them for help to undherstand the thraymendous argyment that was goin' on, felt his brain growin' numb. At last it balked like Shamus Frees's donkey, and urge as he would, the devil a foot his mind'd stir afther the two hayros. It turned at last and galloped back to Mrs. Morrisey's wake.

Now the thought that came into Darby's head as he sat there ferninst Father Cassidy an' the King was this:

"The two wisest persons in Ireland are this minute shouting and disputing before my own turf fire. If I ax them those questions I'll be wiser than Dicky Burke, the schoolmaster, an' twist as wise as any other man in this parish. I'll do it," he says to himself.

He raised the tongs and struck them so loud and quick against the hearth that the two daybaters stopped short in their talk to look at him.

"Tell me," he says; "lave off and tell me, who was the greatest man that ever lived?" says he.

At that a surprising thing happened. Brian Connors and Father Cassidy, aich striving to speak first, answered in the same breath and gave the same name.

"'*Happiness to you and forgiveness to you*'"

"Dann'le O'Connell," says they.

There was that instant's silence an' stillness which follys a great explosion of gunpowder.

Thin every subject of the King started to his feet. "Three cheers for Dann'le O'Connell," cried little Roderick Dhu. Every brown cap was swung in the air. "Hurray, Hooray, Hooroo," rang the cheers.

His Riverence and the Fairy Chief turned sharp about and stared at aich other, delighted and wondhering.

Darby sthruck agin with the tongs: "Who was the greatest poet?" says he.

Again the two spoke together: "Tom Moore," says they. The King rubbed his hands and gave a glad side look at the priest. Darby marked the friendly light that was stealing into Father Cassidy's brown eyes. There was great excitement among the Good People up on the cupboard shelves.

On the table little Nial, the wise, was thrying to start three cheers for Father Cassidy, when Darby said again, "Who was the greatest warrior?" he says.

The kitchen grew still as death, aich of the two hayros waiting for the other.

The King spoke first. "Brian Boru," says he.

"No," says Father Cassidy, half laughing, "Owen Roe O'Nale."

Phadrig Oge jumped from the churn. "Owen Roe forever. I always said it," cries he. "Look at this man, boys," he says, pinting up to the priest. "There's the makings of the finest bishop in Ireland."

"The divil a much differ betwixt Owen Roe an' Brian Boru; 'tis one of them two anyway an' I don't care which," says the King.

The priest and the King sank back on their chairs, eyeing aich other with admayration.

Darby powered something out of a jug into three brown stone noggins, and then turned hot wather from the kittle on top of that agin.

Says the King to the clargyman, "You're the cleverest and the knowingest man I've met in five thousand years. That joult you gave me about Jonah was a terror."

"I never saw your ayquil," says Father Cassidy. "If we could only send you to Parliament you'd free Ireland," he says. "To think," says he, "that I once fully believed there was no such thing as fairies."

"That was bekase you were shuperstitious," says the King. "Every one is so, more or less. I am meself—a little," says he.

Darby was stirrin' spoons of sugar in the three steaming noggins, and Father Cassidy was looking throubled.

What would his flock say to see him dhrinking punch with a little ould pagin who was the friend of ould Nick.

"Your health," says the King, houlding up a cup.

His Riverence took a bowl of the punch for daycencies' sake and stood quiet a minute. At last he says, "Happiness to you and forgiveness to you, and my heart's pity folly you," says he, raising the noggin to his lips. He drained the cup thoughtful and solemn, for he didn't know rightly whether 'twas a vayniol sin or a mortal sin he'd committed by the bad example he was giving Darby.

"I wisht I could do something for yez," he says, putting on his cloak, "but I have only pity and kind wishes."

He turned agin whin his hand was on the door-knob, and was going to say something else, but changed his mind and went out to where Darby was houlding the horse.

Wullum Fagin, the poacher, was sneakin' home that night about one o'clock with a bag full of rabbits undher his arm, whin, hearing behind him the bate of horse's hoofs and the sound of most maylodious music, he jumped into the ditch and lay close within the shadow.

Who should come canthering up the starlit road but Father Cassidy on his big hunter Terror.

Wullum looked for the musicianers who were singing and playing the enthrancing music, but sorra one could he see, and what was more, the sounds came from the air high above Father Cassidy's head.

"'Tis the angels guarding the good man home," says Wullum.

Sure 'twas the Good People escorching his Riverence from Darby O'Gill's house, and to cheer him on his way, singing the while, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

WHITMAN—TAMER OF MEN

Jailer of the Cook County Jail, Chicago. A Sketch of the Man and his Work

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

THERE are confined in the Cook County Jail in Chicago more prisoners awaiting trial than in any other jail in the world. Not that Chicago is the toughest city in the world, but because in other cities prisoners are distributed in different institutions.

The jail of Cook County—a vast, rambling hall of detention—is made up of two parts, the old jail and the new—the new jail, all cement and steel and lightness and light; the old jail, all stone and embrasure and heaviness and gloom, staring recesses and chilling odors, heavy airs and dark corners.

The old jail stands for tradition and legend and twilight—for anarchist and scaffold and strait-jacket and dungeon; the new for daylight and reason, for the slenderness and strength of steel and the power of one man's will; because, for more than anything else, I take it, the new jail stands for the new jailer, John L. Whitman.

The First Test of the Man

In the old days and in the old jail, a young guard in charge of the "bundle" cage was once ordered to send a prisoner to the office for a policeman to identify. It was exercise hour, and the prisoners then took their exercise in the large corridor where the hangings are done. In this hall were gathered that day all the desperate inmates of the institution—inmates ruled by kicks and curses, disciplined on bread and water, dieted with the club, persuaded by the jacket, convinced in the awful solitary.

In the regular way the young guard sent word to the man that he was wanted. Word came back that he would not come. A second message was met with a defiance—he would not come and there were not guards enough in the place to bring him; the only way they could bring him to the front, he declared, was to bring him dead. Going to the office, the guard made report, with the comment that he knew the man sufficiently well to know he meant what he said, and that to bring him to the front meant serious trouble. The man was then, he said, at liberty with two hundred and fifty other prisoners, any or all of whom might determine to fight with him. He added the suggestion that the police officer wait until the prisoners were locked up for the noon hour, when this man could be taken from his cell without difficulty.

The policeman declined to wait. The jailer repeated that the prisoner must be produced, and ordered him brought to the front. The new guard made but a single protest.

It was not right, he answered, to ask him to undertake such a thing. In speaking even as mildly as he did, he knew that neither the jailer who gave the command nor any other of his subordinates would make the attempt for the wealth of Chicago; but, the guard added, if it was so ordered he would carry out the order.

That was John L. Whitman's first taste of the strenuous in the Cook County Jail. Whitman, now jailer, was the tenderfoot guard. The order was repeated, and Whitman started to execute it.

Meantime the body of prisoners had worked themselves into a ferment. In a jail, as in a mob, suspense is contagious, the prospect of a struggle exciting.

Two hundred and fifty prisoners in varying moods of defiance awaited the outcome. At the farthest corner of the big corridor the fighting man, flanked by twenty other thieves, murderers, burglars, and hold-up men, took his stand. Whitman gave them no unnecessary time to plan. The other guards, heavily armed, had assembled. The man that was to face death alone asked to have the bolts sprung; the steel door opened and Whit-

man entered the cage. There probably never has been and never will be another moment in this man's wide experience that will stand for all that moment stands for in his life. Past excited men, heedless of friendly warnings and black looks, straight towards the bad corner the new guard made his way. Prisoners closed upon him as water follows a keel, and no man outside the cage, as they lost him in the crowd, ever looked to see him come back alive.

When it was too late the horror came over those who had sent him. Word was passed, and every man on duty in the jail was quietly summoned to the north corridor. Inside, it was a babbling, cursing, jeering mob. As Whitman approached the real danger, the noise deepened into the threatening silence that waits on the lighted fuse. Three, five, six, seven minutes passed. Then, those watching on the outside heard a renewed clamor, saw a different setting of the confused currents within, and, unable to believe their senses, saw Whitman push through the mob with the obdurate prisoner, and walk him to the front.

The Kind of Kindness That Compels

He is not an alarming man physically. Thirty-nine years old, a hundred and fifty pounds, five feet nine inches. They will tell you he does all his wonderful work by kindness. So he does; but it is the kindness that shows no hesitation, no fear, and allows no insubordination. It is the kindness, not of violence, but of strength, and of a mastery uncompromising. If there be a single feature of Whitman's face that suggests the extraordinary, it is his eyes. Calling up Whitman's face, one remembers longest his eyes. Purpose, character, will-power, all lie in his searching brown eyes.

"How?" repeated Mr. Whitman. "By convincing the man that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose by submission. That instead of being his enemy I was, in reality, his friend. He tried to walk away from me, but I followed him. He swore the police meant to hang him anyway, and were determined to swear an identification. I waited for him to cool a little, and went at him again with reason and argument. I said I had orders to bring him to the front, and intended to do so; but that whether I succeeded or not it was nothing to me; it was everything to him whether or not he prejudiced his case by defiance. I never laid a hand on the man, but kept walking after him. The others crowded around us, railing at me, but I kept reasoning with my man, and really did win him over. The hardest part came after he had given in. The mob about us were not going to let him go. I had to do my work along exactly the same lines all over again, and to convince them that I meant their friend no harm and that for his own neck the best thing he could do was to come quietly. I finally got my man to stand with me against his own sympathizers—and he came along.

"That same man afterward came to me and apologized for the trouble he had made me that day. He realized that they would have found a way to identify him anyway, and that he had nothing to gain by resistance."

Morale of the Jail Then and Now

That was in August, 1892. Guard Whitman, then at the "bundle" cage, has become Jailer Whitman, clothed with full authority. The inmates of the Cook County Jail have grown from a sullen, hardened body of men, violating jail rules with impunity, resisting and evading punishment with scheming and with force, into an orderly body that, at the time of the death of President McKinley, assembled and expressed by resolution its horror and detestation of his assassination; into a company of men who, at the hour of his burial, when commerce over all the land was suspended—when factory wheels were slowed and locomotives stood throttled—gathered in their chapel and stood with bowed heads, silent, during the five minutes consecrated to the universal mourning for the murdered executive.

Let be said all that may, it is impossible to resist the conviction that such a spirit, even among malefactors, makes for good. Whitman has absolutely nullified among his prisoners the influence of the habitual and notorious criminal. In the jail life the worst offender is commonly the demi-god, the ideal of the inmates. He not only glories in his popularity, but uses his prestige to violate prison rules and to protect himself and his admirers from punishment. Of all men this man,

usually the petted and incensed tyrant of the tiers, is in the Cook County Jail the most unhappy. The swagger hero of crime may find his reward among neurotic women and in the yellow journal; but it is not for him in the seclusion of John Whitman's corridors and cells. This one fact means so much for boys and for those offenders who pass for the first time behind prison bars that if the sturdy Chicago reformer had nothing else to his credit, this should speak loud.

An End Put to Bribing in the Jail

There is, however, very much more than this to Whitman's credit. Of the many interesting features of his work, none appealed more to me than the secret of his methods in dealing with his prisoners; yet like all great methods they are simple. Whitman believes that the most vicious may be controlled if appealed to in the right way. Above all, by eliminating violence from the problem he knew he could at least command respect, and the winning of a man's respect is a long step towards controlling him. The work Whitman has so broadly carried on as jailer he began in the smallest possible way while in charge of the "bundle" cage. It was Whitman's duty there to give to the prisoners the orders from the office. In this way he came in close contact with the men. They found, first, that he was not to be bribed; that the fortunate prisoner with money got no more consideration from this guard than the less fortunate one without money. It soon became known that if a prisoner had some petty grievance he could appeal with confidence to Whitman to arrange matters, provided he didn't offer him money. When the money question came up, Whitman let it be bluntly understood he was out of it. If there was trouble between the police and the prisoners, Guard Whitman was often asked to clear up the difficulty; and when on both sides of the bars they found that he was absolutely disinterested in his efforts, his influence grew.

Such were the beginnings. With confidence already established, Whitman took complete charge of the jail May 1, 1895.

Whitman's Entertainments

One Thanksgiving day, soon after he became jailer, he made up his mind to give his prisoners something of an entertainment. Looking around outside to see what talent could be secured, he found himself fortunate beyond expectations; in fact, he got the help of a brass band, and was so elated that a new idea came to him—the idea of assembling the whole body of prisoners at once for a good entertainment.

The rule had been never to let more than one half the number of inmates out of their cells at the same time. When it became noised about the jail that an entertainment was to be given and that all were to be let out at once, so strong is tradition that even the more conservative of the prisoners declared it a dangerous innovation. Some of those whom Whitman had known as a guard, while thanking him for the proposed entertainment, privately cautioned him of the danger of a possible insurrection—adding, however, that they and some few trusted friends of his would, if he thought well, distribute themselves among the crowd and help him in case of any trouble.

Whitman thanked his trusties, but told them he believed the men themselves would appreciate the situation enough to insure good behavior. His advisers repeated his words among the prisoners. It appealed to them; they talked of it among themselves with genuine satisfaction, and declared that if their jailer had such confidence in them they would stand by him.

When they found themselves all at liberty together, Whitman made them a little talk to the effect that inasmuch as the officials of the place had to be away from their homes and on duty this Thanksgiving day, they would combine their duties with the prisoners' pleasure; that in attempting a new feature in jail life, he was compelled to place the men on their honor, and that if they did nothing to mar the proceedings the program proposed would be as enjoyable to the guards as to the prisoners themselves.

The new feature in the jail life was repeated in the form of occasional talks and lectures for the prisoners until the extraordinary became the usual and the regular. Now, it would be most extraordinary for a week to pass in Cook County Jail without some rational form of diversion for the inmates. At the close of the first series of entertainments planned, came the desire on Whitman's part to continue them in some

permanent form. Thus was suggested to the thinking jailer the idea of an association among the prisoners to take charge of entertainments, and I have before me the curious minutes of that meeting of men usually called jail birds at which it was resolved to organize the John L. Whitman Moral Improvement Association—an association officered, organized, and managed, under Whitman's supervision, entirely by the prisoners of the Cook County Jail. No matter when or where John L. Whitman dies, he will need no other memorial than this association; neither brass nor marble can add anything to its testimony.

Nor is it exaggeration to say that there are among Whitman's men at all times prisoners that would lay down their lives for him.

His Life Protected by his Prisoners

When Whitman came into the jail, trouble, violence, and fights among the men were of almost daily occurrence. There was a wicked feeling between the white men and the colored, the outbreaks occurring when the two hundred and fifty prisoners were exercising together. One day there was an especially vicious encounter between a colored man and a white man. Whitman, on the opposite side of the tiers, heard the murmuring and the scuffling. He rushed around the corridor to find a crowd of men who appeared to be fighting together, though in reality they were forming a ring around those that were fighting. He ran into the crowd and tried to push his way to the center. The men were determined that he should not. He was not struck, but the violent swaying of the crowd threw him on his head into the corner under the stairs. He got his feet, went in again, and so pushed his way among the men that they were about to lay violent hands on him. No other guard was in sight, but one big fellow, a prisoner that had served two or three terms in the penitentiary and was considered a desperate man, followed him closely. Whitman, forcing his way ahead, heard a voice behind. "Don't hit that guard! Hands off! On your life, I say, lay no hands on that man!" When Whitman reached the fighting men, they seemed about ready to quit; at any rate they were easily separated. Whitman, taking the one that seemed most defiant, led him out, the big man still following.

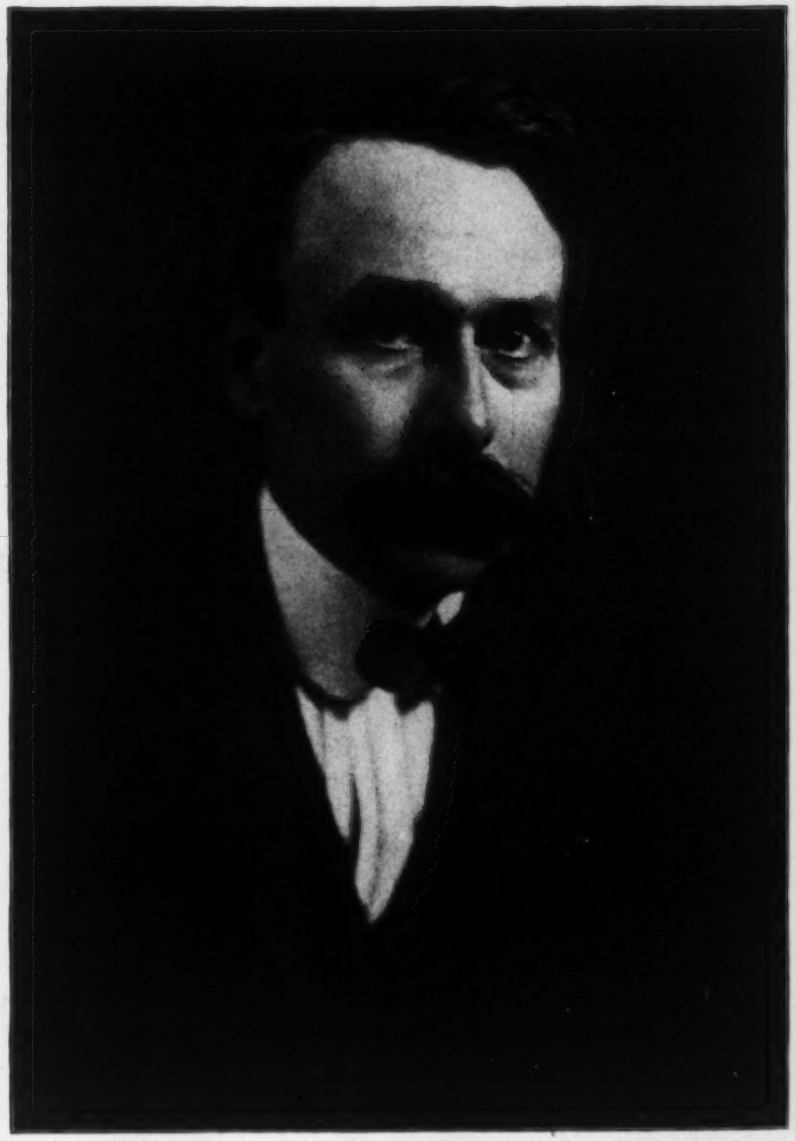
After the prisoners had been locked up Whitman tried to learn who the man was that had befriended him; he had not at any time succeeded in seeing his self-appointed protector, being able only to hear his voice. Whitman went then to his cell, thanked him, and asked him why he had done as he did. The big fellow answered that in his experience in prisons, he had found so few men possessed of any consideration for the feelings of prisoners that when he came in contact with a man like Whitman, he would not see him harmed so long as *he* remained in the game.

It is pleasing to be able to add that Guard Whitman afterward took up the big fellow's case with the police. He convinced them that they had no case against the man, and that if he could get out of this difficulty he would make a determined effort to live an honest life. The police let the man go; Whitman got him a situation, and for aught he knows the man is living straight yet.

A Bold Risk That Justified Itself

Shortly after Whitman was made jailer he was absent one day, taking a batch of prisoners to the penitentiary. Trouble arose again between the white men and the colored. This time it was pretty general, and a good many got to fighting. The guards immediately locked up all prisoners, and taking out a dozen or more of the ringleaders put them in solitary. By night the feeling had become still more bitter, and there were mutterings of fights to a finish next day if they were let out of the cells.

Whitman's first act on returning in the evening was to order all the men out of the solitary, because in a general "mix-up" it is hard to fix the blame upon any one. His rule is never to punish unless he is absolutely sure that he has the right man, preferring to let two guilty men escape rather than that one man innocent should suffer. Whitman kept his own counsel, and resolved in the morning not to let this incident in any way interfere with the usual jail regulations. After advising all the guards he gave instructions that the prisoners be let out as usual. The men that had been concerned in the fight of the day before were



JOHN L. WHITMAN

told to go up to the tiers, Whitman himself going into the exercising corridor to look on. The man that had been most desperate the day before obeyed the order. There were angry looks on the faces of many men. They looked at each other and looked at Whitman. They may have thought that he was there for business, and was prepared for any emergency ; at all events the usual quiet prevailed, though Whitman had not uttered a single order.

With such a discipline established, the situation was ripe for the extraordinary move that Whitman projected. At the occasional lectures in chapel one tier of prisoners, some sixty or seventy men, had been entertained at a time. The difficulty with this was that it took a month or six weeks to give all the prisoners a turn. The busy jailer secured some stereopticon views, and being desirous that as many as possible should see them at one time, he kept adding to the audiences. Before they realized it they had the room filled, and the grateful appreciation on the part of the prisoners encouraged him to still further effort. Before he himself was quite aware

of it he was holding two of these meetings each week, giving all the prisoners an opportunity to attend one or the other of them.

The stereopticon lectures were continued during the entire winter. At one of the meetings Whitman told the prisoners that he would like to consult with them as to some means for continuing the amusements. It being manifestly impossible to consult with them as a body, he suggested that the men of each tier select a representative to meet like representatives from other tiers to confer with their jailer concerning the continuance and the character of the entertainments.

They made their selections very promptly, nor did they select the most notorious criminals in their number, but the most conservative; and when Whitman called his seven representatives together, he found men of intelligence to consult with. The morale of the jail men is shown continually in this selection. Even the hard cases among the inmates have been known to protest at the nomination of an obviously unfit man as their representative on the Moral Improvement Association Committee.

The minutes of the first committee selected by the prisoners to organize the Association are dated April 8, 1901.

When McKinley Died

From this first attempt at organization there has come into the tone of the County Jail all the force over law-breakers that organized society exerts on law-abiders. This Association is a part and an important part—the chief feature, indeed, of this semi-penal institution. All plans are made with reference to their bearing on the aims and ends of the Association. It was the influence of the Association purely that made possible, for example, the McKinley Day memorial services. At that time Chicago was deeply stirred over the arrest of the anarchist suspects. The City Hall had confidentially notified the sheriff that an attempt would be made on that day to release the anarchists in the Cook County Jail. Whitman was advised to keep all prisoners locked in their cells; not even to permit the usual hour of exercise. On the outside, preparations were made to guard against a jail delivery. Two hundred policemen were massed in Dearborn Avenue and Michigan Street to anticipate trouble. These facts were known to the prisoners: they had been published in the newspapers, and it was no secret that the authorities on the outside looked for a riot. The men in the tiers were greatly surprised when their cell doors were thrown open that day as usual, and more surprised when they were called together to the chapel for service in memory of the murdered President. Yet such is their discipline that they did not allow even the excitement of the spectacle on the streets—the great body of police assembled around the jail—to disturb them. They appeared rather to be endeavoring to subdue the restlessness; and when that impressive portion of the service was reached in which the five minutes of requiem was observed, not in the whole great building could there be heard the slightest sound. A moment later they were joining in the singing in the most feeling manner. These men, it should be remembered, were all this time in the chapel and under no more restraint, so far as official authority is concerned, than at any of their regular meetings. Such was the effect of the spectacle on police officers, looking on, that they afterward declared they could not understand how men of this character could enter into such a service and make it so impressive.

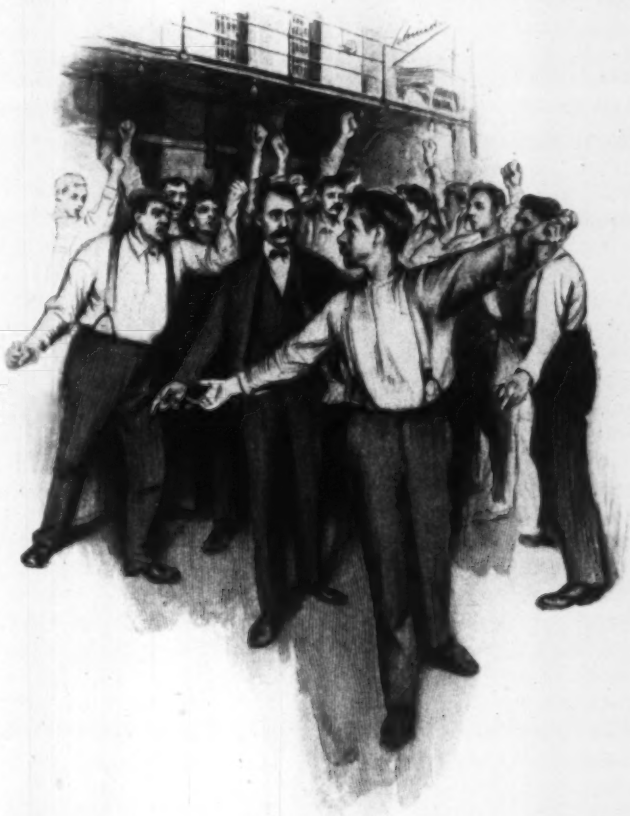
Discouragements of the Work

There are, of course, discouragements.

"Tell me," said I, "something about your failures."

Mr. Whitman was quick to admit them. It is a work that calls for superhuman patience. The man that deceives his friend and counselor to obtain aid with the sole intention of escaping a penalty or of committing new crimes, may be found in the Cook County Jail—as well as outside. The surprise is, not that there are so many cases of moral malingering, but that there are so few. Sometimes, too, even a discouraging case turns out better than hoped for. In one instance a man serving time in the jail sent word to Whitman through another prisoner that as the expiration of his sentence was near at hand, he wanted to go out and endeavor to live an honest life. The prisoner that brought the message believed the man meant what he said, and

added that if Whitman would help him into a position the fellow would put forth an honest effort to make a living. Whitman sent for the young man, became convinced that he wanted to quit the old life, and got him a job. The man, however, allowed himself to be put again in a false position. He was arrested. In his pocket was found a letter, written to a third person by the man to whom Whitman had sent him, asking aid for the fellow. He was brought back to jail within a week. Every one knew that Whitman had taken up the case and had endeavored to help the culprit. It was an embarrassing affair; somewhat of a "throw-down" for the trusting jailer. The man himself was so ashamed he could not show his face. Every prisoner and guard waited to see "what Whitman would do."



"He swore the police meant to hang him anyway"

His Splendid Optimism

Whitman did not speak of the matter till the next night of the Association meeting, when all were present. He then described the way in which the man had come to him; said the man had convinced him that he had the desire in his heart to live a decent life.

"I helped him," continued Whitman, "and I understand he has fallen again into the hands of the law and that he is in jail. I do not know whether he is in this audience; I do not know whether he is guilty of the offense now charged against him. But if he is in this room I want to say before you all that if he wants to come to me again I will help him again.

"I am told that he bore upon him, when arrested, a letter which I had caused to be given him to help him along. If he can convince me a second time that he wants to do what is right I will give him a new letter as much stronger than the one the police took from him as his last resolution to mend his ways is stronger than the first."

The terrific burst of applause from the listening criminals told how the words had gone home. Whitman had once more met the situation squarely, and once more had turned ridicule into strength. In the amphitheaters of Rome, gladiators entering the arena of death saluted the emperor. Is it hard to understand, after reading even so little of Whitman, that men when leaving his prison for the penitentiary turn as they step forward into the line that cuts off every hope of the world's respect and countenance and, before they are eternally branded for crime, give three ringing cheers for their quiet jailer?

In the instance related it proved that the case of the police against the young man did not really amount to much, being no more than suspicion. When the letter

was found in his pocket the wise policeman had said, "You're from the jails, eh? Ah, well, we'll run you in, anyhow." In discussing the new trouble with the young man Whitman told him that his case had now attracted so much attention they had perhaps better not do anything.

"Take your medicine," he suggested, "like a man." And the suspect took it. He is now working for Matt Pinkerton, the detective. He had learned his lesson; for when a man gets into trouble he must lie low until people have forgotten his record. A man gets out of jail and gets a job. There are plenty of helpful people who will tell his employer he has been in trouble, and usually that ends his usefulness. "You've been in jail," the employer says to the new hand; "we can't stand for this. You'll have to go." If, however, such a man has worked three or six months before he is found out and is behaving himself, he has a better chance to hold on. It may take a year or two years before he can reëstablish himself, but every day of right living helps.

CHARLIE LEONARD

The Men on Whom the Jail is Hardest

Not all the men that enter the County Jail are hardened criminals. It is really remarkably easy to get into jail. Many men are there under extraordinary circumstances. They are men not in trouble because they follow a criminal life, but often because of the many temptations that may come into any man's life when hard pushed. It is to this class of men that the new work in Cook County Jail is wonderfully helpful.

One such case was that of a mechanic who was sent in not long ago by the United States authorities for some irregularity in cashing a money order. The man had never been in jail before, and was a very decent sort of a fellow. His cell partner was an intelligent man, a newspaper man and a lecturer (whether he had ever done magazine work I did not learn). He came also from the United States Courts for mailing a postal card on which he had accused somebody, maybe with truth, of being a perjurer. It is curious to observe how easy it is to get into trouble. The professional man, having heard Whitman talk at the Association meetings, wrote him a letter saying that his cell partner, the mechanic, was fretting so he feared for his mind, and that something ought to be done with him. Whitman, acting at once, had the mechanic brought down to the office and put at work at his trade about the jail, and it was done in time to save the man's reason.

Uncle Charlie's Story

"Who among all your prisoners has been here the longest?" I asked one day.

"There is a colored man here," answered Whitman, reflectively, "who will be here six years, if he serves out the time imposed by the court—one year on each of six charges. He is about sixty

years of age, partly blind and somewhat broken in health."

"What are his offenses?"

"His chief, in fact his only weakness, so far as I know," continued the mild-mannered jailer, "is the tailoring-to-order graft. He will solicit an order for a suit of clothes. When it is given he requires from the customer a deposit of one dollar as an evidence of good faith that the suit will be accepted when delivered. His invariable custom is to collect the one dollar, never any more and never any less; but he habitually fails to deliver the goods. The last time he was here, before this, he had resolved not to get into trouble again, and I advised him to leave the city. This he did, but with his age, his poor sight and broken health, he found it difficult to make a living, and at intervals wandered back. A year ago this last winter I was told, one stormy January day, that somebody wanted to see me at the door. I went forward and found my old fake tailor, Charlie Leonard. He is a shrunken little fellow—weighs maybe a hundred pounds—but that day he had on a suit of clothes built for a man that must have weighed three hundred; he was lost in it. The sidewalk was covered with ice, and he had no shoes; his feet were on the ground.

"We had a talk. I gave him some clothes, a pair of shoes—a little change. He talked brave, and declared he wasn't going wrong again. But as I watched him start down the street in the snow-storm, I said to myself he won't stand it much longer if it keeps cold.

For two weeks the wind held in the north, and one night the Black Maria backed up, as usual, with our loads. Out of one batch, somewhat crestfallen, ambled Uncle Charlie Leonard. He had resumed business with early spring patterns and had secured six orders, each with the usual deposit of one dollar. When the matter came up, Judge Kavanaugh hardly knew what to do with him. He was going to send him to the Bridewell, but I knew he would be no good there to himself or to anybody else. 'Let me have him, Judge,' I suggested, 'the county has got to take care of him; the best you can make of him, he is a public charge. I will make him comfortable at the jail, and I'll get some good use out of him.' When asked what possible use I could put the old fellow to, I replied, 'There is a little work I can give him that he can do; but most of all I want him for his influence over the other colored men'; and actually," added Jailer Whitman, "we are getting those colored men so they are the best-behaved prisoners in the jail. They have lieutenants to look after things, and you won't find under their benches in the assembly room any dirt or any spitting. And if their seats are vacant on any night, the lieutenant goes around to investigate matters. This is all under the management of Charlie Leonard. He's as happy as if he had been born here and has been ever since the judge changed his sentence from the House of Correction to the Cook County Jail."*

I have left myself hardly any space to speak of the other features of this great place of detention of which Whitman is the head. I mean the journal conducted entirely by the Improvement Association. Among the schools is a Night School for the men taught by a prisoner selected from the Association. The selection is intrusted to the Executive Committee, subject to Whitman's approval. In matters of this kind it is Mr. Whitman's rule at all times "to see that things don't get to drifting," as he expresses it; in other words, he always keeps the slack.

You will meet in the Cook County Jail many strange characters. But among all that you study none will sink in like the man who has tamed this constantly changing army of violent men—Whitman himself.

I have not found time to speak of his wife. Yet I dare venture that much of this great achievement of the man has come from the sympathy and support of a good wife. One can hardly enter Cook County Jail without hearing of Mrs. Whitman's work. For my part, I base all estimate of her earnestness on one striking fact—that she has given up her city home to live with her husband where the work is being done that will be the monument of them both.

*At the present time, January, 1903, Uncle Charlie is "out"—his time having been commuted—and is tailoring again—"on the square."

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by H. M. Walcott

STUBBS showed me into the red drawing-room, the little one, because there was a fire there, and said that Lady Elinor would be down soon. I found Sibyl and the Persian cat informally occupying the hearth-rug. The cat moved away with a distrustful backward glance, but Sibyl, abandoning for the moment a huge and misshapen lump of something which would seem to have been toffee, gave me a very sticky hand.

"I'd offer you some toffee," said she, in a tone of reckless generosity, "but I—I'm afraid I've licked it all over."

"Oh, not any, thanks," said I hastily; "not that I should object to your having—er, licked it; but you see I'd just had a large quantity of it before coming here. I—I'm very apt to stop in at—at a shop and eat toffee," I concluded wildly.

Sibyl gave a sigh of all too obvious relief—though mingled with sadness.

"I don't have it often," she suggested; "not so *very* often."

"You shall have it every day," I cried; "pounds of it! The idea of not allowing you all the toffee you want! It's barbarous."

Sibyl wagged a melancholy head.

"I'm not allowed half enough," she declared. "This—this morning I—stole some from Elinor—only it wasn't toffee, it was chocolate. It hurts yet," she grieved, stirring about uneasily upon the hearth-rug.

"Oh," said I, leaning forward sympathetically, "tummy?"

"That's not where I'm smacked," said Sibyl with dignity. There was a painful silence for quite a minute or two. The Persian cat having reconnoitered from the middle distance, at last returned and sat down with an absent air upon the lump of toffee, but was indignantly pushed away by the proprietor of the same.

"Why did the cat go away, Sib, when I came in?" I inquired.

"Flossie Bray—I mean, Lord Brayton—was here this afternoon," said Sibyl significantly.

"The devil!" said I. "I would say, the deuce!" I apologized.

"Oh, you needn't mind me," declared Sibyl. "Dad uses—language, sometimes—quite often. He called me a little devil the other day."

"No!" I cried in a shocked tone. "He couldn't have, really!"

"He did," insisted Sibyl.

"I don't want to seem curious," said I in a deprecatory way, "but—but what had you been doing, Sib?"

"Just sailing boats in his bath," said Sibyl. "And—and one of them sank to the bottom, and I expect I forgot to take it out. Dad must have sat down in the bath the very first thing," she continued reflectively.

"Oh," said I. "I think I understand. Of course that was some provocation, wasn't it? But we're leaving our muttons—I mean our Lord Brayton. I take it he's not fond of cats."

"He tried to kick Frou Frou," cried Sibyl resentfully. "I paid him, though; I did things to his hat."

"Good old Sib!" said I.

"I'd much rather Elinor would marry you than Flossie Brayton," observed Sibyl, attacking the toffee.

"Thank you, Sib," said I gratefully. "So would I—I've told her so no end of times."

"He was kissing her hand to-day," continued Sibyl with disgust. "That was when he tried to kick Frou Frou, just because Frou Frou rubbed up against his legs in a perfectly friendly way."

"Kissing her hand, was he?" I growled. "The beast! Kissing her—Sibyl, my dear, I can't allow you to tell me—er, family secrets. You know it's not proper. Really it isn't."

"Rot!" said Sibyl elegantly. "And he put a ring on it, too—her hand, you know. What would he be doing that for? She wouldn't let him kiss her, though. She said, 'Not yet. Give me a little——'"

"Sibyl," said I firmly, "that is enough.

I mustn't listen to you. Elin—Lady Elinor wouldn't like it at all. Ah, Sib, Sib, it's a bitter world! I can't see any good in it."

"What can't you see any good in?" inquired Lady Elinor from the doorway. I rose and made a bow.

"I can't see any good," said I, "in not giving Sib all the sweets she wants; cutting her off that way only leads to immorality."

Lady Elinor shook her head.

"It's very bad for Sibyl's tummy," said she.

"Her tummy?" I inquired. "Why I should have said it was rather—" But a gentleman never betrays a confidence, and I held my peace.

Lady Elinor sat down in the big chair before the fire and leaned forward with her elbows upon her knees. I tried to catch a glimpse of her left hand, but it was hidden in the folds of her gown.

"Sib, darling," said she presently, "your hands are very, very shocking. Don't you want to go and have them washed—as a special favor to me?"

Sibyl swallowed the last of the toffee, and departed, with the Persian cat under one arm.

"I told him that Flossie Brayton tried to kick Frou Frou," she said from the doorway.

"Ah," cried Lady Elinor, looking up at me very quickly. "So Sib told you?"

"Yes," said I. "Yes, Sib said that—that Brayton had been here to-day. Ah, is it true—is it true, Elinor?"

Lady Elinor raised her left hand from the folds of her skirt, and the ring was there, on the third finger—a ruby between two diamonds. It looked like Brayton, just the showy sort of thing Brayton would choose.

"Why, yes, Teddy," said Lady Elinor rather low; "yes, it's true. You're the first one I've told. Won't you say something nice to me, Teddy?"

"I hope," said I, looking into the fire, "that you'll always have all the toffee you want, so that you won't have to steal it, like poor Sib—and be smacked. I hope your life will be as beautiful as you are, Elinor. I hope your future will be an illuminated page and your memory a blank one. I hope you'll be as happy as ever you've dreamed of being."

"Oh, no, no, Ted," cried Lady Elinor softly. "Not that. I shan't be as happy as I've dreamed of being, so don't hope that—if you really did hope it. As happy as I've dreamed of being! Ah, rather not! You don't know what a girl dreams, Teddy; you're nothing but a man, you see."

"Oh, I've had my dreams," said I, "and cherished them somewhat. It appears I must forget them—or try to. No, I don't fancy you will be as happy as you've dreamed. It's a pity."

"Yes," sighed Lady Elinor. "Ah, yes, it's a pity. Still, dreams never come true, do they, Teddy?"

"I've heard that theory advanced," said I, "but I don't recollect ever to have seen it proved."

"Why, if they could come true," said Elinor in a half whisper. "If they could——"

"You wouldn't be wearing that very handsome ring?" I suggested.

"No," said Lady Elinor, "I shouldn't be wearing Brayton's ring. I shouldn't be doing what they all want me to do—what they all expect me to do."

"All?" I objected.

Lady Elinor turned her head with a little sweet half sad smile, and I took a firm hold upon the arms of my chair.

"All," she murmured. "All, Ted, but one—one very foolish and—and very dear dissenter—who's dear for his great, great folly, and foolish because—why, because he's such a dear."

"But whose opinion is of no weight," said I.

"Whose opinion," said Lady Elinor, "*must* be of no weight, must be erased with—with the other—dear things to make that memory page blank."

"Ah, that memory page!" said I.

"It's the sweetest of all the pages," she murmured, "the very sweetest."

"If only it needn't be erased," said I.

"Erased it must be," declared Lady Elinor firmly. "Oh, Teddy, Teddy, weren't they good old days, those days! How did we ever come to stray out of Paradise, Teddy, after we'd gone so far in? Is there a little masked gate in the wall that we opened by chance, that we thought would lead us still farther in? Were we too busy looking at each other to see where our feet were turned?"

"'She'd slip down, I think, to the rug, and lean her cheek against his hand'"

"We didn't stray out," said I, with my head in my hands. "We were chucked out—by the main gate. Ask your mother how, Elinor."

But Lady Elinor was looking into the fire with a little far-away smile, and her face, with the soft red glow thrown up across it, was the most beautiful thing that a man ever saw.

"Of course we were only children," she cried softly, "but such dear children, Ted. Why mayn't people be children always? Why must they grow up?"

"They needn't grow up," said I.

"Why must they be taught wisdom?" demanded Elinor. "Why mayn't they be left in their belief that love is the only thing?"

"Love is the only thing, Elinor," said I. "Wisdom's a lie; love is the only thing."

Lady Elinor shook her head.

"The wise people say no, Teddy," she murmured. "They tell me that love is all dreams, castles in Spain—and that there's no happiness in Spain."

"I should make you happier than ever Brayton will," said I bitterly. It was a contemptible thing to say, for she was wearing Brayton's ring.

Elinor gave a little, low, gasping cry, and her eyes closed for an instant.

"He—tried to—kiss me—to-day!" she whispered presently. "I nearly—screamed! Ah, yes, yes, Ted, you would make me happier. Is happiness all, Teddy?"

"Upon my faith," said I.

"They say not," said Elinor. "Oh, I should—I shall become used to—Brayton after—after a while. He's a good sort, Ted. He loves me, I think, and—and he has a great deal of money. I shall be a power, shan't I?"

"Is that enough?" said I.

"It isn't what I'd dreamed, Ted," she said. "I'd dreamed—oh, such a life! No, power, Teddy; no great position—just happiness! Just two young, foolish, dear people, who loved each other madly—worshipped each other!—just their life together, a selfish life, I suppose, for no one else came into it at all. There were just the two of—of them, and nothing else counted in the least. They never grew up, you know, my two people; they wouldn't let each other grow up. They were infants, always, about most things. Oh, weren't they dears! I'd dreamed all sorts of beautiful little particulars, details about them—*my* people in Spain! What they'd do and what they'd say and how they'd act toward each other; how they'd sit before the fire of a nasty day or an evening in—in just one chair, not such a very big chair. Fires are so comfy, and make you want to be nice and say nice things. They're so noddy and sputtery and bless-you-my-childreny. People *couldn't* row over an open fire, could they? Sometimes they'd talk—when they wanted to—and say the things they wanted, and sometimes they'd stop, and understand each other quite as well—that's a test—Oh, and I—I think she'd like her head where—it belonged, and if he should happen to kiss her, there'd be no one but the firelight to see, and it would never, never tell. It would be very quiet, and the glow from the fire would be red on their faces, and they would not want another thing in all the world. She'd slip down, I think, to the rug, and lean her cheek against his hand, and look into the embers, and his other hand would be smoothing her hair as she loved it smoothed. Ah, Teddy, Teddy, wake me! I'm dreaming again, and I mustn't, I mustn't. Bring me back from Spain, Teddy. I mustn't wander there. That's the life I've dreamed of. Isn't it mad? That isn't what's before me."

"No," said I. "No, Elinor, that isn't what's before you. Have you thought of what you've to look forward to? Listen. Brayton is thirty-nine—nearly forty. He's growing a bit stout, Elinor. He'll be fat in five years, and he's undeniably bald at the tonsure. He likes his dinner—he even loves it—and for a couple of hours afterwards he's—he's somnolent. I don't like talking about men behind their backs, but this is a time for plain speaking. Brayton wouldn't care for sitting *à deux* before the fire. That wouldn't amuse him. He'd fall asleep and spoil things. No, he'd be off at his club of an evening. Brayton wouldn't fit into a castle in Spain; he's a bit—solid. Still, he'd be nice to you—if you didn't interfere with him. He'd be proud to have you at the head of his table; you would ornament it, Elinor, and I dare say you'd get on together in a very friendly, peaceable sort of fashion—in England, not Spain."

Elinor dropped her face into her arms, and her bowed shoulders quivered and shook.

"Ah, no, no!" she moaned. "Ah, no, no, Teddy! Not that. I—I can't bear it!"

Then after a long time she looked up once more. Her beautiful face was very flushed, and there were tears wet upon her cheeks.

"It's impossible," said she. "I can't do it. I was mad even to fancy for an instant that I could bear such a life after —after everything."

She pulled the diamond and ruby ring from her finger suddenly and threw it from her as if it burned her hand. It rolled into the gloom beyond the circle of firelight, the three gems flashing as they went.

"Let them say what they will," cried Lady Elinor. "Oh, take me away to Spain, Teddy!"

Then I stood up before her and held out my arms.

"Come to Spain, Elinor!" said I.

THE TRIUMPH

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-V—Sitting together in the same car of the train which is carrying young Doctor Neal Robeson home to his native town in Western Pennsylvania are Sally Packer, a country girl, and Ike Braddish, an oil driller. Neal, who has recognized Sally, notices that she is crying. He introduces himself, persuades her to change her seat, and gets her story. She and the man are returning from Avalon, whither they had eloped that morning, but where the marriage certificate Braddish had promised was not forthcoming. Sally had thereupon insisted on returning home at once. Neal informs Braddish that he is acquainted with his designs, and gives him until the next day to leave the town.

On arriving home Neal, who himself has returned for a rest, is shocked to find his father, the old country doctor, alarmingly aged. The chief items of news in the little town are the recent arrival of a rich family—the Nevilles—from Avalon, and the decision of Eleanor Craig, the orphan of the minister, to drill an oil well on her place. More interesting to Neal is his own observation that young Mr. Lindsay Neville has taken a great liking to Eleanor, and his suspicion that Eleanor returns it with interest.

Braddish does leave town the day after Neal's arrival, but, as he informs Neal who is at the station to watch him go, for no fear of him; and he adds that he will return and "do" Neal "up."

CHAPTER VI

The Villagers are Amused

EXPECTATION ran high over the various features of the "exhibition" that Eleanor was supervising, especially over the athletic contest, for Neal had announced that first and second prizes had been offered—the first anonymously, the second by Mr. Lindsay Neville. Only Jake, the Robesons' red-haired hired man, professed little interest in the outcome of this event. His particular friend, John Robeson, was not to take part. Instead, John was to recite Bret Harte's verses, "I Was With Grant."

"Oratory for me," stated Jake, upon hearing a rehearsal. "That's the dumb funniest. I'll applaud you, John."

On the appointed night the schoolroom filled, rapidly and noisily; the kerosene lamps, set in their tin brackets against the walls, smoked from the constant slamming

of the doors; there was a great scraping of chairs and settling of dresses, and much shrill nasal sound. The Nevilles sat with well-bred impassiveness, trying to be unconscious of the craning, curious necks and of the commenting murmurs.

Eleanor entered and paused in front of them to cheer a thin little girl who was bowed over, clutching her hands together in an agony of fear. Lindsay Neville, hearing what she said, leaned forward.

"Oh, but I don't believe she's at all nervous, Miss Craig," he said persuasively. "Gracious!" he added, as the child turned a piteously hopeful face toward him, "Little girl, I don't see how you can be so cool! When I was a boy and had to make a speech, my heart"—he put his hand on his breast—"my heart — I thought it would jump clear through my coat and go flop, flop on the floor, like a fish."

Eleanor gave him a grateful look. He continued, gathering into his audience two or three other small persons who had turned their heads.

"I think you're wonderfully self-possessed, all of you," he said flatteringly. "You know I love to cheer and clap and laugh—I suppose some of you have funny pieces? I like to cry, too, when anybody sings a pathetic song or acts sad. I hope there will be somebody with a piece that will make the tears come into my eyes; I don't want to laugh all the time, because it's fattening, and I can't stand much of that."

With his corpulence and his benevolently shaped head, he suggested the bachelor subservient to babies, indefatigable at trotting them on his knee. Yet for all his blandness, he had an energetic, lively face, and his eyes had a way of leaping at one and then of holding one boldly.

"This is my sister next to me," he went on, and the girl laughed and nodded to the faces turned round in shy interest.

"*Will Bains, with face set and dangerous*"

"Her name's Rosamond, and she's got a light complexion like me, and she's going to be fat like me, only she doesn't think so. I have a rhyme that I always sing whenever I want to find her—

'Where, oh where is my Rosamond?
Where, oh where is my strawberry blonde?'

What's your name, little girl? Maybe I can make up a rhyme about you."

"Mahala Jenkins."

"Step upon the stage, Mahala,
And let me hear how you can holler.

That's not a very good rhyme though, and holler isn't really a nice word. Let me try again on this boy here."

"Seth Johnson."

"Seth—Seth—what can I do with Seth?" murmured Neville in perplexity. "There was a young speaker named Seth. Come, help me out with this, Rosamond."

"No, you can finish it yourself. He's as silly as Mother Goose when he gets started," Rosamond confided to the children.

"Seth—Seth—but never a word saith she," said her brother reproachfully. He laid his finger upon his forehead and thought, and the children began to giggle.

"Ha, I have it," he cried, and he recited, beating carefully with his hand—

"There was a young person named Seth,
Who would speak with his very last breath;
'Hold me down if you dare:
I *will* leave my chair,'
Cried this eager young speaker named Seth."

As the boy happened to be quite the most bashful of all elocutionists, this sally received great applause. The scared little Mahala became nearly hysterical with delight.

"We shall want a few words from you at the end," said Eleanor, speaking to the young man. She gave him no time for more than a dismayed flinging up of his

hands, for she at once nodded to the children, who rose, flocked about her, and followed her upon the platform. Seating herself at the piano, she began the accompaniment to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Then, when the singers had returned to their seats, she announced that Henry Ploot would recite "Venerable Men!" from Webster's Bunker Hill oration.

There was silence while a sturdy youth, with cowlick flattened down upon his brow, hurled forth the apostrophe.

Next Miss Arabella Clack rustled to the stage with jet glistening upon her like dewdrops in the sun, and with a black crescent pasted on one buxom cheek. She rendered on the piano "White Wings" and "Northern Lights," after which she made way for more oratory.

The trembling Mahala was called upon.

"Don't forget to *holler*," Neville said to her, with a reassuring laugh. She recited bravely, and because she was the smallest performer the applause was generous. After Seth Johnson and McIlhenny Stiles had given their "comic" dialogue, Neal, Pete Stilwell, Dan Hodgkins, and half a dozen other boys, clad in sleeveless jerseys and gymnasium tights, came from the dressing-room, carrying the horizontal bar.

"The boys will stump one another," Neal announced. "Each one will have three tries at any feat before he's counted out. Mr. Lindsay Neville, who has offered the second prize, has kindly consented to act as judge in this contest. I'm simply in it to act as pacemaker."

Little Tom Stearns dropped out after three valiant, straining attempts to "skin the cat"; Ted Lemon and Albert Bliss both failed on the somersault over the bar; Frank Hedges succumbed on the "bunch" swing, where the others had whirled round and round, holding on by elbows and knees, and looking like trussed fowls. Each, as he retired, was applauded, and given also some good-humored criticism. "You give a fine exhibit of quiverin' with the head down, Tom;" "Albert, you kicked awful hard; was your fetlocks a-tickling you?" But as the events progressed, and the three remaining contestants—Pete Stilwell, Dan Hodgkins, and Jim Dake—went through without a failure, excitement began to subdue the audience.

"That boy of mine will break his fool neck yet," old Dave Stilwell muttered, vainly trying to repress his pride when

"'Our well-known sportin' character, Mr. Dave Stilwell'"

Pete, after two failures, succeeded in making a clear swing and back somersault. It was this feat that Jim Dake failed on. The rivalry between the two remaining competitors began to show greater keenness, and they struggled through the increasingly difficult tasks with a straining effort that contrasted with Neal's smooth performance. Pete, who was leading, essayed the "giant swing," in which the performer, clinging only by his hands, and stretched at full length, sweeps in wide revolutions about the bar. The boy swung until he had gained momentum,

then launched himself, rose to the point where he was for a trembling instant standing on his hands, his feet high in air, and then broke and came tumbling. He picked himself up, waited a moment, tried again; failed, and tried a third time. "Oh, durn!" groaned Dave Stilwell, morosely folding his arms. The audience greeted Pete's retirement with an ovation that softened the old man's disappointment.

And in another moment his hopes had revived, for Dan Hodgkins failed on his first attempt, even as Pete had done. "They all crumple up when they get high in the air," Blanchard observed critically. And Dan Hodgkins crumpled up twice more.

"There was nobody stumped Pete anyway," declared Dave Stilwell, somewhat vauntingly, amid the sighs and applause. "I wonder if Neal can do any more than that there thing Pete missed on. Ho, there he goes!"

And wrapt in the general wonder, Stilwell gazed as Neal concluded the athletic programme with five giant swings backward. The audience implored him to do more, but he shook his head, and said, "It's all I know."

The closing features of the entertainment began. John Robeson delivered "I Was With Grant," and at the end there came from a remote corner the most titanic of guffaws, which sank and paused, only to renew itself. Here and there people stood up to ascertain the uncontrollable source, and an evil-disposed boy sneered to John, "Huh, paid Reddy Jake's way in to have him laugh, huh!" "You tell that to any one, and I'll lick you," flashed back the sensitive speaker. Even during Arabella Clack's farewell selection, "Good-night, Beloved," there were sputterings and cracklings, heroically strangled, which brought down upon the hired man black looks from those about him.

Arabella, leaving the piano, was held by the enthusiasm of the audience, smiling and bowing. Will Bains, with face set and dangerous, rose from his seat and strode toward the platform, bearing a bunch of roses tied with a pink ribbon. A shout of delight went up from men and boys, and women began to clap. Arabella turned red and took a hesitating step, then paused, seeing that she could flee only toward Will.

In the back of the room Sol Packer was on his feet, strenuously invoking quiet. Securing some measure of it, he vociferated in tones that rang through the hall: "Wait, Will; wait till you can see the whites of her eyes."

Will came manfully close to the stage, and then let fly; the bouquet sped so straight and so hard that Arabella gave a little shriek. But she tried bravely to catch it, and when it fell from her hands, she stooped, and, picking it up, smiled at Will and ran from the platform. Amid uproarious laughter, the happy youth made his way to his seat, and every one that could reach him pounded his back as he passed.

The programme was at an end, and Eleanor announced that Mr. Lindsay Neville would award the prizes. He smiled upon the audience in an engaging, friendly way, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, or, if I may say so, fellow citizens——"

There was a hilarious burst of approval and a shout from some one, "We'll let you, all right."

"Thank you. Now, if you'll let me, I'll omit the speech for the present and go straight to business."

"Speech! Speech!" cried some of his enthusiastic fellow citizens.

"Oh, you're not going to escape a speech," he assured them. "But I'm going to give out a few prizes first." He showed that he meant what he said by walking over to the piano and taking from it a set of books. "The prize for the best declamation goes to Mr. John Robeson."

As John stepped forward, there rose above the applause a shrill, deafening whistle from the corner that had been most appreciative of his work. It mounted and sank and mounted again, the wondrous triumph of a man's two lips and four of his fingers. The applause was silenced by it, and then burst forth with new enthusiasm for the whistler.

The stout young man stood beaming on the platform.

"I was glad I could give that prize to Mr. Robeson," he said. "I wanted to hear from that corner again. The prize for the best rendering of a musical selection goes to Miss Arabella Clack."

What the prize was the audience could not see, for it was delivered wrapped up in a box; and while the applause lasted, there were requests, "Open it, Arabella." And presently she was holding up and joyously brandishing an arm encircled by a silver bracelet.

"I happened to have in my pocket," said Neville, "because I thought it might be needed on such an occasion as this, a special prize—what I shall call the Reward for Valor. I wish now I could bestow two Rewards for Valor. But, after all, the young man who deserves such decoration has been repaid to-night—amply repaid by smiles other than mine. And"—he had to wait until the commotion caused by an attempt to get Will Bains on his feet had subsided—"and I think you will agree with me that the winner deserves this prize. I'm not sure how she pronounces her name. Early in the evening I said to her—

> 'Step upon the stage, Mahala,
> And let me hear how you can holler.'

Perhaps that was pronouncing it wrong. So now I'm going to try it the other way, and say—

> 'Step upon the stage, Mahala,
> Here is your Reward of Valor.'"

"Say, he's all right," said Packer, who was banging his hands together, to Jim Casey, who was doing the same, happy this evening in the companionship of Sally.

"You bet he is," answered Jim.

And the women said, "Isn't she a little dear!" as Mahala came shyly on the platform and looked up at Neville while he fastened a gold pin at her breast.

"Now," said Neville, "it's pretty mean to have to say that of two men who have practically tied in a contest one must take second place. I should like to avoid rendering a decision on the gymnastic contest. Anyway I'm going to talk about something else before I say the words that must, I fear, plunge half these shining faces into gloom."

Arabella Clack, whose chief personal affliction was a too shining complexion, instinctively passed her hand over her face. Neville, seeing that he had the attention of his audience, proceeded seriously:

"I want to tell you how much this exhibition has impressed me. I have been seeing lately a great deal of the disadvantages under which boys and girls in a big city grow up.

"I happen to be a member of a committee in Avalon. A newspaper began some months ago to deride us by calling us Vice Crusaders, and that's what we are. We get word of unlawful places that are being kept open with the connivance of the police. We raid these places and close them up. It doesn't hurt now to be called Vice Crusaders. We have had such success that I have sometimes been sickened by it. The places that we have found were in the most densely settled part of Avalon; and nearly every man, woman, and child in the neighborhood knew of them. Those who remained respectable in the midst of corruption were helpless; they could report to the police, and nothing would come of it.

"Under the circumstances there were a good many that couldn't stay respectable, and that number was always increasing. It was made so easy to go wrong. It was sometimes pleasant, sometimes profitable; it seemed never to be followed by punishment. The boys and girls there were growing up without one good influence—unless it was by accident. And to change things in any way seemed so hopeless—I used to think it would be better after all just to drop it and go into the country to live, where it was clean and healthy, and forget.

"Well, some men have their work to do in the country, and others have theirs to do in the city, and circumstances seem to have made me one of these. But you don't know what it means to me, after seeing the Monday-to-Saturday vice and crime of Avalon, to come down here over Sunday and see—and I hope get—a little of the virtue of the country. And I should like to say this. Doubtless a good many of you will eventually leave Rehoboth, pleasant as it is, and go to some city. And when you do, I hope you will remember that the city boys and girls have more to fight against in all that leads to virtue and honor in this world than you have had; and I hope that by being good citizens and standing for the right, and not only standing for it, but being leaders for it, you'll help them in their fight.

"And now you're getting uneasy to

know who's the winner of the athletic contest. In making a decision I have had to take into consideration the grace and smoothness in the performances of the competitors. Because he seemed on the whole to excel in these points, I have pleasure in awarding the first prize—a handsome silver watch, presented, I regret to say, by one who prefers to remain the Great Unknown—to Mr. Dan Hodgkins."

Dan clumped down the aisle amid an uproar.

"'If I am bothered or annoyed, it will probably not be by the oil drillers'"

"The second prize—a pair of skates—is won by Mr. Peter Stilwell."

"I'm satisfied," Pete's father said incautiously to Blanchard. "I don't know as *'twould* have looked just right for Pete to take that first prize."

"Why, did you give it?" asked Blanchard, looking at him keenly, and then reading confession in the old man's embarrassment, he shouted in his mighty voice:

"Set down all! I'm privileged to announce that our well-known sportin' character, Mr. Dave Stilwell, donated the handsome watch. I should like to call on Mr. Stilwell for a few words."

"Durn ye, Blanchard, durn ye!" Stilwell said furiously, moistening his lips in distress during the laughter and applause. "I can't think of a thing to say, I——"

But Blanchard and Torson were hauling him to his feet. He stood ruffled and disconcerted.

"This is an ondignified position for me to be in," he began. "The performance we have had the pleasure of witnessin' was an ondignified performance, I may say"—he hesitated, and then, casting his eyes about on the laughing faces, went on relentingly—"but, I may say, it was an amusin' one. And I regard the speech to which we have had the pleasure of listenin' as a moral speech, and I may say we all approve of it, for this is a moral town. The old folks as well as the young folks are moral—well, it ain't no laughing matter, now I tell ye," he said indignantly, surprised at the sudden outburst which greeted this statement. "And I may say—I may say—I want to shake the hand of the gentleman that made them moral remarks."

He advanced toward Lindsay Neville, and the two men ceremoniously shook hands before a much gratified audience. Stilwell's inspiration became instantly popular, and in another moment Lindsay found himself holding a reception, blocked off from his laughing family by a throng of people, all pressing to shake his hand.

On all sides Neal heard murmurs of admiration for the speaker; they came as much from the men as from the women. He made his way up to Eleanor, who was standing with Wilbur, looking on happily.

"It was a great success," he said, "and the success is all yours."

"Oh, it's everybody's," she answered. "Your part in the performance was splendid, Neal. I'm ever so grateful to you."

And then her eyes strayed from his and rested again with a smile on Neville, who was still bowing and shaking hands.

"May I walk home with you?" Neal asked.

"Thank you. But Mr. Neville said they would drive Wilbur and me home. I don't know how they'll crowd us in. I'm afraid it means Mr. Lindsay Neville will walk."

"Oh," said Neal. "Well, good-night, Eleanor."

"Good-night," she said. "Thank you again, Neal," and as he stepped into the line, he saw that she had returned to her gazing.

He joined his family, who were conversing with the Nevilles. He experienced at once Miss Neville's excited admiration. She said to him:

"Oh, Doctor Robeson, I think you were perfectly wonderful. I'd rather be athletic than anything else. And Lindsay told me how you beat him at tennis and swimming and everything."

Amid such congratulations he should have been happy. But he was not, really. He knew too clearly he had been outshone; and he liked to shine.

CHAPTER VII

Neal Arranges an Object Lesson

IKE BRADDISH had returned to Rehoboth. Neal debated with himself whether he ought to warn Sol Packer of the danger that might menace Sally. But from what he had seen and heard of the relations between her and Jim Casey, he concluded that the period of her infatuation for Braddish was past; and out of consideration for the girl, he chose to remain silent.

Braddish had returned to drill the well on Eleanor's land. The derrick had been built, the engine had been set up, and the Nevilles from their house above had looked on aghast. Only Lindsay Neville, deep in Avalon politics, had not heard of these developments, and when, therefore, he arrived in Rehoboth the afternoon of the day on which the rigging was completed, he stopped on Eleanor's hill-top in amazement.

A derrick seventy feet high stood before his eyes, where no derrick had ever been. Along the brook beside it were flung its various unsightly appurtenances, a boiler, an engine-house, a shed and plank-walk, a pile of casings, a huge wooden tank. A sound of hammering in the derrick answered a sound of hammering in the engine-house.

As Neville descended the hill, he saw Eleanor Craig seated on her doorstep, gazing at the strange development.

"Hello," he called out, taking off his hat and waving it at her. He was an informal person, and although he had been so little in Rehoboth, he had always seen her when he had come down. "You are quite the suddenest. I didn't know you were going to drill for oil."

"Yes, I've meant to for some time. I'm sorry—I'm afraid it must cause your family some vexation," Eleanor said.

"Oh, they'll get over it," he answered cheerfully. "Will you stay here while the work goes on? It will be pretty disagreeable, won't it? You're not afraid to have the drillers hanging round day and night?"

"Oh, no; they will be busy. People aren't dangerous when they're busy."

"Now, I'm sorry to hear that," he said with a laugh. "I was hoping that some folks up in Avalon were beginning to find me dangerous."

"What is the political outlook?" she asked.

"Oh, we're accumulating facts for argument. Who's this coming in the buggy? Neal Robeson, isn't it? Is he coming to see the Craigs or the Nevilles? The Craigs, of course; this is your field day, I suppose."

"Yes, I'm the village show."

"I hope the well will be a gusher."

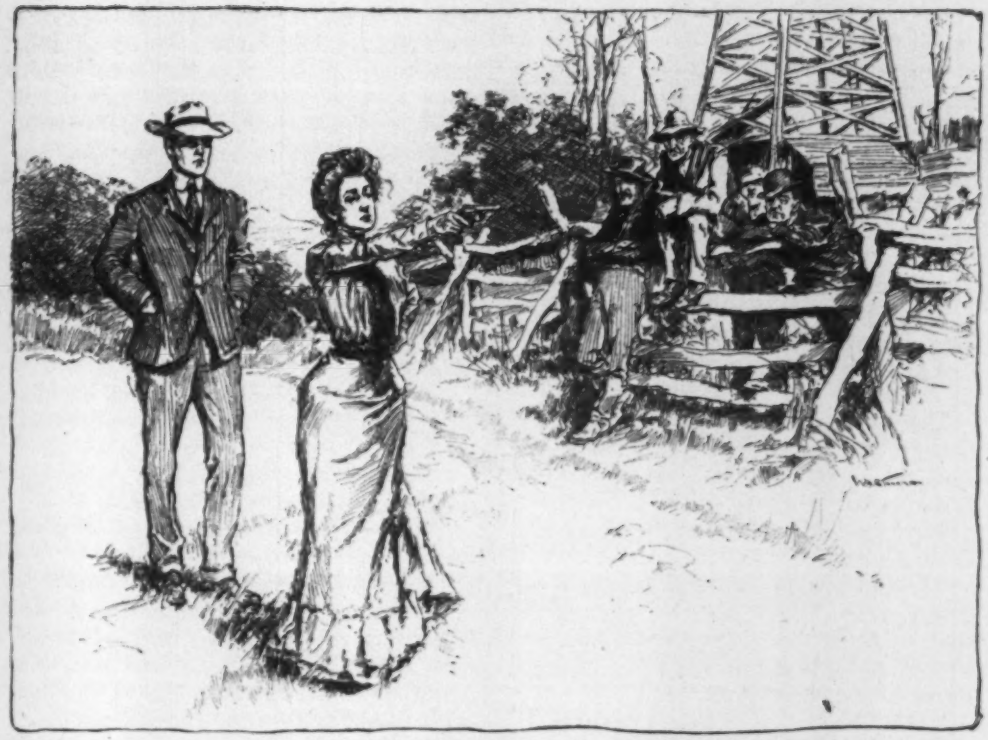
"It would be ruinous to your place if it were," she answered solemnly.

He smiled cheerfully, and after waiting to shake hands with Neal, started up the road.

Neal tied his horse to the hitching-post, glancing meanwhile toward the scene of activity, which was less than a hundred yards distant from the house.

"It looks really like business, doesn't it?" he said. "With Sipe sitting on the fence and the others working. Are you going to stay here through it all, Eleanor?"

"I think I had better have embroidered in large letters on my breast, 'Yes, I am



"She raised her pistol at a distance of about thirty-five feet"

going to stay,'" she answered. She moved to one end of the doorstep, making room for him, so that he might sit down. "You are about the tenth person that has asked me that to-day."

"A fellow can't always be original," Neal said, taking the seat by her side. "And I feel as if I ought to talk to you pretty straight about this." He knew that she stiffened imperceptibly. "It will be more comfortable for you—no, it will be safer for you to go somewhere else until the drilling is finished. There are plenty of people who would be glad to have you stay with them; mother has asked you, I know. This fellow Braddish is a dangerous character; I understand that he has collected the others, and that means they are of the same kind."

"I assure you I have made up my mind," Eleanor said stiffly. "If I am bothered or annoyed, it will probably not be by the oil drillers."

Neal reddened. Then he laughed.

"Honestly, I don't see your reason," he said. "Just perverseness?"

"That will do for a reason," she answered. Then she broke out, with some anger, "Why should I give a reason—to you—to any of these people—for preferring to live in my own house, in my own way? I have no fear of these men. I consider it unmanly—yes, unmanly in you to try to fill me with false alarms; that is something no one else has tried to do."

"I can't help it," Neal answered. "If I seem unmanly to you, I'm sorry. I should seem unmanly to myself if I were too delicate to speak out and say I know you are running a needless risk. A girl like you can't know the risk; a girl like you has no idea of a man like Braddish. You stay here; you expose yourself certainly to the risk of insult, if nothing worse."

"And going elsewhere, I might expose myself to the risk of lectures—quite tiresome lectures," she said.

"If it was just a matter of defence by retort—" Neal began.

"By retort!" She flung out one hand excitedly. "I have my pistols."

Neal glanced again toward the derrick. Braddish had come out and was standing by the fence talking with Sipe. And then Neal had a quick inspiration.

"Pistols!" he mocked her. "Pistols! Pshaw!"

With a quiet delight he saw he had now made her too angry to speak. She had set her lips with the expression that means, "Don't let me say anything I shall be sorry for."

"Why, I don't suppose with your little pistol," he continued good-naturedly, "you could hit a burglar under the bed. A woman with a pistol is just a little more helpless than a woman without one. You'd better let Wilbur have charge of the pistols and get yourself a burglar alarm," he concluded amiably.

The expression on her face did not change. She rose and went into the house. Neal sat on the step and smiled, though it was rather a rueful smile.

She came out, as he had expected, carrying a pistol.

"I will show you whether a woman can shoot or not," she said, so vindictively that he could not refrain from asking—though he knew it was unwise—"Are you going to use the gun on me?"

"What would you like to have me hit?" she asked in an immobile voice.

"Don't harm the birds," he pleaded, noticing that her unseeing gaze was fixed on a sparrow in the road. "Haven't you an old tin can somewhere?"

He found one behind the woodshed.

"Put it on that stone across the road," she said.

"Oh, no," he answered. "The object of this is to show you can shoot with people looking on. So we'll move down here a little way, so that these men can see."

He started with the can toward the derrick. His motive flashed upon the girl, and against her will a smile twitched the corner of her mouth. He was diplomatic enough not to notice it.

Two men who had been hammering inside the derrick came out and watched the approach with some curiosity. Sipe and Braddish stared and talked together in an apparently unfriendly interest. Neal paid no attention to them. When he came within about fifty feet of where Sipe was sitting, he placed the tin can on a fence post. The sun glinted on the revolver in the girl's hand, and the two men out in the field came over to Sipe and Braddish. They were short, heavy-set, and powerful; one of them had long, gorilla-like arms. In the unremitting silent gaze of the four men there was a hostile quality that Neal felt, and that he feared might make Eleanor nervous. She raised her pistol at a distance of about thirty-five feet.

There was the report, and the can tumbled from the fence post.

Neal glanced over at the men. The two whom he did not know were talking and shaking their heads. Braddish stood with his arms folded, in grim silence. Sipe called out, in his wheedling voice,

"That's right good shooting, Miss Eleanor."

"It will do," Eleanor said, and turning unconcernedly, she walked back toward the house.

"I admit that your performance is upsetting to my theory," Neal said.

"It was very clever of you to draw me into it," she answered. "It was a rude and uncalled-for performance."

"It was a rudely suggestive one." He lingered a few moments, hoping that besides acknowledging his cleverness, she might mollify or retract some of the passages of the afternoon, but he lingered in vain.

Meanwhile, Braddish was holding a private conversation with the man with the long gorilla-like arms, whom he had drawn to one side.

"Arty," he said, "did you take note of that fellow with the girl?"

"I did," answered the other.

"He is the fellow that stole my girl away from me," Braddish said, "and I am going to do him up, as sure as your name is Arty McGuire."

"Did *he* steal her?" asked McGuire in surprise.

"Not for himself. He ain't man enough for that."

"What's become of the girl?"

"She's here in town."

"Have you give her up?"

"I don't know as I have." Braddish spat upon the ground. Another subject was engrossing him. "See here, Arty; did you get the point of that gun play?"

"Kin I smell a skunk!" asked McGuire derisively.

"*He* put her up to that, and when he goes I'll just chase over and buzz to her."

No sooner had Neal driven away than Braddish sauntered up to the doorstep, where Eleanor was still sitting.

"I suppose it was your friend that started you to givin' us that hint," he said bluntly. "Now, I want to tell you we don't need no shows of that kind. We're here for oil, not for house breakin'."

"I never thought otherwise," Eleanor answered, feeling he had put her in the wrong.

"I was comin' over anyhow this afternoon to say one thing to you," Braddish continued in a more conciliatory tone. "Might have saved you from wastin' your powder if I'd come before. I wanted to tell you that I'm bossin' the drillers, and they're men I know. They're all right, too, and they won't give you no trouble. Of course we're a rough crowd—can't pretend to be nothing else. But the only feller that's sometimes kind of ugly if there's drink around is Arty McGuire. He's my tool dresser, so I will have a close watch over him. So you needn't be afraid of him. He'd be all right anyhow, and he ain't dangerous even when he's drunk, nothing but loud and noisy. And mind, I'm his boss, and I will look out for him. If you find any trouble, you just report to me."

"I don't anticipate any trouble," Eleanor said.

"There won't be any," Braddish reiterated. "I'll hold McGuire in all right. I don't suppose," he added, "you'd object to our getting a jug of water now and then from your well? That in the brook ain't hardly fit to drink."

"No; certainly not."

She waited for a moment, and then, as he had nothing more to say, she nodded and went into the house. She felt now provoked with herself, and especially with Neal, because of her exhibition of marksmanship. It had put her definitely in the wrong. The drillers were, doubtless, simple-minded, rough, good-hearted men, honest as the day.

"Arty," Braddish said to McGuire on his return to the derrick, "I have give you a bad character."

"The h—l you say!" replied McGuire, complimented, with a grin.

CHAPTER VIII

A Knight Errant and a Simple-minded Brute

ON the next afternoon Neal started out for another interview with Eleanor, this time with a definite and important purpose in mind. When he reached the top of the hill overlooking her house, he turned and went home. He had seen Lindsay Neville's chestnut horse tied in front of her door.

From the discouraging significance of this he did not recover for three days.

Then he received a vitalizing shock. He met Braddish upon the road, and Braddish lounged toward him and said, with a leer,

"There are girls and girls."

"What?" said Neal.

"You thought you done me out of Sally, didn't you? Well, now I'm tellin' you. There are girls and girls."

And Braddish's wink was almost good-natured as he lounged on down the road.

Neal climbed a fence and seated himself on it—he had the countryman's habit—to think things over. Eleanor was not Sally; but he did not know at what limits of abuse Braddish might stop.

After a quarter of an hour he climbed down from the fence and went to her house, to ask her to marry him. Theoretically, he did not believe in asking a girl upon "prospects"; but he felt justified. If he could secure the authority over her of the accepted suitor, he could protect her from her own wilfulness; in deference to his wishes or entreaties she would come and stay with his mother.

On reaching her house, he was again confronted by an ill omen. The door was locked; no one was at home.

By the brook the derrick rose complete—the engine was chugging, the walking-beam rocked up and down. No one was in sight, and obtrusive as were the wooden sheds, their aspect was certainly not threatening; it was even harmless.

When he returned home he found his father lying on the lounge in his office.

"This September weather's too hot for the old man," he said to Neal. "I'm trying to get rested up; they want me at Ralston's, across the river, this afternoon."

"You'd better let me go; it's probably of not much importance," said Neal.

"It's important enough, but there's nothing to be done," the doctor sighed wearily. "Ralston's dying of consumption."

He turned restlessly over on his side.

"I knew how it would end when he wouldn't stop smoking," he continued. "Always smoked constantly, Ralston did. It's bad enough for any one, but for a man with a weak throat it's death. If I ever catch you smoking, Neal, out you go. I tolerate most things, but mind you—tobacco's barred."

"Yes, sir," Neal said obediently.

He left the room with tears in his eyes. For two or three weeks past he had been trying to blind himself to the fact that his father was steadily failing. He did not speak of it to his mother, nor did she to him. But he had noticed that his father was growing more willing to have him visit patients, and relied more on his advice, seeming indeed less certain of himself. And when he felt he had perhaps betrayed some indecision, he would assert over Neal an authority grotesquely like that exercised over infants, by laying, for instance, an arbitrary interdict on tobacco or fried eggs. In this manner the old doctor tried to delude himself and his family into the belief that he was holding his own.

"'You thought you done me out of Sally, didn't you?'"

Neal rowed across the river, glad to have the distraction of physical effort. He found his patient a tall, rickety farmer, not so wasted by the disease as he had expected, but thin and pale, and shambling about with hopelessness in his gait and on his face.

"No, they ain't nothing to be done for me, I realize," he said to Neal. "I'm too far gone. Nothin' but Arizony could help me now, and I guess it's too late for that. And I'd rather die here."

Neal listened with his stethoscope, and tapped the man's chest and back with his little rubber hammer.

"Does this bit of pine woods belong to you?" he asked, pointing to the fringe of trees a hundred feet from the house.

"Yes," Ralston answered.

"I'll walk over and take a look at it." He found it a pleasant little strip. The ground was soft with pine needles; the sunlight came down through the trees.

"Now," he said, coming back to Ralston, "I'm going to make you lead an entirely new kind of life. No more feather beds; no more sleeping in the house. I want you to spend every night out under those pine-trees. You can spread a blanket on the ground, but that's all. Sleep out in the open air till the snow flies. You and Mrs. Ralston can have a sort of continuous picnic. You'll get a good deal of fun, fixing up a tent, or may be a shanty, in the woods. After a couple of months of this kind of life, you'll feel more like working than you do now. I'll give you some medicine — it's not medicine so much as it's a tonic—that's what you really need. And I'll come back before long; and, Mrs. Ralston, you tell me if he talks about nothing being of any use any more."

"I do believe, Doctor, you've put new heart into him," said the woman gratefully. "I'm sure you're going to feel better, Joshuay."

It hurt Neal almost as much as it pleased him to find that he could give the poor people such hope. His father had failed to give them this, and it was an in-

dication that his father's usefulness was passing.

As he walked up the road from the river that evening, the season and the hour seemed to lay melancholy upon him. The last month of summer had slid by listlessly; now the leaves of corn, that had grown straight and tall, had begun to turn yellow and to droop; sun and dust had grayed the grass, the blackbirds had become noisy in the fields. Animation, that had seemed suspended for a brief period, was settling into decay. In dooryards rose-bushes showed a waste of petals on the ground; along the roadside sunflowers and golden-rod no longer flaunted gaily, but trooped, a tattered remnant, for which the China asters, with pale, cool hue, were passionless companions.

Appropriately to Neal's feeling of depression, he met Eleanor and Lindsay Neville returning from a drive. And as he smiled and bowed, the reason why her house had been closed that afternoon was clear to him. The growing intimacy of the two might mean nothing, might mean anything; if it was significant, he hoped for Eleanor's sake, for her protection, the climax might come speedily.

At dusk he came to her house. She was sitting, as usual on summer evenings, on her doorstep. The evening was as the afternoon had been, heavy and still. Now it was the hour when the earth seemed breathing through its pores. In the hazy dampness, the yellow lights of the village cast webby rays; the road leading toward them vanished in the exhalations of the meadows; shell-like clouds, curving one upon another, lay about a pale moon. Neal began, shaking off distrust.

"I am going away in less than a month now. I have to be back in New York by the fifteenth of October."

"I am sorry you must leave so soon," she told him.

"Doctor Westgate has asked me to be his assistant. He is one of the best surgeons in New York—in the country; the very best, I think. Surgery is what I want especially to do. I could have no better chance. No salary to speak of; but it will be a great opportunity for getting practice and experience and becoming known. I feel confident of succeeding. In the first place, I feel I'm competent; in the second place, I have the advantage of a good start. I probably shall never be rich, but I expect to be a good and busy surgeon, and I want to make—and I feel sure that I can make—a good living for you—if you will let me."

He waited, but she did not answer.

"Of course it could not come at once," he continued. "It would be two or three years before I could count on it. But I should like to know now if you feel that you could ever—let me."

"I don't think I ever could, Neal," she answered in a low voice. "You need not have gone so into detail about your future; I am as sure of it as you can be. You have, I know, a fine career before you. But my feeling for you is not——"

Neal looked away from the village in the direction of the Nevilles. The shadowy skeleton of the derrick interposed itself; the lights of the three torches that were hung upon the cross-bars streamed upward, and the engine throbbed faintly. On the hill beyond the great house eyed Neal with a mocking serene security in its power.

"Then you care for some one else?" Neal said.

"That is hardly a fair question," she answered after a moment.

He understood what she meant. She did care, but Neville had not yet spoken. Neal rose and held out his hand. She rose also and took it. He held hers while he said:

"There is some one else. And however much I may like him for what he is, and admire him for what he is doing, I am bound now to enter the lists against him. I am bound to show you that I am as strong a man, as much a man, as he—and that I am the man for you. His work may seem wider and greater; mine shall be as honorable, and as truly devoted to service. My success shall be for you, because you shall rejoice in it; my life shall be for your happiness, because it shall be for the service of men."

All the time he was speaking he held her hand, he would not let it go; and she felt with a thrill of serious and solemn joy that he was making this vow upon it. And because she had this thrill, she deemed it necessary to administer a rebuke.

"It is better not to rejoice in your suc-

cess till it comes to you," she reminded him. "And even then not to talk about it too much." Then she took the sting out of the words with a friendly laugh. "You know I could never think you a braggart, Neal."

"I understand what you mean," he said, smiling. "For instance, I read in the Avalon newspaper this morning that Mr. Lindsay Neville is to be the People's Party candidate for mayor at the next election; but he did not talk about it beforehand?"

"That is an example," she replied.

The voice of one of the oil drillers came caroling toward them; the man could be seen dimly, approaching across the field. The words were indistinct. Then Neal caught a line of the song.

"Go into the house," he said to Eleanor sternly. "Go in — and shut yourself in."

A look of fear came into her face—fear either for him or of him it might have been; but there fell upon her ears another line of the song, and she obeyed silently. And then in the house she submitted to a craven impulse, of which forever after she was ashamed. With what she afterwards knew had been a false delicacy, a dread of seeing brutality, she hid herself in a room where she could neither hear nor see.

Neal stepped round the corner of the house. "Stop that song!" he shouted.

The man, swinging his water jug, approached the well; the song became more vile. Then Neal ran at him. McGuire sang on derisively, but he was watching his chance; and when Neal was within a few feet, he gave the jug a mighty sweep and let it fly. It went hurtling over Neal's head, and the next moment McGuire was hitting out with his fists ferociously.

Both of the men had some little skill in boxing. McGuire was the more powerful; Neal the more active. But McGuire in his flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up, was the freer for action; Neal in his coat and collar was already, as he circled round and darted blows, beginning to feel the hot oppression of the heavy damp night. In front of him McGuire pivoted to his attack sturdily, with his wide mouth open and the end of his tongue curling from a corner of it in a leer; and his two huge fists, revolving before his chest, alternated in striking Neal's blows upward. Once Neal got past his guard and reached him under the chin, driving his jaws together upon the wickedly curling tongue; McGuire cursed in pain and anger, and, lunging forward, insensible to further pain, struck mad, sledge-hammer blows upon Neal's body. Then both men were roused to murderous passion; they rushed at each other, broke apart, and rushed again. Neal was panting and blood was flowing from his nose.

"I'll blow ye," grunted McGuire savagely. "Yes, I'll blow ye."

Some one else was running across the field from the oil derrick. Neal's weary senses were aware of this, but they were too weary to know either despair or expectation. He fought on, stumblingly; he was conscious that Braddish was squatting at one side and saying, "Now I'll see fair play." Then McGuire came at him with another bull-like rush.

A white figure ran from the house toward the group—toward the two men bending over the third, who lay insensible.

"Who is it?" she cried, and then, as she came nearer, sobbingly, "Is he dead?"

McGuire turned as if to run, but Braddish seized him by the collar and whispered something. The girl came up, carrying a pistol in her hand; she looked down into Neal's bloody face.

"Lift him up," she ordered them calmly. "Carry him into the house."

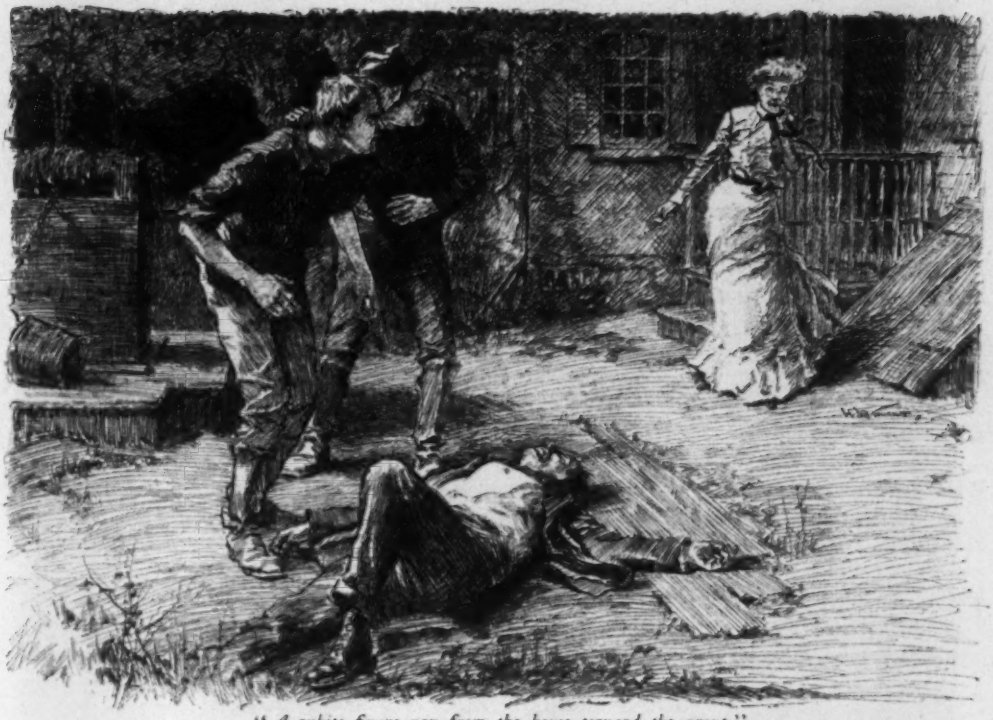
They obeyed her, Braddish taking him under the shoulder, McGuire raising his legs; and Eleanor walked beside Braddish, supporting Neal's head with her hand.

"Oh, you cowards!" she said bitterly, as they toiled with their burden. "You cowards!"

"That ain't the word," protested Braddish. "I seen them fighting; I came runnin'. Just as I came up, he gets knocked out. He ain't much hurt; just knocked out. He oughtn't to have got foolin' with a man like McGuire. I came as fast as I could to stop it."

She believed him, for she had been crouching and hiding in a dark room; only after an interminable time had she dared to steal to a window; the word "coward" had in the utterance recoiled upon her.

"You ought to be shot down," she said to McGuire.



"A white figure ran from the house toward the group"

"I fought fair," he muttered. "He came ragin' at me—and I fought fair."

"You ought to be shot down," she repeated. "It would hardly be murder—after what you have done."

He understood that she alluded not only to the fight, but to the song.

"The house was dark. I didn't know there was anybody round," he defended himself. "It was closed all afternoon. I didn't know you'd got back. And when he came ragin' at me——"

An impatient flourish of her pistol-carrying hand ordained silence.

They laid Neal on the sofa of her sitting-room, and, under the light, he was seen to stir.

"Bring me some water," she said. "And then one of you go for the doctor—his father."

It was McGuire who started out to the well for the water; Braddish stood by silently. Eleanor knelt at the sofa, chafing Neal's hands. He was stirring more uneasily, moving his head from side to side, and then he opened his eyes.

"Are you all right, Neal?" Eleanor said to him.

He looked at her vacantly, then closed his eyes.

She ran frightened to a closet, brought out a bottle of brandy, and pressed a teaspoonful between his lips. Meanwhile McGuire slopped water upon Neal's face. Again he stirred and opened his eyes, this time with complete consciousness.

"What are these fellows doing here?" he asked, after a moment, and he slowly raised himself upon one arm. McGuire drew back.

"They brought you in when you were hurt, Neal," Eleanor said.

"That was very kind of them," he answered. His voice was hollow with weakness, but for that reason its sarcasm was more grim. He remembered everything now. He sat up, looking from Braddish to McGuire.

"Now you can go—both of you," he said.

Braddish turned politely to Eleanor. "Shall I fetch the doctor, Miss Craig?" he asked.

"I was going to send for your father, Neal," she said. "Shan't Mr. Braddish——"

"No!" Neal cried, with a sudden, surprising vigor. "You can go." He swept them with his arm toward the door. "Both of you—at once!"

McGuire was the first to retreat; Braddish, with a faint smile of triumph and a respectful glance at Eleanor, followed. And Eleanor struggled against a flash of anger that Neal should thus have ordered Braddish from the house—as if it were *his* house! The fact that she struggled against the flash and kept it down meant that she knew it to be unworthy, ungrateful; nevertheless, Neal's imperious words and manner had summoned it. She had to shut her lips tight for a moment before she could be the calm and solicitous nurse.

"You feel quite like yourself again, don't you, Neal?"

"Oh, yes; I was only stunned." He walked about the room, a little uncertainly.

"Wilbur ought to be here at any moment now," Eleanor said. "He is spending the evening at the Torsons'; he told me he would be back by nine. He can drive you home."

"No, I'll walk."

"Neal, you can't."

"Oh, but I can." He poured himself out a little of the brandy and swallowed it. "I'm as good as I ever was."

They both stood awkwardly silent. They did not speak of what had happened in the field—Eleanor because she was ashamed to expose the cowardice which had kept her in ignorance till all was over, Neal because he was vaguely, bitterly aware that somehow she had gone over to the enemy. What he did say was injudicious.

"You still think you are perfectly safe staying in this house?"

The question kindled the misunderstanding and resentment that the girl had taken from Neal's brusque orders, and that the awkward silence had been preparing. She felt he was trying to compel her now; most unjustly she thought he was pressing upon her the comparison—how much safer life with him would be.

"Perfectly safe," she answered. "The man did not know I was here; he apologized."

"Apologized!" Neal stared at her. Then he laughed as she had never before heard him laugh. "Good God!" He flung open the door, and, bareheaded, left the house.

She sat stricken in her chair, but only for a moment; then she ran to the doorway and stood there, gazing after him, and the call, "Neal! Neal!" was at her lips. She would have uttered it if he had looked back, or if his steps had wavered or faltered, as she dreaded—hoped they would. But his rage and indignation and grief drove him on in a swift, undeviating stride, and so she suffered him to go.

"I never thanked him! I never thanked him!" she lamented to herself. "And he might have been killed for me!"

(To be continued)

LET ME CRY HOPE

BY MARION CONTHONY SMITH

LET me cry Hope, though I myself despair!
Soul, if for thee the deep abysses yawn,
Hold thou thy torch above the darkness there,
That souls far off may hail it as the dawn;
Since, though the light may cheat their craving eyes,
For one dear hour 'twill make their pathway fair;
And, ere it sink, for them the Sun may rise.
Let me cry Hope, though I myself despair!

THE SHAMELESSNESS OF ST. LOUIS

Something New in the History of American Municipal Democracy

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

Author of "The Shame of Minneapolis"

TWEED'S classic question, "What are you going to do about it?" is the most humiliating challenge ever delivered by the One Man to the Many. But it was pertinent. It was the question then; it is the question now. Will the people rule? That is what it means. Is democracy possible? The recent accounts in this magazine, of financial corruption in St. Louis and of police corruption in Minneapolis raised the same question. They were inquiries into American municipal democracy, and, so far as they went, they were pretty complete answers. The people wouldn't rule. They would have flown to arms to resist a czar or a king, but they let a "mucker" oppress and disgrace and sell them out. "Neglect," so they describe their impotence. But when their shame was laid bare, what did they do then? That is what Tweed, the tyrant, wanted to know, and that is what the democracy of this country needs to know.

What Minneapolis "Did About It"

Minneapolis answered Tweed. With Mayor Ames a fugitive, the city was reformed. No city ever profited so promptly by the lesson of its shame. The people had nothing to do with the exposure—that was an accident—nor with the reconstruction. Hovey C. Clarke, who attacked the Ames ring, tore it all to pieces; and D. Percy Jones, who reestablished the city government, built a well-nigh perfect thing. There was little left for the people to do but choose at the next regular election between two candidates for mayor, one obviously better than the other, but that they did do. They scratched some ten thousand ballots to do their small part decisively and well. So much by way of revolt. The future will bring Minneapolis up to the real test. The men who saved the city this time have organized to keep it safe, and make the memory of "Doc" Ames a civic treasure, and Minneapolis a city without reproach.

What St. Louis "Did About It"

Minneapolis may fail, as New York has failed; but at least these two cities could be moved by shame. Not so St. Louis. Joseph W. Folk, the circuit attorney, who began alone, is going right on alone, indicting, trying, convicting boodlers, high and low, following the workings of the combine through all of its startling ramifications, and spreading before the people, in the form of testimony given under oath, the confessions by the boodlers themselves of the whole wretched story. St. Louis is unmoved and unashamed. St. Louis seems to me to be something new in the history of the government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich.

Those who read in McCLURE'S for October of last year the article entitled "Tweed Days in St. Louis" know not half that the St. Louisans know of the condition of the city. These readers heard how in 1898, 1899, and 1900, under the administration of Mayor Ziegenhein, boodling developed into the only real business of the city government. Since that article was written, fourteen men have been tried, and half a score have confessed, so that some measure of the magnitude of the business and of the importance of the interests concerned has been given. Then it was related that "combines" of municipal legislators sold rights, privileges, and public franchises for their own individual profit, and at regular schedule rates. Now the free narratives of convicted boodlers have developed the inside history of the combines, with their unfulfilled plans. Then we understood that these combines did the boodling. Now we know

that they had a leader, a boss, who, a rich man himself, represented the financial district and prompted the boodling till the system burst. We knew then how Mr. Folk, a man little known, was nominated against his will for circuit attorney; how he warned the politicians who named him; how he proceeded against these same men as against ordinary criminals. Now we have these men convicted. We saw Charles H. Turner, the president of the Suburban Railway Co., and Philip H. Stock, the secretary of the St. Louis Brewing Co., the first to "peach," telling to the grand jury the story of their bribe fund of $144,000, put into safe deposit vaults, to be paid to the legislators when the Suburban franchise was granted. St. Louis has seen these two men dashing forth "like fire horses," the one (Mr. Turner) from the presidency of the Commonwealth Trust Company, the other from his brewing company secretaryship, to recite again and again in the criminal courts their miserable story, and count over for the jury the dirty bills of that bribe fund. And when they had given their testimony, and the boodlers one after another were convicted, these witnesses have hurried back to their places of business and the convicts to their seats in the municipal assembly. This is literally true. In the House of Delegates sit, under sentence, as follows: Charles F. Kelly, two years; Charles J. Denny, three years and five years; Henry A. Faulkner, two years; E. E. Murrell, State's witness, but not tried. Nay, this House, with such a membership, had the audacity last fall to refuse to pass an appropriation to enable Mr. Folk to go on with his investigation and prosecution of boodling.

Right here is the point. In other cities mere exposure has been sufficient to overthrow a corrupt régime. In St. Louis the conviction of the boodlers leaves the felons in control, the system intact, and the people—spectators. It is these people who are interesting—these people, and the system they have made possible.

Convicted Boodlers Describe the System

The convicted boodlers have described the system to me. There was no politics in it—only business. The city of St. Louis is normally Republican. Founded on the home-rule principle, the corporation is a distinct political entity, with no county to confuse it. The State of Missouri, however, is normally Democratic, and the legislature has taken political possession of the city by giving to the governor the appointment of the Police and Election Boards. With a defective election law, the Democratic boss in the city became its absolute ruler.

Colonel Butler, the Boss of St. Louis

This boss is Edward R. Butler, better known as "Colonel Ed," or "Colonel Butler," or just "Boss." He is an Irishman by birth, a master horseshoer by trade, a good fellow—by nature, at first, then by profession. Along in the seventies, when he still wore the apron of his trade, and bossed his tough ward, he secured the agency for a certain patent horseshoe which the city railways liked and bought. Useful also as a politician, they gave him a blanket contract to keep all their mules and horses shod. Butler's farrieries glowed all about the town, and his political influence spread with his business; for everywhere big Ed Butler went there went a smile also, and encouragement for your weakness, no matter what it was. Like "Doc" Ames, of Minneapolis—like the "good fellow" everywhere—Butler won men by helping them to wreck themselves. A priest, the Rev. James Coffey, once denounced Butler from the pulpit as a corrupter of youth; at another time a mother knelt in the aisle of a church, and during service audibly called upon heaven for a visitation of affliction upon Butler for having ruined her son. These and similar incidents increased his power by advertising it. He grew bolder. He has been known to walk out of a voting-place and call across a cordon of police to a group of men at the curb, "Are there any more repeaters out here that want to vote again?"

They will tell you in St. Louis that Butler never did have much real power, that his boldness and the clamor against him made him seem great. Public protest is part of the power of every boss. So far, however, as I can gather, Butler was the leader of his organization, but

COLONEL EDWARD R. BUTLER

Master boodler, convict, and "boss" of St. Louis. Horseshoer, millionaire, bi-partizan boss. Convicted of offering a bribe, sentenced, but out on appeal, and still a political power

only so long as he was a partizan politician; as he became a "boodler" pure and simple, he grew careless about his machine, and did his boodle business with the aid of the worst element of both parties. At any rate, the boodlers, and others as well, say that in later years he had about equal power with both parties, and he certainly was the ruler of St. Louis during the Republican administration of Ziegenhein, which was the worst in the history of the city. His method was to dictate enough of the candidates on both tickets to enable him, by selecting the worst from each, to elect the sort of men he required in his business. In other words, while honest Democrats and Republicans were "loyal to party" (a point of great pride with the idiots) and "voted straight," the Democratic boss and his Republican lieutenants decided what part of each ticket should be elected; then they sent around Butler's "Indians" (repeaters) by the vanload to scratch ballots and "repeat" their votes, till the worst had made sure of the government by the worst, and Butler was in a position to do business.

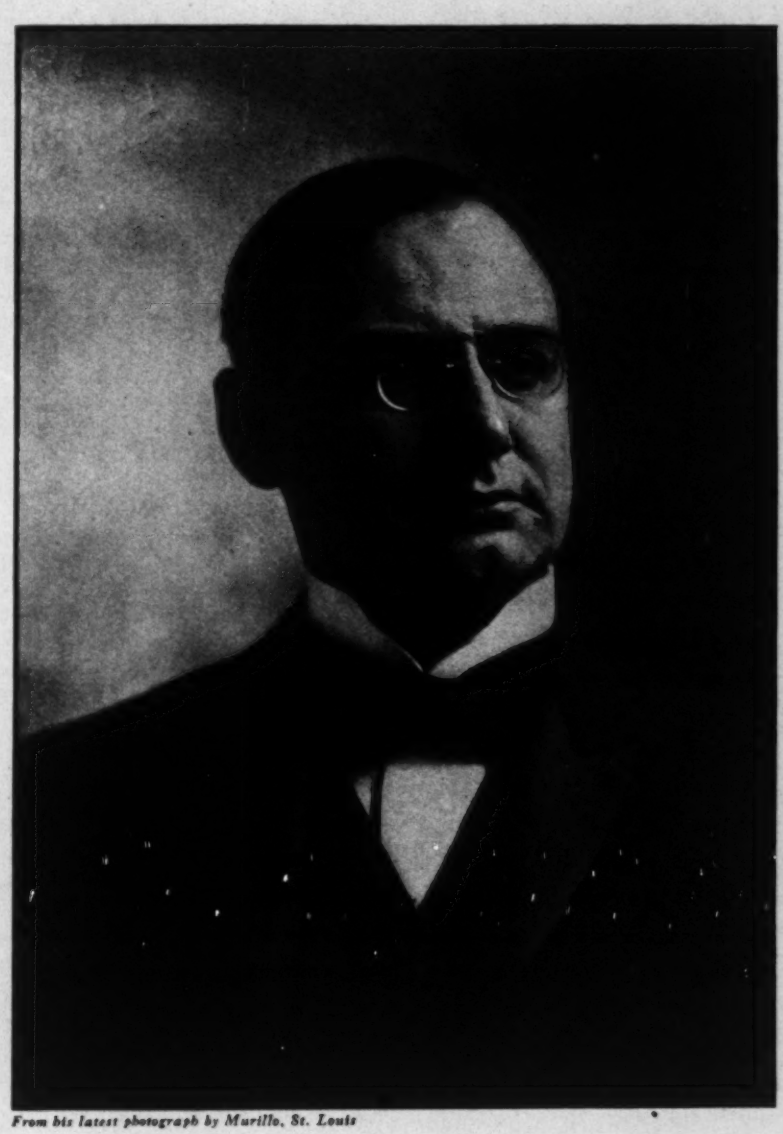
Leading Citizens Back of the Boss

His business was boodling, which is a more refined and a more dangerous form of corruption than the police blackmail of Minneapolis. It involves, not thieves, gamblers, and common women, but influential citizens, capitalists, and great corporations. For the stock-in-trade of the boodler is the rights, privileges, franchises, and real property of the city, and his source of corruption is the top, not the bottom, of society. Butler, thrown early in his career into contact with corporation managers, proved so useful to them that they introduced him to other financiers, and the scandal of his services attracted to him in due course all men who wanted things the city had to give. The boodlers told me that, according to the tradition of their combine, there "always was boodling in St. Louis." Butler organized and systematized and developed it into a regular financial institution, and made it an integral part of the business community. He had for clients, regular or occasional, bankers and promoters; and the statements of boodlers, not yet on record, allege that every transportation and public convenience company that touches St. Louis had dealings with Butler's combine. And my best information is that these interests were not victims. Blackmail came in time, but in the beginning they originated the schemes of loot and started Butler on his career. Some interests paid him a regular salary, others a fee, and again he was a partner in the enterprise, with a special "rake-off" for his influence. "Fee" and "present" are his terms, and he has spoken openly of taking and giving them. I verily believe he regarded his charges legitimate (he is the Croker type); but he knew that some people thought his services wrong. He once said that, when he had received his fee for a piece of legislation, he "went home and prayed that the measure might pass," and, he added facetiously, "usually his prayers were answered."

The "Ring" Around the Boss

His prayers were "usually answered" by the Municipal Assembly. This legislative body is divided into two houses—the upper, called the Council, consisting of thirteen members, elected at large; the lower, called the House of Delegates, with twenty-eight members, elected by wards; and each member of these bodies is paid twenty-five dollars a month salary by the city. With the mayor, this Assembly has practically complete control of all public property and valuable rights. Though Butler sometimes could rent or own the mayor, he preferred to be independent of him, so he formed in each part of the legislature a two-thirds majority—in the Council nine, in the House nineteen—which could pass bills over a veto. These were the "combines." They were regularly organized, and did their business under parliamentary rules. Each "combine" elected its chairman, who was elected chairman also of the legal bodies, where he appointed the committees, naming to each a majority of combine members.

In the early history of the combines, Butler's control was complete, because it was political. He picked the men who were to be legislators; they did as he bade them do, and the boodling was noiseless, safe, and moderate in price. Only wrongful acts were charged for, and a right once sold was good; for Butler kept his word. The definition of an honest man as one who will stay bought, fitted him. But it takes a very strong man to control himself and others when the money lust grows big, and it certainly grew big in St. Louis. Butler used to watch the down-town districts. He knew everybody, and when a railroad wanted a switch, or a financial house a franchise, Butler learned of it early. Sometimes he discovered the need and suggested it. Naming the regular price, say $10,000, he would tell the "boys" what was coming, and that there would be $1,000 to divide. He kept the rest, and the city got nothing. The bill was introduced and held up till Butler gave the word that the money was in hand; then it passed. As the business grew, however, not only illegitimate, but legitimate permissions were charged for, and at gradually increasing rates. Citizens who asked leave to make excavations in streets for any purpose, neighborhoods that had to have street lamps—all had to pay, and they did pay. In later years there was no other way. Business men who complained felt a certain pressure brought to bear on them



From his latest photograph by Murillo, St. Louis

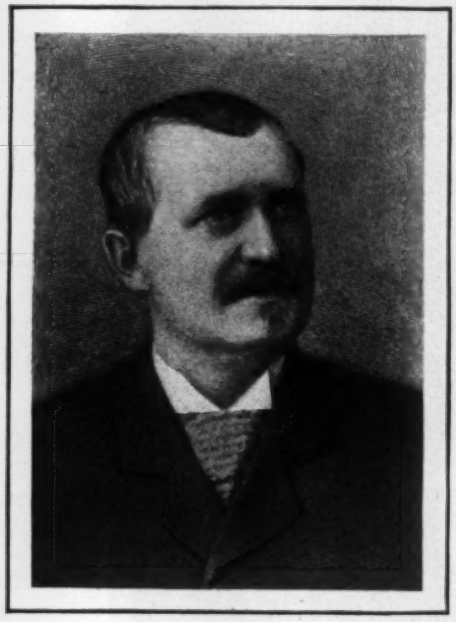
Joseph Folk

Circuit Attorney: the man, who, single-handed, has brought to bay the bankers, lawyers, corporation managers, and politicians—the boodle ring that robbed St. Louis and rules it yet.

from most unexpected quarters down town.

A Hard Game to "Buck" Indeed

A business man told me that a railroad which had a branch near his factory suggested that he go to the Municipal Legislature and get permission to have a switch run into his yard. He liked the idea, but when he found it would cost him eight or ten thousand dollars, he gave it up. Then the railroad became slow about handling his freight. He understood, and, being a fighter, he ferried the goods



FREDERICK G. UTHOFF

State's witness in the Snyder trial, who testified in regard to the effort to secure a $100,000 bribe from Snyder while he held a $25,000 opposition bribe from John Scullin, and enjoyed a bribe salary from Edward Butler. After, as he thought, making sure of Snyder's pay, he scrupulously returned the $25,000 of opposition money, because, as he virtuously declared at the trial, he hadn't "earned it." All he finally got from Snyder was $5,000

across the river to another road. That brought him the switch; and when he asked about it, the railroad man said:

"Oh, we got it done. You see, we pay a regular salary to some of those fellows, and they did it for us for nothing."

"Then why in the deuce did you send me to them?" asked the manufacturer.

"Well, you see," was the answer, "we like to keep in with them, and when we can throw them a little outside business we do."

In other words, a great railway corporation, not content with paying bribe salaries to these boodle aldermen, was ready, further to oblige them, to help coerce a manufacturer and a customer to go also and be blackmailed by the boodlers. "How can you buck a game like that?" this man asked me.

Very few tried to. Blackmail was all in the ordinary course of business, and the habit of submission became fixed—a habit of mind. The city itself was kept in darkness for weeks, pending the payment of $175,000 in bribes on the lighting contract, and complaining citizens went for light where Mayor Ziegenhein told them to go—to the moon.

Ring and Boss Begin to Squabble

Boodling was safe, and boodling was fat. Butler became rich and greedy, and neglectful of politics. Outside capital came in, and finding Butler bought, went over his head to the boodle combines. These creatures learned thus the value of franchises, and that Butler had been giving them an unduly small share of the boodle.

Then began a struggle, enormous in its vile melodrama, for control of corruption—Butler to squeeze the municipal legislators and save his profits, they to wring from him their "fair share." Combines were formed within the old combines to make him pay more; and although he still was the legislative agent of the inner ring, he had to keep in his secret pay men who would argue for low rates, while the combine members, suspicious of one another, appointed their own legislative agent to meet Butler. Not sure even then, the cliques appointed "trailers" to follow their agent, watch him enter Butler's house, and then follow him to the place where the money was to be distributed. Charles A. Gutke and John K. Murrell represented him in the House of Delegates, Charles Kratz and Fred G. Uthoff in the Council. The other members suspected that these men got "something big on the side," so Butler had to hire a third to betray the combine to him. In the House, Robertson was the man. When Gutke had notified the chairman that a

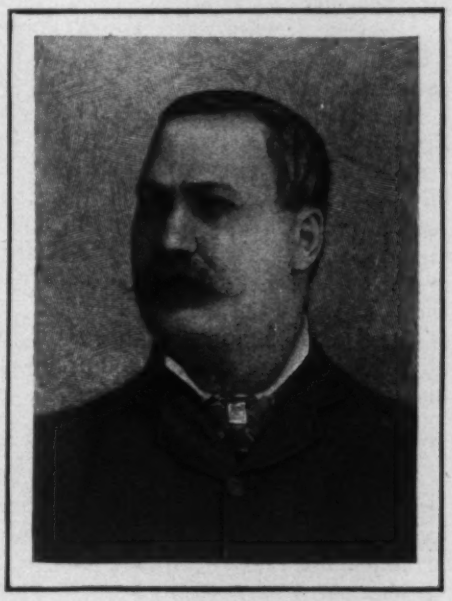
deal was on, and a meeting was called, the chairman would say:

"Gentlemen, the business before us tonight is [say] the Suburban Railway Bill How much shall we ask for it?"

Gutke would move that "the price be $40,000." Some member of the outer ring would move $100,000 as fair boodle. The debate often waxed hot, and you hear of the drawing of revolvers. In this case (of the Suburban Railway) Robertson rose and moved a compromise of $75,000, urging moderation, lest they get nothing, and his price was carried. Then they would lobby over the appointment of the agent. They did not want Gutke, or any one Butler owned, so they chose some other; and having adjourned, the outer ring would send a "trailer" to watch the agent, and sometimes a second "trailer" to watch the first.

Auctioning Off a Franchise

They began to work up business on their own account, and, all decency gone, they sold out sometimes to both sides of a fight. The Central Traction deal in 1898 was an instance of this. Robert M. Snyder, a capitalist and promoter, of New York and Kansas City, came into St. Louis with a traction proposition inimical to the city railway interests. These felt secure. Through Butler they were paying seven members of the Council $5,000 a year each, but as a precaution John Scullin, Butler's associate, and one of the ablest capitalists of St. Louis, paid Councilman Uthoff a special retainer of $25,000 to watch the salaried boodlers. When Snyder found Butler and the combines against him, he set about buying the members individually, and, opening wine at his headquarters, began bidding for votes. This was the first break from Butler in a big deal, and caused great agitation among the boodlers. They did not go right over to Snyder; they saw Butler, and with Snyder's valuation of the franchise before them, made the boss go up to $175,000. Then the Council combine called a meeting in Gast's Garden to see if they could not agree on a price. Butler sent Uthoff there with instructions to cause a disagreement, or fix a price so high that Snyder would refuse to pay it. Uthoff obeyed, and, suggesting $250,000, persuaded some members to hold out for it, till the meeting broke up in a row. Then it was each man for himself, and all hurried to see Butler, and to see Snyder too. In the scramble various prices were paid. Four councilmen got from Snyder $10,000 each, one got $15,000, another $17,500, and one $50,000; twenty-five members of the House of Delegates got $3,000 each from him. In all, Snyder paid $250,000 for the franchise, and as Butler and his backers had paid only $175,000 to beat it, the franchise was passed. Snyder turned around and sold



ELLIS WAINWRIGHT

Millionaire brewer and capitalist, Director of the Suburban R.R., who endorsed a note for $135,000 to be used for bribery; now an exile in France.

it to his old opponents for $1,250,000. It was worth twice as much.

The man who received $50,000 from Snyder was the same Uthoff who had taken $25,000 from John Scullin, and his story as he has told it since on the stand is the most comical incident of the exposure. He says Snyder, with his "overcoat full of money," came out to his house to see him. They sat together on a sofa, and when Snyder was gone, Uthoff found beside him a parcel containing $50,000. This he returned to the promoter, with the statement that he could not accept it, since he had already taken $25,000 from the other

side; but he intimated that he could take $100,000. This Snyder promised, so Uthoff voted for the franchise.

Return of an "Unearned" Bribe

The next day Butler called at Uthoff's house. Uthoff spoke first.

"I want to return this," he said, handing Butler the package of $25,000.

"That's what I came after," said Butler.

When Uthoff told this in the trial of Snyder, Snyder's counsel asked why he returned this $25,000.

"Because it wasn't mine," exclaimed Uthoff, flushing with anger. "I hadn't earned it."

But he believed he had earned the $100,000, and he besought Snyder for that sum, or, anyway, the $50,000. Snyder made him drink, and gave him just $5,000, taking by way of receipt a signed statement that the reports of bribery in connection with the Central Traction deal were utterly false; that "I (Uthoff) know you (Snyder) to be as far above offering a bribe as I am of taking one."

Boodlers Arraign Each Other in Fun

Irregular as all this was, however, the legislators kept up a pretence of partizanship and decency. In the debates arranged for in the combine caucus, a member or two were told off to make partizan speeches. Sometimes they were instructed to attack the combine, and one or two of the rascals used to take delight in arraigning their friends on the floor of the House, charging them with the exact facts.

But for the serious work no one knew his party. Butler had with him Republicans and Democrats, and there were Republicans and Democrats among those against him. He could trust none not in his special pay. He was the chief boodle broker and the legislature's best client; his political influence began to depend upon his boodling instead of the reverse.

A Boodler for Love of Boodling

He is a millionaire two or three times over now, but it is related that to some one who advised him to quit in time he replied that it wasn't a matter of money alone with him; he liked the business, and would rather make fifty dollars out of a switch than $500 in stocks. He enjoyed buying franchises cheap and selling them dear. In the lighting deal of 1899 Butler received $150,000, and paid out only $85,000—$47,500 to the House, $37,500 to the Council—and the haggling with the House combine caused those weeks of total darkness in the city. He had Gutke tell this combine that he could divide only $20,000 among them. They voted the measure, but, suspecting Butler of "holding out on them," moved to reconsider.

A Visit from Citizens with Ropes

The citizens were furious, and a crowd went with ropes to the City Hall the night the motion to reconsider came up; but the combine was determined. Butler was there in person. He was more frightened than the delegates, and the sweat rolled down his face as he bargained with them. With the whole crowd looking on, and reporters so near that a delegate told me he expected to see the conversation in the papers the next morning, Butler threatened and pleaded, but finally promised to divide $47,500. That was an occasion for a burst of eloquence. The orators, indicating the citizens with ropes, declared that since it was plain the people wanted light, they would vote them light. And no doubt the people thought they had won, for it was not known till much later that the votes were bought by Butler, and that the citizens only hastened a corrupt bargain.

The next big boodle measure that Butler missed was the Suburban Traction, the same that led long after to disaster. This is the story Turner and Stock have been telling over and over in the boodle trials. Turner and his friends in the St. Louis Suburban Railway Company sought a franchise, for which they were willing to pay large bribes. Turner spoke about it to Butler, who said it would cost $145,000. This seemed too much, and Turner asked Stock to lobby the measure through. Stock managed it, but it cost him $144,000—$135,000 for the combine, $9,000 extra for Meysenburg—and then, before the money was paid over and the company in possession of its privilege, an injunction put a stop to all proceedings. The money was in safe-deposit vaults—

$75,000 for the House combine in one, $60,000 for the Council combine in the other—and when the legislature adjourned, a long fight for the money ensued. Butler chuckled over the bungling. He is said to have drawn from it the lesson that "when you want a franchise, don't go to a novice for it; pay an expert, and he'll deliver the goods."

National Fellowship of Boodlers

But the combine drew their own conclusions from it, and their moral was, that though boodling was a business by itself, it was a good business, and so easy that anybody could learn it by study. And study it they did. Two of them told me repeatedly that they traveled about the country looking up the business, and that a fellowship had grown up among boodling aldermen of the leading cities in the United States. Committees from Chicago would come to St. Louis to find out what "new games" the St. Louis boodlers had, and they gave the St. Louisans hints as to how they "did the business" in Chicago. So the Chicago and St. Louis boodlers used to visit Cleveland and Pittsburg and all the other cities, or, if the distance was too great, they got their ideas by those mysterious channels which run all through the "World of Graft." The meeting place in St. Louis was Decker's stable, and ideas unfolded there were developed into plans which, the boodlers say to-day, are only in abeyance. In Decker's stable the idea was born to sell the Union Market; and though the deal did not go through, the boodlers, when they saw it failing, made the market men pay $10,000 for killing it. This scheme is laid aside for the future. Another that failed was to sell the court-house, and this was well under way when it was discovered that the ground on which this public building stands was given to the city on condition that it was to be used for a court-house and nothing else.

An Idea from Philadelphia

But the grandest idea of all came from Philadelphia. In that city the water-works were sold out to a private concern, and the St. Louis fellows have been trying ever since to find a purchaser for theirs. They are worth at least $40,000,000. But the boodlers thought they could let it go at $15,000,000, and get $1,000,000 or so themselves for the bargain. "The scheme was to do it and skip," said one of the boodlers who told me about it, "and if you could mix it all up with some filtering scheme it could be done; only some of us thought we could make more than $1,000,000 out of it—a fortune apiece. It will be done some day."

St. Louis to be All Sold Out Yet

Such, then, is the boodling system as we see it in St. Louis. Everything the city owned was for sale by the officers elected by the people. The purchasers might be willing or unwilling takers; they might be citizens or outsiders; it was all one to the city government. So long as the members of the combines got the proceeds they would sell out the town. Would? They did and they will. If a city treasurer runs away with $50,000 there is a great haloo about it. In St. Louis the regularly organized thieves who rule have sold $50,000,000 worth of franchises and other valuable municipal assets. This is the estimate made for me by a banker, who said that the boodlers got not one-tenth of the value of the things they sold, but were content because they got it all themselves. And as to the future, my boodling informants said that all the possessions of the city were listed for future sale, that the list was in existence, and that the sale of these properties was only postponed on account of accident—the occurrence of Mr. Folk.

Preposterous? It certainly would seem so; but watch the people of St. Louis as I have, and as the boodlers have—then judge.

Accidents Will Happen—Mr. Folk

And remember, first, that Mr. Folk really was an accident. St. Louis knew in a general way, as other cities to-day know, what was going on, but there was no popular movement. Politicians named and elected him, and they expected no trouble from him. The moment he took office, on January 1, 1901, Butler called on him to appoint an organization man first assistant. When Folk refused, Butler could not understand it. Going away angry, he was back in three days to have

his man appointed second assistant. The refusal of this also had some effect. The boodlers say he came out and bade them "look out; I can't do anything with Folk, and I wouldn't wonder if he got after you." They took the warning; Butler did not. It seems never to have occurred to him that Mr. Folk would "get after" *him*.

What Butler felt, the public felt. When Mr. Folk took up, as he did immediately, election fraud cases, Butler called on him again, and told him which men he might not prosecute in earnest. The town laughed. When Butler was sent about his business, and Folk proceeded in earnest against the repeaters of both parties, even those who "had helped elect him," there was a sensation. But the stir was due to the novelty and the incomprehensibility of such non-partizan conduct in public office. Incredulous of honesty, St. Louis manifested the first signs of that faith in evil which is so characteristic of it. "Why didn't Mr. Folk take up boodling?" was the cynical challenge. "What do a few miserable repeaters amount to?"

Mr. Folk is a man of remarkable equanimity. When he has laid a course, he steers by it truly, and nothing can excite or divert him. He had said he would "do his duty," not that he would expose corruption or reform St. Louis; and beyond watching developments, he did nothing for a year to answer the public challenge. But he was making preparations. A civil lawyer, he was studying criminal law; and when, on January 23, 1902, he saw in the St. Louis Star a paragraph about the Suburban bribe fund in bank, he was ready. He sent out summonses by the wholesale for bankers, Suburban Railway officials and directors, legislators and politicians, and before the grand jury he examined them by the hour for days and days. Nobody knew anything; and though Mr. Folk was known to be "after the boodlers," those fellows and their friends and the public were not alarmed or satisfied.

"Get indictments," was the challenge now. It was a "bluff"; but Mr. Folk took it up, and by a "bluff" he "got an indictment." And this is the way of it: the old row between the Suburban people and the boodle combine was going on in secret, but in a very bitter spirit. The money, lying in the safe deposit vaults, in cash, was claimed by both parties. The boodlers said it was theirs because they had done their part by voting the franchise; the Suburban people said it was theirs because they had not obtained the franchise. The boodlers answered that the injunction against the franchise was not theirs, and they threatened to take the dispute before the grand jury. It was they who gave to a reporter a paragraph about the "boodle fund," and they meant to have it scare Turner and Stock. Stock really was "scared." When Mr. Folk's summons was served on him, he believed the boodlers had "squealed," and he fainted. The deputy who saw the effect of the summons told Mr. Folk, who, seeing in it only evidence of weakness and guilt, sent for the lawyer who represented Stock and Turner, and boldly gave him the choice for his clients of being witnesses or defendants. The lawyer was firm, but Folk advised him to consult his clients, and their choice was to be witnesses. Their confession and the seizure of the bribe fund in escrow gave Folk the whole inside story of the Suburban deal, and evidence in plenty for indictments. He took seven, and the reputation and standing of the first culprits showed right away not only the fearlessness of the prosecution, but the variety and power and wealth of the St. Louis species of boodler. There was Charles Kratz, agent of the Council combine; John K. Murrell, agent of the House combine; Emil A. Meysenburg, councilman and "good citizen"—all for taking bribes; Ellis Wainwright and Henry Nicolaus, millionaire brewers, and directors of the Suburban Railway Co., for bribery; and Julius Lehmann and Henry A. Faulkner, of the House combine, for perjury. This news caused consternation; but the ring rallied, held together, and the cynics said, "They never will be tried."

The Decent Citizen Remonstrates

The outlook was stormy. Mr. Folk felt now in full force the powerful interests that opposed him. The standing of some of the prisoners was one thing; another was the character of the men who went on their bail bond—Butler

for the bribe takers, other millionaires for the bribers. But most serious was the flow of persons who went to Mr. Folk privately and besought or bade him desist; they were not alone politicians, but solid, innocent business men, eminent lawyers, and good friends. Hardly a man he knew but came to him at one time or another, in one way or another, to plead for some rascal or other. Threats of assassination and political ruin, offers of political promotion and of remunerative and legitimate partnerships, veiled bribes—everything he might fear was held up on one side, everything he might want on the other. "When you are doing a thing like this," he says now, "you cannot listen to anybody; you have to think for yourself and rely on yourself alone. I knew I simply had to succeed; and, success or failure, I felt that a political future was not to be considered, so I shut out all idea of it."

Going "Higher Up"

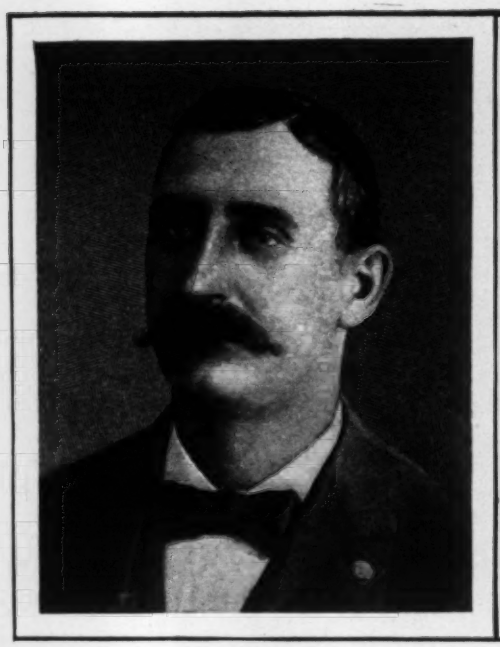
So he went on silently but surely; how surely may be inferred from the fact that in all his dealings with witnesses who turned State's evidence he has not made one misstep; there have been no misunderstandings, and no charges against him of foul play. While the pressure from behind never ceased, and the defiance before him was bold, "Go higher up" was the challenge. He was going higher up. With confessions of Turner and Stock, and the indictments for perjury for examples, he re-examined witnesses; and though the big men were furnishing the little boodlers with legal advice and drilling them in their stories, there were breaks here and there. The story of the Central Traction deal began to develop, and that went higher up, straight into the group of millionaires led by Butler.

But there was an impassable barrier in the law on bribery. American legislators do not legislate harshly against their chief vice. The State of Missouri limits the liability of a briber to three years, and the Traction deal was outlawed for most of the principals in it. But the law excepted non-residents, and Mr. Folk found that in moments of vanity Robert M. Snyder had described himself as "of New York," so he had Snyder indicted for bribery, and George J. Kobusch, president of the St. Louis Car Company, for perjury, Kobusch having sworn that he knew of no bribery for the Central Traction franchise, when he himself had paid out money. Kobusch turned State's witness against Snyder.

The Indictment of Butler

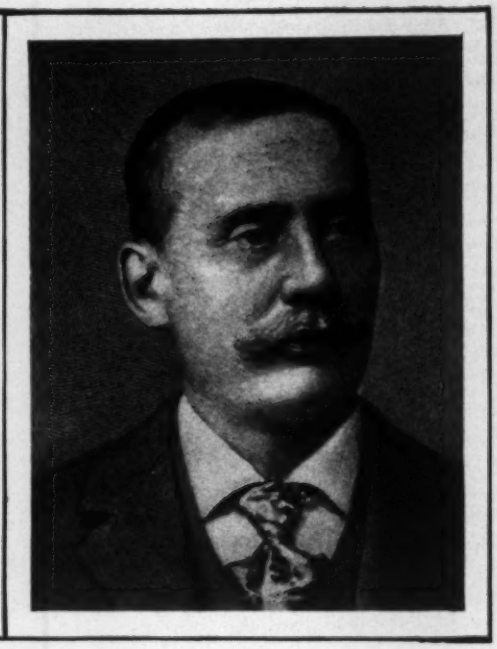
High as these indictments were, the cry for Butler persisted, and the skeptical tone of it made it plain that to break up the ring Mr. Folk had to catch the boss. And he did catch him. Saved by missing the Suburban business, saved by the law in the Central Traction affair, Butler lost by his temerity; he went on boodling after Mr. Folk was in office. He offered "presents" of $2,500 each to the two medical members of the Health Board for their approval of a garbage contract which was to net him $232,500. So the "Old Man," the head of the boodlers, and the legislative agent of the financial district, was indicted.

But the ring did not part, and the public faith in evil remained steadfast. No one had been tried. The trials were approaching, and the understanding was that the first of them was to be made a test. A defeat might stop Mr. Folk, and he realized the moral effect such a result would have. But he was sure of his cases against Murrell and Kratz, and if he convicted them the way was open to both combines and to the big men behind them. To all appearances these men also were confident, and with the lawyers engaged for them they might well have been. Suddenly it was decided that Murrell was weak, and might "cave." He ran away. The shock of this to the community is hard to realize now. It was the first public proof of guilt, and the first break in the ring of little boodlers. To Mr. Folk it was the first serious check, for he could not now indict the House combine. Then, too, Kratz was in Florida, and the circuit attorney saw himself going into court with the weakest of his early cases, that of Meysenburg. In genuine alarm he moved heavy increases in the bail bonds. All the lawyers in all the cases combined to defeat this move, and the fight lasted for days; but Mr. Folk won. Kratz returned in a rage to find bail. With his connections and his property he could give any amount, he boasted, and he offered $100,000. In spite of the



JOHN K. MURRELL

The House of Delegates' go-between, who fled to Mexico, and afterward returned to give State's evidence against the combine



CHARLES KRATZ

Go-between of the Council combine, an exile in Mexico, thus preventing the arrest of prominent financiers. Declares he will return to St. Louis and run for Governor of Missouri so soon as Mr. Folk's term is over

protest of the counsel engaged for him, he insisted upon furnishing $20,000, and he denounced the effort to discredit him with the insinuation that such as he would avoid trial. He even asked to be tried first, but wiser heads on his side chose the Meysenburg case.

First Trial Made a Test

The weakness of this case lay in the indirection of the bribe. Meysenburg, a business man of repute, took for his vote on the Suburban franchise, not money; he sold for $9,000 some two hundred shares of worthless stock. This might be made to look like a regular business transaction, and half a dozen of the best lawyers in the State appeared to press that view. Mr. Folk, however, met these lawyers point by point, and point by point he beat them all, displaying a knowledge of law which astounded them, and an attitude toward the prisoner which won the jury, and might well reform the methods of haranguing prosecutors all over this country. Naturally without malice, he is impersonal; he did not attack the prisoner. He was not there for that purpose. He was defending the State, not prosecuting the individual. "The defendant is a mere atom," he tells his juries; "if we could enforce the law without punishing individuals, we should not be here; but we cannot. Only by making an example of the criminal can we prevent crime. And as to the prisoner, he cannot complain, because his own deeds are his doomsmen." At one stage of the Faulkner trial, when ex-Governor Johnson was talking about the rights of the prisoner, Mr. Folk remarked that the State had rights also. "Oh, damn the rights of the State!" was the retort, and the jury heard it. Many juries have heard this view. One of the permanent services Mr. Folk has rendered is to impress upon the minds, not only of juries, but of the people generally, and in particular upon the Courts of Appeal (which often forget it), that while the criminal law has been developed into a great machine to preserve the rights, and much more, of the criminal, the rights of the State also should be guarded.

The Ring Scared at Last

Meysenburg was found guilty and sentenced to three years. The man was shocked limp, and the ring broke. Kratz ran away. He was advised to go, and, like Murrell, he had promises of plenty of money; unlike Murrell, however, Kratz stood on the order of his going. He made the big fellows give him a large sum of cash, and for the fulfilment of their promise of more he waited menacingly in New Orleans. Supplied there with all he demanded, this Council leader, stepped across into Mexico, and has gone into business there on a large scale. With Kratz safely away, the ring was nerved up again, and Meysenburg appeared in court with five well-known millionaires to give an appeal bond of $25,000. "I could have got more," he told the reporters, "but I guess that's enough."

With the way to both boodle combines closed thus by the flight of their go-betweens, Mr. Folk might well have been stayed; but he wasn't. He proceeded with his examination of witnesses, and to loosen their tongues he brought on the trials of Lehmann and Faulkner for perjury. They were well defended, but against them appeared, as against Meysenburg, President Turner, of the Suburban Railway, and Philip Stock, the brewery secretary. The perjurers were found guilty. Meanwhile Mr. Folk was trying through both Washington and Jefferson City to have Murrell and Kratz brought back. These regular channels failing, he applied to his sources of information in Murrell's (the House) combine, and he soon learned that the fugitive was ill, without money, and unable to communicate with his wife or friends. Money that had been raised for him to flee with had been taken by others, and another fund sent to him by a fellow-boodler did not reach him. The fellow-boodler did, but he failed to deliver the money. Murrell wanted to come home, and Mr. Folk, glad to welcome him, let him come as far as a small town just outside of St. Louis. There he was held till Mr. Folk could arrange a *coup* and make sure of a witness to corroborate what Murrell should say; for, secure in the absence of Murrell, the whole House combine was denying everything. One day (in September) Mr. Folk called one of them, George F. Robertson, into his office.

A Little Scene in Folk's Office

They had a long talk together, and Mr. Folk asked him, as he had time and again, to tell what he knew about the Suburban deal.

"I have told you many times, Mr. Folk," said Robertson, "that I know nothing about that."

"What would you say if you should see Murrell here?" Mr. Folk asked.

"Murrell!" exclaimed Robertson. "That's good, that is. Why, yes, I'd like to see Murrell."

He was laughing as Mr. Folk went to the door and called, "Murrell." Murrell walked in. Robertson's smile passed. He gripped his seat, and arose like a man lifted by an electric shock. Once on his feet, he stood there staring as at a ghost.

"Murrell," said Mr. Folk quietly, "the jig is up, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Murrell, "it's all up."

"You've told everything?"

"Everything."

Robertson sank into his chair. When he had had time to recover his self-control, Mr. Folk asked him if he was ready to talk about the Suburban deal.

"Well, I don't see what else I can do, Mr. Folk; you've got me."

Robertson told all, and, with Murrell and Turner and Stock and the rolls of money to support him, Mr. Folk indicted for bribery or perjury, or both, the remaining members of the House combine, sixteen men at one swoop. Some escaped. One, Charles Kelly, a leading witness in another case, fled to Europe with more money than anyone believed he owned, and he returned after a high time, with plenty left. A leading financier of Missouri went away at about the same time, and when he got back, at about the same time with Kelly, the statute of limitation in the financier's case covered them both.

With all his success these losses were made the most of; it was remarked that Mr. Folk had not yet convicted a very rich man. The Snyder case was coming up, and with it a chance to show that even the power of money was not irresistible. Snyder, now a banker in Kansas

City, did not deny or attempt to disprove the charges of bribery; he made his defence his claim to continuous residence in the State. Mr. Folk was not taken unawares; he proved the bribery and he proved the non-residence too, and the banker was sentenced to five-years' imprisonment.

One other trial intervened, that of Edmund Bersch of the House combine, and he was convicted of bribery and perjury. But all interest centered now in the trial of Edward Butler, the boss, who, the people said, would not be indicted; who, indicted, they said, would never be tried. Now they were saying he would never be convicted.

Trials of Butler and Tweed—A Contrast

When Boss Tweed was tried in New York, his power was broken, his machine smashed, his money spent, and the people were worked up to a fury against him. The most eminent members of the New York bar prosecuted him. The most eminent members of the St. Louis bar were engaged to defend Butler. He was still the boss, he had millions of his own, and back of him were the resources, financial and political, of the leading men of St. Louis. That the people were against him appeared in only one sign, that of the special juries, carefully chosen to keep out men privately known to be implicated. These juries had invariably convicted the boodlers. Butler asked to be tried in some other town. Mr. Folk suggested Columbia, the university town of the State of Missouri.

Columbia was chosen, and Butler's sons went up there with their heelers to "fix the town." They spent money freely, and because the loafers drank with them plentifully, the Butlerites thought they "had the town right." But they did not know Columbia; neither did Butler. When he stepped off the train, he asked genially what the business of the town was.

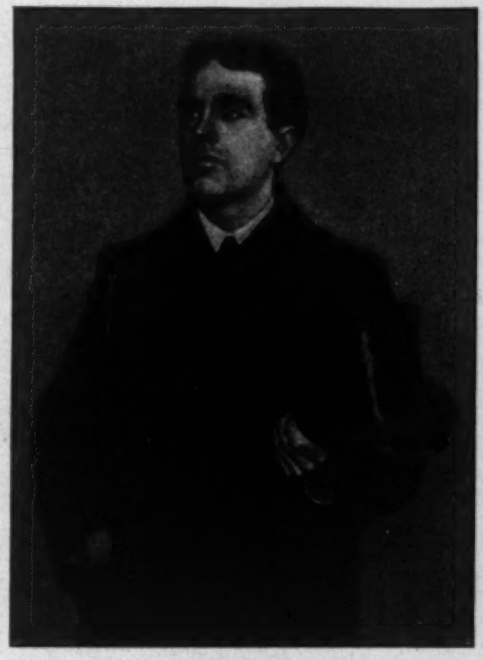
"Education," was the answer.

"Education!" he blurted. "That's a h—l of a business!" And he conducted himself as if he did not understand what it meant. His friends having prepared the way for a "good fellow," Butler set about proving himself such, and his reception in the bar-rooms and streets was so flattering that it was predicted in his crowd that Folk would never leave Columbia alive. But Mr. Folk understood the people better. Stanch as the leading interests of St. Louis were against him, he always held that his unflinching juries meant that the silent people of St. Louis were against boodlers, and out in the State he felt still surer of this. He was right. There was no demonstration for him. He was welcomed, but in decorous fashion; and all he saw by way of prejudice was the friendly look out of kind eyes that went with the gentle pressure of strange hands. When the jury was drawn, every man on it proved to be a Democrat, and three were members of the Democratic County Committee. Mr. Folk was urged to challenge these, for, after all, Colonel Butler was at the head of their machine. He accepted them. He might as well have objected to the judge, John A. Hockaday, who also was a Democrat. "No, sir," said Mr. Folk; "I am a Democrat, and I will try Butler before a Democratic judge and a Democratic jury."

"*Missouri, I am Pleading for Thee*"

The trial was a scene to save out of all the hideousness before and after it. The little old court-house headed one end of a short main street, the university the other; farmers' mule teams were hitched all along between. From far and near people came to see this trial, and, with the significance of it in mind, all halted to read over the entrance to the court these words, chiseled long ago, "Oh, Justice, when driven from other habitations, make this thy dwelling-place." You could see the appropriateness of that legend take hold of men, and in the spirit of it they passed into the dingy court-room. There the rows of intent faces seemed to express that same sentiment. The jury looked, the judge personified it. He alone was cold, but he was attentive, deliberate, and reasonable; you were sure of his common sense; you understood his rulings; and of his uprightness you were convinced by the way he seemed to lean, just a little, toward the prisoner. I don't believe they will find any errors, however trivial, on which to reverse John A. Hockaday. Even the prosecutor was fair. It was

not Edward Butler who was on trial, it was the State; and never before did Mr. Folk plead so earnestly for this conception of his work. Outside, in the churches, prayer-meetings were held. These were private and undemonstrative; the praying citizens did not tell even Mr. Folk that they were asking their God to give him strength. Indirectly it came to him, and, first fine sign as it was of approval from his client the people, it moved him deeply. And when, the plain case plainly stated, he made his final appeal to the jury, the address was a statement of the impersonal significance of the evidence, and of the State's need of patriotic service and defence. "Missouri, Missouri," he said softly, with simple, convincing sincerity, "I am pleading for thee, pleading for thee." And the jury understood. The judge was only clear and fair, but the twelve men took his instructions out with them, and when they came back their verdict was, "Guilty; three years."



CHARLES F. KELLEY

The globe-trotting boodler who ran away from St. Louis to save a rich man from indictment. Returning since, he has been tried and convicted of perjury. Still sits in the House of Delegates

The Shamelessness of St. Louis

That was Missouri. What of St. Louis? Some years ago, when Butler was young in corruption, he was caught gambling, and with the charge pending against him St. Louis rose to challenge him. Meetings were held all over the city—one in the Exchange down town—to denounce the political leader, who, an offence always, had dared commit the felony of gambling. Now when he was caught and convicted and sentenced for bribery, what did St. Louis do? The first comment I heard in the streets when we all got back that day was that "Butler would never wear the stripes." I heard it time and again, and you can hear it from banker and barber there to-day. Butler himself behaved decently. He stayed indoors for a few weeks—till a committee of citizens from the best residence section called upon him to come forth and put through the House of Delegates a bill for the improvement of a street in their neighborhood; and Butler had this done.

One of the first greetings to Mr. Folk was a warning from a high source that now at length he had gone far enough, and on the heels of this came an order from the Police Department that hereafter all communications from him to the police should be made in writing. This meant slow arrests; it meant that the fight was to go on. Well, Mr. Folk had meant to go on, anyway.

"Officer," he said to the man who brought the message, "go back to the man who sent you, and say to him that I understand him, and that hereafter all my communications with his department will be in the form of *indictments.*"

That department retreated in haste, explaining and apologizing, and offering all possible facilities. Mr. Folk went on with his business. He put on trial Henry Nicolaus, the brewer, accused of bribery. Mr. Nicolaus pleaded that he did not know what was to be the use of a note for $140,000 which he had endorsed. And on this the judge took the case away from the jury and directed a verdict of not guilty. It was the first case Mr. Folk had lost. He won the next eight, all boodle legislators, making his record fourteen against one. But the Supreme Court, technical and slow, is the last stand for such criminals,

and they won their first fight there. The Meysenburg case was sent back for retrial.

Mr. Folk has work ahead of him for the two years remaining of his term, and he is the man to carry it all through. But where is it all to end? There are more men to be indicted, many more to be tried, and there is much more corruption to be disclosed. But the people of St. Louis know enough. What are they going to do about it?

The Supineness of the People

They have had one opportunity already to act. In November last, just before the Butler verdict, but after the trial was begun, there was an election. Some of the offices to be filled might have to do with boodling cases. Mr. Folk and boodling were the natural issue, but the politicians avoided it. Neither party "claimed" Mr. Folk. Both parties took counsel of Butler in making up their tickets, and they satisfied him. The Democrats did not mention Folk's name in the platform, and they nominated Butler's son for the seat in Congress from which he had repeatedly been ousted for fraud at the polls.

"Why?" I asked a Democratic leader, who said he controlled all but four districts in his organization.

"Because I needed those Butler districts," he answered.

"But isn't there enough anti-boodling sentiment in this town to offset those districts?"

"I don't think so."

Perhaps he was right. And yet those juries and those prayers must mean something.

Mr. Folk says, "Ninety-nine per cent. of the people are honest; only one per cent. is dishonest. But the one per cent. is perniciously active." In other words, the people are sound, but without leaders. Another official, of irreproachable character himself, said that the trouble was, there was "no one fit to throw the first stone."

However this may be, here are the facts:

In the midst of all these sensations, and this obvious, obstinate political rottenness, the innocent citizens, who must be at least a decisive minority, did not register last fall. Butler, the papers said, had great furniture vans going about with men who were said to be repeaters, and yet the registration was the lowest in many years. When the Butlerized tickets were announced, there was no audible protest. It was the time for an independent movement. A third ticket might not have won, but it would have shown the politicians (whether they counted them in or out) how many honest votes there were in the city, and what they would have to reckon with in the force of public sentiment. Nothing of the sort was done. St. Louis, rich, dirty, and despoiled, was busy with business.

Another opportunity is coming soon. In April the city votes for municipal legislators, and since the municipal assembly has been the scene of most of the corruption, you would think boodling would surely be an issue then. I doubt it. When I was there in January, the politicians were planning to keep it out, and their ingenious scheme was to combine on one ticket; that is to say, each group of leaders would name half the nominees, who were to be put on identical tickets, making no contest at all. And to avoid suspicion, these nominations were to be exceptionally, yes, "remarkably good."

The Boodlers Only Waiting

That is the old Butler non-partizan or bi-partizan system. It emanates now from the rich men back of the ring, but it means that the ring is intact, alert, and hopeful. They are "playing for time." The convicts sitting in the municipal assembly, the convicts appealing to the higher courts, the rich men abroad, the bankers down town—all are waiting for something. What are they waiting for?

Charles Kratz, the ex-president of the Council, head and go-between of the Council combine, the fugitive from justice, who, by his flight, blocks the way to the exposure and conviction of the rich and influential men who are holding the people of Missouri in check and keeping boodling from going before the people as a political issue, this criminal exile, thus backed, was asked this question in Mexico, and here is the answer he returned:

"I am waiting for Joe Folk's term to expire. Then I am going home to run for Governor of Missouri and vindication."